

سنگین و اراکوس میدان می گویان



## THE GAME OF CHANGAN

From this quaint illustration may be seen the close resemblance of the Royal Game of Persia to the modern polo. It was played by horsemen who strove to drive a ball between upright goals by means of mallets.

THE PERSIAN POETS  
EDITED BY N H DOLE  
AND BELLE M WALKER



NEW YORK  
THOMAS Y CROWELL  
AND COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS



*The*  
PERSIAN POETS

*Edited by*  
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE  
&  
BELLE M WALKER

---

*New York*  
THOMAS Y CROWELL & CO  
PUBLISHERS

*Copyright, 1901, by*  
THOMAS Y CROWELL & CO

# CONTENTS

	AGE
GENERAL INTRODUCTION	vii
FIRDAUSI	1
Sohrab	8
OMAR KHAYYAM	81
Selections from the Rubaiyat	84
NIZAMI	90
The Loves of Laili and Majnun	91
RUMI	204
The Masnavi	207
Poems	230
ESSADI	249
Day and Night	249
SAADI	253
Gullistan or Rose Garden	256
Selections from the Bustan	323
HAFIZ	339
A Persian Song	344
Odes	346
JAMI	388
Yusuf and Zulalkha	390



# GENERAL INTRODUCTION

## I

THE vital persistence of poetry is a kind of miracle ! A nation may not prize its bard while he lives, but after he is dead all the preservative forces are employed to perpetuate his songs. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* the *Æneid* the *Kalevala*, the *Nibelungenlied*, the *Shah-Namah* become the chief glories, not alone of the country where they originate, but of the world. Kings and emperors conquer and destroy and then try to hand their fame to posterity by magnificent constructions. But their names are only names, their cities and palaces crumble, and thousands of years later some curious excavator finds at the bottom of the heap a clay tablet on which is a simple little verse which reveals the thought of an unknown poet or gives a glimpse of a vanished civilization.

Of course, vast quantities of poems have perished, but that any of the epics or lyrics of antiquity should survive seems wonderful when one realizes the vicissitudes through which they have passed. Fire and rust and rain and the ignorance of men conspire to annihilate. The story is told that an unknown poet once offered to Abd Allah ben Taher Emir of Khorasan, a versified story. The bigoted prince tore the manuscript into tatters, declaring that there was no other poetry than the Koran, and that all else was falsehood and blasphemy. History is full of such instances. Thus the sand waste drowns out the fertile meadow. But we often see one solitary flower or grass-blade piercing through the arid soil.

Poetry is really the most precious possession of men, and history is not so much valued for its truth as for its grace.

Only its poetical passages are prized. The quaint legends that are found here and there in mediæval chronicles lighting up the dreary banalities, are an implicit testimony to the power of imagination. Herodotus was not so accurate an historian as Thucydides, but we prefer his almost epic narration. The *Odyssey* outweighs them both.

Genuine poetry like gold, is universal and survives all permutations. The Hebrew psalms, or their prototypes, the canticles of the Akkads lose little in beauty or majesty translated into any language. While form makes a large part of the beauty of poetry, yet poetry is more than form. Homer in prose is more satisfactory than Homer in English hexameters. If the thought and the spirit are preserved, the metre of a translation is of comparatively small consequence.

There is in literature something akin to exosmosis in physics. Just as two gases confined in contiguous receptacles tend to mingle so great poems go from one language to another. Sooner or later this process must take place. Everything good in Greek and Latin already exists in every modern tongue. If we believe in Emerson there is no need of learning foreign languages. He found it more satisfactory to read their literatures in his own.

This is especially true of the more difficult languages like Russian, Hungarian, Persian and Arabic which few have time to master. We must depend on translations. Oriental poetry has had two serious drawbacks. First those that devoted themselves to the languages in which these poems are found are generally men of affairs and not poets, and secondly, the thought and spirit as well as the form are so alien and opposed to the practical, direct, and simple mind of the Westerner that his interpretation is often only a shot into the air, a guess likely to go amiss. Words simple in themselves, compounded form concepts of far different potentiality, just as charcoal and saltpetre put together make an explosive mixture. Thus in the *Bustan* of Sa'di

Darius, Dara, Lord of Iran and Turan, is called *far ruh* literally glory-cheek, which being interpreted means divine. A slave is expressed by the words *halqadar-gush* (ring-in ear). It is not without significance that Greece in Persian is called Rome — Rum. Not only words but whole sentences must be interpreted with liberal imagination. Thus when Sa'di in his ghazel says, "If the sword is in thy hand, win the victory," he only means, Be a genuine poet if thou hast the skill.

When a famine is spoken of its effects on men are indicated thus: "So lean a year was it that the full moon of men's faces became a new moon."

These difficulties, which are inherent, become intensified when the poet purposely mystifies and subtilizes. Wine no longer signifies wine, but the spirit; no word has its normal meaning and every line must have a gloss and a sophisticated interpretation.

No wonder the direct Western mind finds itself puzzled over these complications. It is instructive to compare the earlier and later versions of an identical poem.

The grammar of Persian is as simple and bald as English. Into its historical strata, allied indeed to English as even more closely to ancient Greek and Sanskrit, was injected a wonderful conglomerate of Arabic. Almost every Persian word has its Semitic equivalent and synonyme, giving a richness to the language analogous to what Chaucer found in the Normanized Saxon of his day. Arabic plurals are added to Iranian roots; the fecundity of rhymes is vastly increased, so that in many poems there are commencement and mid verse, as well as final, agreements, and, not content with masculine and feminine rhymes, the poet often carried the stress back four or five or even six, syllables as *karyka bashad* and *karyka bashad*.

The Oriental delight in puns finds frequent expression and the thought is still further hidden from the unaided eye of the mind.

These are a few of the reasons why the vast mass of Eastern poetry is such a dark continent of literature. It still waits and invites investigation by the well equipped explorer. The popularity of *Sohrab and Rustam* of Sir Edwin Arnold's paraphrases, and especially Edward Fitzgerald's free and easy translations seems to indicate that the way has been prepared for a more general exploitation of this splendid field, but the poet of sufficient learning has not as yet appeared. Meantime we must content ourselves with the efforts that have already been made. They are by different hands and of greatly differing merit. The material is widely scattered and to gather it together to winnow out the best requires judgment and literary skill. Those that read the selections that follow will decide for themselves whether the poetry is or is not worthy of preservation.<sup>1</sup>

## II

Primitive Persian literature is scarcely more than a name. There are a few arrowhead inscriptions carved in the solid rock. The *Avesta* written in old Baktrian, was taken by the Parsee into India at the time of the Mohammedan conquest. Nothing was known of its existence till the eighteenth century. The first manuscript was brought to England in 1723, it was not translated into any European language until 1771. Even now scholars have scarcely ceased quarrelling over its interpretation. It is only a fragment of its former vastness but this fragment contains many *yasts* or hymns, sonorous and majestic like the long Mithra Yast in which the virtues and powers of Mithra are extolled. They are attributed to Zaratrustra or Zoroaster himself.

"*We sacrifice unto the undying shining swift-horsed Sun,*" sings the Khorshed Yast. "*When the light of the Sun*

<sup>1</sup> The curious will note with what assiduity the Irish cultivate Persian. The resemblance of the native name of Persia, Eran, to the native name of Ireland, Erin, is significant.

*waxes warmer then up stand the heavenly Yazatas (or Good Gods) by hundreds and thousands they gather together its Glory they make its Glory pass down they pour its Glory upon the earth made by Ahura, for the increase of the world of holiness for the increase of the creatures of holiness for the increase of the undying shining swift horsed Sun*

*"And when the Sun rises up then the earth made by Ahura becomes clean the waters of the wells become clean the waters of the sea become clean; the standing waters become clean; all the holy creatures, the creatures of the Good Spirit become clean."*

The language of these *yasts* is different from that dialect in which the rest of the *Avesta* is composed its rhythmical forms also differentiate it and the science of comparative philology has established its kinship with the language of the Cuneiform inscriptions left by Cyrus and the other Achemenidæ, and with Sanskrit. But the enterprise of modern scholarship has not as yet succeeded in finding any royal Persian library such as the explorers have found in Assyria Persia, which has been called "the highway of the human race," has been trodden under foot too many times by conquering armies to retain many vestiges of her indigenous literature. If Alexander the Great spared any of her secular books, they have long since perished. Whatever was saved exists only in permuted form in the legends and stories which later poets wove into their works. Even her history is legendary and no one knows whether the so-called Pishdadian dynasty ever existed.

It is quite possible that the book of Esther in the Bible may have been taken with slight changes by its unknown Hebrew author from some ancient apologue. The *Cyropædia* is a characteristic Persian romance, and some scholars are fain to believe that Xenophon may have heard it, or parts of it, during his celebrated expedition against the great king

The *Shah-Nameh* is a repository of tales and legends which Firdausi only revamped from antecedent sources. Hundreds of the short stories used by later poets to illustrate their teachings may have been handed down from those far-off days. We may believe that similar conditions of fertility, wealth, and beauty such as brought forth in one era a multitude of singers, had similar results in ancient Eran.

There is no trace of Persian literature from the time of the overthrow of the Achemenian kingdom by Alexander the Great, or during all the reign of the Parthian Arsacidæ. In A.D. 226, Ardesher I founded the new national dynasty of the Sassanidæ, whose official language was that "high piping Pehlevi," or Pahlavi, mentioned in *Omar Khayyam*. It had a special script, and is still preserved comparatively free from impurities, by the million and a half of Parsees in Bombay and the scattered remnants of the fire-worshippers in Yezd. They preserved naturally only the religious works of that epoch—a cosmogony and geography, theological treatises and a vision of the Future Life, compared by the curious with Dante's *Divine Comedy*, the *Book of Aṭda*, *Son of Viraf*. Everything else is lost, the splendor and liberality of Chosroes the greatest of the Sassanian kings is but a name, its only relics exist in the works of later poets, just as the ruins of a temple may be built into a palace. Yet we know that Bahram-Gor,<sup>1</sup> who reigned from 420 till 438, was fond of listening to popular ballads, one of which Firdausi has preserved. In the time of Khuzrev Parvez, who reigned from 590 till 628 there were two rival poets, Barbed and Serghish (Sergius, a Greek?), and Barbed a native of Shiraz, was appointed poet laureate and used to delight the court with his graceful rhymes—some of these, or at least their titles, Firdausi also preserved.

<sup>1</sup> The Persians claim that he himself not only was a poet, but also invented rhyme.

Professor Pizzi claims that the form of lyric verse called by the Arabs *qasida* or *kasida*, in which there is always a eulogy of some prince, is the continuation or transformation of the ancient Iranian hymn celebrating the gods and heroes and their doughty deeds "a far-off echo of nether praises offered with equal enthusiasm to masters not frail but immortal." Surely in literature, as in Nature, no element is lost.

For two hundred years after the Arabic conquest (in 641) such Persian poets as have come down to our knowledge adopted Arabic as their medium of expression, and that curious modification of Persian began which gave the language its script and its ill fitting grammar and its multitude of alien Semitic words. Thalebi, a native of Nishapur wrote in 1038 a book in Arabic, entitled *The Only Pearl of the World*, giving a list of the poets that flourished during the first centuries after the Hijra. *Стань номинант номбора*. When the bigoted Khalifs ordered all Persian books to be burned, on the ground that the Koran was the only literature worth having, they could not destroy the spirit of a nation's past.

### III

The vitality of a language is in proportion to its simplicity. As Latin gave way to the simpler idioms which it tried to supplant, or coalesced with them in still less complicated forms, so Arabic was ultimately replaced by Farsi or modern Persian. This was a natural outcome of the law that disintegrates great kingdoms. The genius of a conqueror like Alexander the Great or the Khalif Omar may be able for a time to make the wide and alien provinces cohere, but his successors fail. His children become rivals, and then the suppressed nationalities wake to revolution. Such was the case with the reign of the Khalifs of Damascus and Baghdad. Under the Samanid Shahs,

who reigned during the tenth century (901-998), Persian again became a literary language. One of these kings, Nasr, had a reign of thirty years, and under him flourished the blind poet Rudaghi or Rudaki,<sup>1</sup> who has been called the Father of Persian poetry. He was born about 880 in the village of Rudag near Samarkand, and at the age of eight knew the Koran by heart and was already beginning to improvise verses. Shah Nasr richly rewarded him, and he died at the age of seventy-four or possibly earlier. He put into verse the book of *Kahila and Dimna*, which the Sassanian King Chosroes had brought from India. But that version is lost, and lost likewise are most of the million three hundred thousand distichs which he is said to have composed. A hundred books of poetry perished!

The few lines that have survived display vigor of expression, freshness of imagery, and clearness of ideas. He was too prodigal of his praises of Nasr, whom he compares in power to Alexander the Great, and in wisdom to Plato, but he set the key for Persian verse. He sang the delights of the budding spring, the cruelty and pride of his absent mistress, the sleepless nights and the sorrows which she caused him. Wine also he sang and the pleasures of youth. His descriptions of his love are exquisite: her eyes like twin narcissus flowers blooming under the curve of the dark brows, her silk-soft cheeks, her black hair like a net to capture the heart, he recalls so passionately the old days when joy was plentiful and money scarce, when beautiful-bosomed girls came to meet him and they drank the limpid wine. What, compared to those happy days, are the glory and the favor showered upon him by the glorious race of the Samanidæ? But the happy days of the sprightly, black-eyed, Houri-like maidens is passed: the world is all illusion and vanity. Bring me wine, and then let what must come, come!

Rudaghi was not the only poet of that day. The

<sup>1</sup> Ferid ud-Din Muhammad Rudaghi

spring sun brings forth more than one violet from the same meadow. Abu Shukur of Balkh also complained of the misfortunes of love and harped or luted the beauty of his mistress. There was Shahid, also of Balkh, whose death Rudaghi bewailed in verse. He also saw in this world only misfortune and vanity: wisdom is the only pearl, death the only consolation for a ruined world.

Dakiki or Daqiqi, no one knows where born, whether at Bukhara or at Samarkand or at Tus, or how long he lived, was commissioned by Nuh, the son of the Samanian Mansur to compose an epic version of the *Book of Kings*. He had made a beginning when he was killed by a slave, or page. Firdausi commemorated his character his gentle spirit, and the death that came suddenly upon him, and incorporated in the *Shah Nameh* the thousand lines or more in which the deeds of King Gushtasp are narrated. He too sang of spring and the breath of paradise breathing over the earth, young love writing its story on the desert sand, and the sweet roses. Four things he loved: the passionate pleading of the late and the religion of Zerdusht (or Zoroaster) and sweet blood-hued wine and ruby lips. He too mourned in languishing strain the night when his lips were widowed of his love's. He would not wish to live if he must live without his mistress, the idol of his heart. He loved moonlight nights when the world was bright and the verdure spread out over the meadow like a Greek vestment. *Come let us drink wine and sing joyous songs!* He yearned for change: just as water which stands too long in the pool grows stagnant, so he too long remaining in one place, however illustrious, waxed discontented.

A poet of distinguished station was the Emir Agachi of Bukhara, governor of Bayan. He was a warrior as well as a philosopher. Chinese in its terseness is his famous poem on the snowstorm: "*Look up at the sky and see the army of the snowflakes fly! Like white doves the hawks affray,*

*they lose their way!* Little of his verse remains, but he recorded in one stanza his love for his horse, his bow, his book and poetry, his lute, and his pen

Omar, the astronomer-poet, had his prototype in Umarrah or Amarr of Meru, whose fame lasted for many generations. He lived at court honored as an astronomer and a poet. Later writers found in his writings, as in Omar's, the mystic doctrine of the Sufis. He bids his love perform the miracle of mingling fire and water: "*Look at that cup and that liquid! The cup is white and within it is a clear wine ruby-hued! That is how fire is mingled with water!*" It reminds one of Ben Jonson's poem —

*"Drink to me only with thine eyes"*

His "idol" holds a wine-cup in her hand — it is the union of sun and moon! When she lifts the wine-cup and the ruby reflection of the wine shines on her lovely face, a shade of displeasure passes over it but when the wine pours through her silver-white teeth it is as if the trailing garments of the moon delayed among the Pleiades upon the shining sky

*"Thy desire, he sings, shall work fulfilled to day,  
Soon thou wilt come to the realms of thy fathers  
All the hopes of the sons of Adam hang on the reck of to-morrow"*

The same melancholy minor sounds in the verse of Ghilani, of whom nothing is known, and only a few lines remain. Like the autumn wind and like the spring clouds the time of his youth had fled from him! He recalls the days when his cheeks were flushed with health, when his ears were ever ringing with music and song, when his hands grasped the wine-cup proffered by what Mr John Payne calls the *shinkei*! — the *mughan* whom we much prefer to imagine a lovely damsel. But he ends it with the wail: *Now I go weeping and recalling the bright days of youth oh, my youth, my youth!*

This cry for vanished youth is echoed by Khusravani,

who was almost as much of a mocker as Omar. He satirizes the old men who would try to deceive death by dyeing their gray hairs, and as he lies on his deathbed he finds no grain of comfort in the leech or the priest or the astrologer or the quack with their medicaments, prayers, horoscopes, and talismans.

The few relics of these poets out of the enormous mass of verse which they composed, the unknown verse of others scarcely less known, the verse not known at all make it probable that what is lost is no great loss. What poet lived in that half century between Rudaghi and Khayy? Khayy was born at Merv in February 952. In an elegy written just before his death he tells of his ambitions: to make songs and to enjoy all the good things of life. But instead he served like a mule like a slave and at the end what had he? It is the old song: *rani* (beloved youth, sweet joy of existence, beauty, fair girls, and wine all departed). In his old age with his head which has the whiteness of milk there is nothing left but the fear of death which makes him tremble as disobedient schoolgirls shake with terror at the lash. It is said that in his last unhappy days he gave himself up to a religious life and to the acquisition of what he calls true riches. Yet, like the hermit in the old Spanish tale he looked back with yearning eyes on the life which he had desired but had not obtained. His poems on the lotus and the rose are exquisite and the invitation which the bullfinch utters, "Take thy true love by the hand in the early dawn and fly with him down into the garden," is an admirable example of Persian grace.

#### IV

It will be seen that there was no sudden flaring up of Persian poetry in the person of Firdausi. He was the greatest of all. Not only as an epic poet but as a lyric poet he surpassed all others: the poem in which he

dreamed that he was lying in the dust, his heart consumed with anguish for his absent love and suddenly she entered (or is it he?) before him, is a marvellous effort of the imagination, the vividness of the dream and the passion of longing which it expresses are seldom excelled in literature, the picture of the daybreak interrupting the happy reunion is exquisitely painted

Firdausi's contemporary and friend or rival (who can tell?), Farrukhi had a happier lot. He was a native of Sistan, where his father was in the service of the governor. He early began to write poetry, and having a good voice was accustomed to sing his songs to the accompaniment of the lute. He fell in love with a slave of the governor's, but marriage with her brought him no increase of fortune. But he managed to have some of his songs and *kasidas* brought to the notice of a wealthy prince of Balkh. Through him he was introduced to Mahmud of Ghazni, where he soon acquired great honors and riches. He fell into disfavor shortly before Mahmud's death in 1030, and survived him seven years. Of his love songs none exist, none of his narrative poems have come down to us. His eulogy of Mahmud as a warrior has been preserved, and there are descriptions which he wrote of a royal hunt and of Mahmud's garden at Ghazni which he compares to the glorious Kausar-watered paradise of the Mohammedans.

Still another of Firdausi's contemporaries was Unsuri or Ansari, a native of Balkh. At first he was a merchant, but having been robbed of all he had, he turned poet, and was introduced to the court of Mahmud, who speedily enriched him so that he was able to use kitchen utensils of silver and his table service was of gold. For a single song he is said to have received a thousand gold dinars equivalent to \$2000. He died about 1040. He enjoyed the distinction of being called "king of poets," and when it is related that no less than four hundred rhymesters solicited of him

favors and honors from the Shah, one can easily believe that he earned his salary. He was praised and eulogized by this throng of hungry applicants, whatever envy they may have felt in their hearts, and more of their eulogies of him have come to us than of his own poetry. It is pleasant to believe that he had sufficient grace to recognize in Firdausi a greater man than himself, and that he magnanimously renounced the commission of writing the *Shah Nameh* in his favor. He himself wrote in Persian verse the ancient tale of *Vamik and Arta* and two other long poems now lost. Indeed his contribution to the lyre of his day was no less than thirty thousand verses, of which now only two or three insignificant fragments remain.

4 Persian poetry is generally considered as beginning with Abul Iasim Mansur surnamed Firdausi, the son of Fakhr ud-din Ahmed of Tus in Khorasan. His name of Firdausi is the same as the Greek *Paradisos*, our paradise, and may signify that he was the son of a gardener or a gardener himself, or that it was a poetical appellation just as Omar may have been a tent-maker and the Shaikh Farid ud-din Attar a druggist. He is said to have been educated by his father and to have been in the poetic art the pupil of Abu Nasr Asad ud-Din Ahmed Ibn Mansur known as Asadi or Essedi.

Various stories are told of his introduction to Mahmud. One of them is that Asadi, who was invited to try his hand at putting the old *Book of Kings* into the new Persian, turned it over to his pupil. If, as it is said, the news had gone abroad that the great enterprise was waiting the master hand, the presence of four hundred poets at Ghazni is easily explained. And also the obstacles which they put into Firdausi's way before he had a chance to be heard. But when once Mahmud had listened to the story of *Rustem and Isfendyar* he turned the ancient books over to the young poet, gave him a house in a garden, the inspiration of a beautiful young page who should supply

him with all that cheered as well as inebriated, and at desired intervals should touch the strings of the lute. All that and the promise of a gold piece for every line! Truly those "half-barbarous" provinces of Persia were the paradise for poets, and all that have lived since have been 'idle singers of an empty day.' And no wonder Firdausi wrote the longest poem that was ever put on record. It was finished in 1009, and by a sort of miracle it has come down to our day intact, while so many thousands of poems have perished.

Firdausi's tomb is said to have been still standing, not far from Tus, at the beginning of the last century, but it is now wholly destroyed and the place where the greatest poet of Persia was buried is unknown. But the poem itself is said to have lived in the hearts of the people just as the *Jerusalem Liberata* of Tasso is preserved in the memory of the Venetians. It was first collated by Baysinger, the nephew of Timur the Great (Tamerlane), about 1425. Sir William Jones, about 1774, brought it to the notice of European scholars, he supposed it was a collection of poems by different authors. In 1814 Atkinson published in Calcutta the episode of Sohrab, in an English version. The entire text was published in four volumes in 1829, Mohl's edition in six volumes, containing the Persian and his French prose version, appeared in Paris in 1850-1866. It still awaits the English scholar to perform a like task.

## V

Firdausi has been rightly called the Homer of Persia, since he, like the unknown unifier of the Grecian national songs, gathered together the scattered legends of ancient Persia. Pizzi says that the central subject of the long and magnificent narrative of the Persian *epopée* is the secular

struggle of the Iranians against the Devil or Demons, by whom are meant a primitive people subjected by them, and against the Turanians, a barbaric and ferocious nation from Northern Asia beyond the Oxus. This struggle became confused or entangled with the basic dualism of the religion of Zarathustra, which always held up the eternal opposition between good and evil, light and darkness, truth and falsehood, life and death, typified on the one hand in the beneficent creative god Ahura Mazda, or Ormuzd, and on the other by the malign god Anra Mainyu, or Ahriman. Not only gods, but demigods, and heroes, superhuman as well as common, took part in the epic struggle.

The position of the early Iranians, between the snow-capped mountains and the desert, may well have given birth to this religion of violent contrasts. Out of it grew the national epic, as from the German theogony arose the Nibelungenlied. It was a marvellous conception, and deserves its Wagner to bring it also into the realm of music and the drama. Nothing is more interesting than the transformation of the ingenious metal workers of ancient subjected populations through popular superstition into supernatural beings. Thus the palaces of King Jamshid and of Kal Kavus were the creation of the Devil—these miraculous beings taught King Tamuras to write, and they flew through the sky carrying on their shoulders the throne of Jamshid in the same way Hephaistos in Greece was a lame and disreputable god working in subterranean forges. In the same way the Kobolds of the German legend dwelt in the bowels of the mountains and fabricated wondrous armor. Crimes and vices became personified in the forms of these Devil. Often they underwent grotesque transformations, as Firdausi conscientiously relates. Comparative mythology and comparative philology bind closely together the hidden elements of all the great epics—the same nature gods appear in the *Vedas* and the *Avesta*, in the *Iliad* and the *Sagas*. The Muse of history can disentangle

and interpret the secret history of our Aryan ancestors in the myths of the *Shah-Naméh*

Firdausi was not the only Persian poet to draw his inspiration from the *Book of Kings*. Abu'l Hasan Ali, the son of Firdausi's teacher Asadi and also known as Asadi, wrote the *Gherhasp-Naméh* or *Book of Gherhasp*, which was an episode neglected by Firdausi. Still another imitative continuation or complement was the *Sam-Naméh*, or *Book of Sam*, eleven thousand lines in length describing the wars of that hero in China, his loves with the beautiful Pei-dokht daughter of the Chinese emperor and mother of Zal and the discovery of the treasures of King Jamshid. The authorship of this work is not known, but is supposed to be of much later date. There are in manuscript still other epics belonging to the same cycle, and relating the exploits of Rustem's sons, Gihau-giur, Feramurz, and Sohrab. The pathetic story of Rustem and Sohrab also found many imitators and Sohrab himself, if we may believe these unknown poets, had several sons whose gallant deeds fill many weary lines.

## •

## VI

It would take a volume to give even a hint at the contents of all the Persian poets, whose ghazels and rubaiyat (or quatrains), and kasidas and contrasts, fill the multitudinous manuscripts collected with patient zeal by so many Persian scribes. Von Hammer and Etie and Pizzi have analyzed their works and published more or less faithful versions of their characteristic verses. There are hundreds of them, but the sacred number seven enumerates those that the Persians themselves and critics generally consider the greatest. These, beside Firdausi, are Anvari, Nizami, Jalal'ud-Din Rumi, Sa'di, Hafiz, and Jami. These are the seven great stars of the Pleiades, though the astron-

omer with his opera glass can find almost countless thousands twinkling in the literary firmament Azrakl and Amlq and Hanzalab and Humam-ud Din and Isfarangi and Kbusrev of Delbi, and Mahmud Ibn Abd ul Kerim Ibn Yahya Shablâterî and others with equally long names from Abbas to Zaganl

Of recent years the Western world has discovered in Abu'l Fath Umar Ibn Ibrahim Khayyam, known as Omar the Tent Maker one of the greatest and certainly now the most popular of the Persian Pleiads. He burned out into the first magnitude like Nova Persei, but has not faded. In Persia he is scarcely known. An American woman, long resident in Paris, happened to know the Persian consul there, and recently showed to him Sibleigh's French version of Fitzgerald. He had never heard of Omar Khayyam was amazed at the proportions of the cult when it was explained to him, was delighted with the verses, and grateful to have been introduced to such a fascinating author of his own country.

A large part of the verse attributed to Omar consists undoubtedly of spurious quatrains, imitations of the original being as facile to make as imitations of his English understudy. Nor are the stories of his life founded on authentic documents.<sup>1</sup> All the more remarkable, therefore, is the distinctness of his personality especially when one realizes that he touched no new chord. It is the old strain of pessimism, with gleams of satiric humor tempered with liberality. His popularity may be partially explained by his comparative simplicity. There are few of the far-fetched conceits so characteristic of Oriental poetry. It is direct and therefore universal, and even

<sup>1</sup> Most that is known or fabled about him including the recent discovery of references to him embodied in the article in Baron Rosen's testimonial volume, has been woven into a romance of his life *Omar the Tent-Maker* by Nathan Haskell Dole, Boston, 1898.

those that are not inclined to accept his philosophy of life feel the spell of his graceful melancholy, his audacious irreverence for empty forms and his frank enjoyment of present pleasure. Fascinating as Fitzgerald's English version is, its uniform measure and simplicity of rhyme give little idea of the varying rhythms and captivating complicated rhymes of the original Persian. Mr John Payne has translated all of the verse attributed to him into measure purporting to represent the original, but such a *tour de force* must of necessity fail. Only two or three in a hundred lend themselves to such imitation. Here is one that gives a fair idea of the Persian —

*"The Breath of the early Spring in the Face of the Rose is sweet,  
The Face of my Love in the shade of the garden close is sweet,  
Naught thou canst say of the Day that has vanished away, is sweet  
Be happy think not of the Past for To-day as it flows is sweet"*

If one could only twist the word "sweet" into a play on the word "suite," it would be still more after the Persian manner.

Arhad ud-Din Anvari is known as the chief poet of courtly elegance and high-flown encomium the praiser of princes and the satirist of love-lorn ghazelists. He was a native of the province of Dasht. He studied astronomy and other sciences in the college of Tus and it is said that as he was sitting one day at the gate of the school he saw, passing by, a great lord accompanied by a throng of attendants magnificently arrayed. When he learned that it was a court poet, he instantly resolved to be likewise a court poet. He composed a panegyric in honor of Sanjar, and asked to be received at court. His prayer was heard, and he lived in great honor until into the reign of Toghrul, son of Alp Arslan. His fall from grace was due to a prediction on which his credit as an astronomer depended. He announced that in consequence of a conjunction of the seven planets in Libra in the autumn of 1185 a terrible convulsion of nature would take place. People were frightened,

and took refuge in the mountains and in caverns but, on the day set, the sun rose cloudless and the breeze scarcely blew. Anvari took this defeat so completely to heart that he returned to Nishapur then to Balkh, where he died, either in 1191 or 1195.

One of his best poems was written in behalf of Sanjar when that prince was captured and imprisoned by a Turkoman horde that had overrun Khorasan. It was sent to Ahmed, son of Sulciman, at Samarkand, and resulted in Sanjar's liberation. It has been called *The Tears of Khorasan*. It begins with an exortium to the morning wind as it passes by Samarkand to bear to the sovereign king "the plaint of Khurasania plunged in woe." It tells of the unhappy state of Khorasan and her people—a tale so grievous that it would tear the ears to hear it to see would suffuse the eyes with tears of blood. It begs the Prince of Samarkand to come and wreak vengeance on the cursed, turbulent Ghuzi. It gives a piteous description of the excesses committed by these barbarians—the mosques converted into stables, the nobles reduced to serve as slaves, the ravished virgins, and the ruined homes. He begs him by that God who allows him to coin money who has placed the diadem on his brow to rescue from these rapacious, vile, and cruel Turkomans the heart of God's people.

This poem was translated by Captain Fitzpatrick for the *Asiatic Miscellany* of 1785 but, like most Oriental poetry rendered into English at that time, is so hopelessly alien in form and spirit to the original that it is not worth citing. In his last melancholy days, Anvari satirizes the poets that lie awake all night trying to describe sugary lips and curling tresses. He himself had composed songs and satires, but as such work is unworthy of a man, he confesses the harm and violence his genius had done to others, and resolves to find the path of security in the religious life aloof from the world. One seeks in vain to find in English any adequate translation of Anvari's works.



*Bikisht* or *Eight Paradises* He boasted of having composed nearly a half million couplets. One of his quatrans has a melancholy beauty: "*I went to the graveyard and wept bitterly for absent friends now the captives of non-existence. Where are they? I asked in sadness these dear friends of my heart? And a voice from the grave softly replied: Where are they?*"

Of Rumi, Sa'di, Hafiz and Jami, this book speaks more fully each in his proper place and with abundant illustrations of their famous verse.

### VIII

One cannot leave the subject of Persian poetry without a word regarding the mysticism which permeates it. To us who read poetry for poetry's sake the mystic interpretation is almost an impertinence. Just as we know that the *Faerie Queen* is a morality in verse and *Pilgrim's Progress* is a morality in prose, but find all of our pleasure in them apart from the poet's and the preacher's primary intent, so we resent the Sufistic reading of esoteric spiritual meanings into verse that is sufficient for us in its simple outward beauty. Nevertheless, we cannot avoid the fact that most Persian lyric poetry is double in its significance and has been so interpreted.

All Persian mysticism goes back to the philosophic conception of God. If one believes that God is the responsible source of all action, then logically there can be no sin, no difference between creeds. man may say boldly as two of the earliest mystics, Hallaj and Bastam, said, "I am God," since light reflected is still light. Shabistari demands, "What are mosque, synagogue and monastery? What value have they in presence of the genuine religion of the mind and the heart, free from every bond of form?" So Omar Khayyam makes sport of the two and seventy sects. What is heresy to him? What is Islamism or sin or piety?

God alone is his goal. "He is a good fellow — all will be well," he says, in his boldly irreverent style.

Love becomes then a mystic passion, signifying union with God, and all the passionate utterances of the Persian poets are interpreted in a manner exactly analogous to the ecclesiastical explanation of the Song of Solomon which in its outward form is certainly suggestive of anything but spirituality.

Sufism is a form of mysticism. The Sufis formed a body of fanatic believers, living in monasteries or colleges under the guidance of an acknowledged master and devoting their lives to philosophic study and to works of ascetic charity. The origin of the word is not surely known, but some would derive it from the Greek *Sophia* meaning wisdom, for of course Greek philosophy made its way to Persia in very early days and later neo-Platonic and gnostic ideas attached themselves to Oriental thought.

Abu Said, of Khorasan who died in 1038 is said to have established a rule for the mystics. But Abu Hashim, a native of Kufa, who died at Damascus in 767, has the reputation of having established the first monastery, or at least, to have belonged to it. The spread of mysticism in Persia is attributed, in no small measure to the ancient inheritance of the people. The lofty teachings of the *Avista* were rendered terrible to people by a ritual which was only equalled in its barbarity by the tabu of the South Pacific. Islam freed them from that unspeakable burden, but the lofty teachings still remained a holy memory. The fatalism which undoubtedly made beggary and vagrancy an easy and welcome refuge for the lazy, found its loftiest expression in many of the Persian poets — in Ubu Said, Attar, Rumi, Sa'di, and Nâsir.

The first of the mystic poets was Abu Said of Khorasan, who was born in 967, and died in 1048. The accounts of his life declare that he was converted to asceticism by

a crazy man named Lokman Abu Said for seven years sat in one corner of a monastery crying "God! God!" Thus he obtained the reputation of being a saint, and when he removed to the desert people came on pilgrimages to him, and bought for twenty dinars the seeds of the tamarind fruit from the tree under which he sat. He declared, wholly in the spirit of medieval ecclesiasticalism "the more a man knows of this world the less he knows of God," a curious modification of Christ's command to be like little children. When asked what the real life of a Sufi was, he replied, "To put from the body all thou hast, give all that thou hast in thy hand, and care not whatever may befall." Love according to him, was "the net of God, whereby he catches man." He was the friend of Abu Ali Ibn Sina or Avicenna, who said of him, "He sees all that I know." Of Abu Sina, he said, "He knows all that I see." His rubaiyat are passionate to a degree —

*"Let Ri-za angel of paradise have his splend' let the angels have their praise" he sings, "let the guilty suffer in hell, let the good enjoy paradise let the Kings of China and Persia and hum have this world, but we have our lovely ones our lovely ones have us!"*

*"On that day when thou shalt be my spouse I shall not envy the blessed their delights in paradise. Without thee heaven were a desert; with thee the desert were heaven."*

He sings of spending the long night with his idol, and no end of their sweet intercourse ensued: "What fault has the night?" he asks, "we had so much to say!"

*"I said 'For whom adownest thou thyself?' For my own pleasure she replied, for I am the only one I am love I am the lover I am the beautiful one the mirror and the beauty which beholds itself therein."*

*"Ah thou whose brow is like the moon which beautifies all the world thou whom to be with both night and day all hearts desire — if thou art sweet to any more than me,*

*alas! how full of woe am I! How unhappy all the rest  
if thou to them art what thou art to me!*"

Here, as everywhere, the beloved one thus passionately adored is God.

Nasir, the son of Khusrav, another of the mystic poets was born in Balkh in 1053. He was in the service of the Seljukian Prince Chakar-beg Daud, but when he was about forty he was admonished in a dream to go to Mecca. Then he travelled for seven years and wrote a description of his adventures. He was also author of the mystic *Kushana Namah* or *Book of Light*. His acquaintance with the world opened his mind, and he was persecuted as a heretic, consequently he returned to Yumgan in the province of Badakhshan and lived there in solitude, visited occasionally by the devout. He had a few ardent followers. There he died in 1088. The principal foundation of his teachings was the Greek injunction "know thyself." Only by self-knowledge can one know God. And he sings God's praise and proclaims the vanity of all earthly things. Sufficient happiness for him is a garden, and if in that garden he has his friend, "then the Spring Roses bloom, and those roses have no thorns."

Still another of the minor mystic poets was Afzal-ud-Din Ibrahim Ibn Ali Shirvan, known as Khakani because he lived at the court of the Prince of Shirvan, Khakan Kabir Minochihir. He was born about 1040. He was disgusted with court life, and determined to retire from the world and to live like a dervish. But the Sultan would not hear to it. He therefore escaped from the court, but was captured, brought back, and confined for seven months in the castle of Shabran, where he had many Christians as his companions. During his confinement he composed a *kasida* full of bitter complaints, and speaking so freely of other religions that a friend of his wrote a commentary on it to remove the suspicion that Khakani was not a good Mohammedan. On his release, he remained for a time at court,

but was at last permitted to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. He described his journey in a poem called, *The Gifts of the Two Iraqs*. He went to Tabriz to the court of Toghrul Beg, the last of the Seljukian Turks, and died there in 1186, or possibly 1193. Many of his poems have been preserved, and he is regarded as certainly one of the sweetest lyric voices of Persia. What could be lovelier than his ghazel, which begins, "*I do not seek to find the moon thy face is moon enough for me!*" Of course, with his yearning for the ascetic life, the Sufis find in his love poems also the mystic desire of uniting his soul with God's. To him the meditations of the mystic life were preferable to the pleasures of the world. He, like all the East, believed the soul of man to be but an emanation from the essence of God, and his chief desire to be reabsorbed, as the bubble on the ocean breaks and falls back into the Infinite.

Slightly earlier in time was the Shaikh Sanai, who was born at Ghazni about 1118. He, like many of the other Persian poets, frequented the courts of the Ghasnavide kings and princes, and celebrated their deeds in his *kasidas*, but his conscience was awakened when he overheard some one remark, "Sanai with his learning is ignorant of the purpose for which God created him when he appears before his Maker and is asked what he has brought with him, he will be able only to show panegyrics on kings and princes — mortals like himself. The same critic, who was a crazy man, predicted that he would become blind.

Sanai took these words to heart and devoted himself henceforth to the religious life, seeking instruction from the famous Shaikh Abu Yusuf of Hamadan, whose college or cell was called the Ka'ba of Khorasan. It is said that when Bahram-Shah desired to marry him to his sister he wrote a quatrain declaring that he was not a man for women, honors, or gold but all he wished was to be a

leader of religious men His chief work bears the Arabic title of *Hadīgat-ul-Haqīqat*” or *Garden of Truth*, dedicated to his would-be brother-in-law, Bahram-Shah of Ghazni It is divided into ten books and has been compared to Brunetto Latini’s *Tesoro* an encyclopedic medley of all that was known in his day One part praises the Koran, another declares the unity of God, another sings the glory of Mahomet, the prophet of Ali and his sons, martyrs for the faith, others treat of human reason, of the excellence of knowledge, and the nature of love The sixth part sets out to treat of the spirit of the universe, but the poet gets entangled in descriptions of spring and the beauty of the herbage, and the mystic doctrine still holds aloof In the eighth he describes the stars and the marvels of the heavens, in the ninth he explains the nature of the union of the soul with God And finally, in the tenth part, he accumulates all that he should have logically distributed through the other nine, and so extends it that it constitutes a third of the whole work, which is composed of eleven thousand couplets

It is regarded as the pattern for the better known works of Attar and Rumi •

## IX

Enough has been said to show that the Persian literature offers a vast field for study The present volumes contain selections from the seven principal poets of Persia, they had naturally to be taken from such translations as already exist in English, and are therefore of varying value as representing the originals But assuredly enough of the light shines through the more or less translucent medium to give a pleasing idea of the wealth of poetry which the wonderful land of Persia inspired Much of what is best is here gathered, and whether taken in its liberal or its

esoteric meaning, will find a response in the hearts of those that love lofty ideas melodiously expressed <sup>1</sup>

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

NEW YORK, April 27 1901

<sup>1</sup> Throughout the book accents have been purposely omitted. The question of the transliteration of Persian and Arabic words and names, many of which have consonantal values not existing in English, is hopelessly discordant and confused. There is Muhammad, Mahomet, M Mohammed there is Koran and Qu'ran there is Omar and Umër there is Saadî and Sado and Sa dî there is rubayat and rubâ'yyât there is Kâlam, Khayyam Kheyam there is Makka, and Mekka and Mecca Caliph, and Khalîf and Kaleef Dervish and Darwish, and there are dozens of others. Every scholar has had apparently his own scheme and the less he really knew and the more he wished the world to think he knew the more he sophisticated his spellings with breathings and accents and marks of quantity. Except in text-books, such affectations are impertinences and repel the reader. But consistency is the last jewel to be discovered in the spelling of Oriental words.



# FLOWERS FROM PERSIAN POETS

---

## FIRDAUSI.

PERSIAN poetry begins in the tenth century with Firdausi, and practically ends in the fifteenth with Jami. The number of minor poets scattered through this time is legion—indeed it has been well said that every Persian is born with a song on his lips. But of the famous poets there are seven preëminent, sometimes called “The Persian Pleiades.”

Firdausi, although not the father of Persian poetry<sup>1</sup> yet stands as the Homer of the East. Of his life we know little. His real name was Abul Kasim. He was born, according to Mohl,<sup>2</sup> in the year 1010 A.D. at Shadab, a suburb of Tus, a city in Khorasan. He married at the age of twenty-eight, and lived to be over eighty.

It is said that the boyish dream of this future Chaucer of Persia—as Miss Costello calls him—was to have money enough to build a dike to keep the river which ran through his father's grounds<sup>3</sup> from overflowing its banks. This dream was realized, but not in the lifetime of Fir-

<sup>1</sup> Rudaki was the father of Persian poetry.

<sup>2</sup> Jules de Mohl, the great French authority. Atkinson places Firdausi's birth at about 950 A.D. Professor Pizzi, 940 A.D.

<sup>3</sup> Firdausi's father is said to have been gardener for the Governor of Tus. According to some authorities, the name Firdausi which is the Persian form for Paradise or Garden was only the poetic *takhallus* assumed by the singer.

dausi Cheated, wronged, exiled, he died in obscurity, a disappointed old man Such was the reward received for thirty years spent in writing the *Shah-Nameh*, or Book of Kings, a national history in rhyme covering a period of 3600 years, from Kaumers,<sup>1</sup> the first Pishdadian king, to the death of Yezdjird in 650 A D This book is called the *Iliad* of the East, and is, by the way, longer than the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* together, and is prized by Mohammedan nations as probably their greatest work

Briefly, this is the story of the *Shah-Nameh*, a combination of fact and fiction handed down by the oral tradition

Yezdjird, the last Sasanian king, collected all the histories and traditions connected with Persia and had them put together These formed the book known as the *Bustan-Nameh*, which, during the Arabian conquest, was found in the sacked library belonging to Yezdjird Historical chronicles were afterward added, bringing it down to the death of Yezdjird In the eleventh century this book fell into the hands of the great Mahmud of Ghazni, an accomplished monarch who had already ordered a history of Persia to be written in verse From the *Bustan-Nameh* he selected seven stories, which he distributed among the poets of his court, so that he might judge of their respective merits for the proposed history To Unsari fell the story of Rustem and Sohrab, Rustem is the Persian Hercules, although his labors were but seven instead of twelve With this story Unsari did so well that at first to him was given the honor of writing the history ordered by Mahmud Through Unsari, Firdausi, whose genius was becoming recognized, was brought under the patronage of the Sultan The story of how this happened is thus related —

It seems that Unsari and two other celebrated poets, Asjedi and Farrukhi, were drinking wine in a fair Persian

<sup>1</sup> Kaumers is the Adam of the fire-worshippers, grandson of Noah, according to the Mohammedans

garden near Ghazni when they saw a stranger approach and fearing that he would interrupt them, decided to rid themselves of him by telling him that no one not a poet was allowed to join their company. When Firdausi declared that he also was a poet, they thus addressed him: "Well, then we will each make an extemporaneous verse, and if you are able to follow them up with promptitude and effect, you shall be admitted as our approved companion."

Firdausi expressed his willingness to submit to this test, and Unsari thus began upon an apostrophe to a beautiful woman, making use of a word to which they knew of only two possible rhymes —

The light of the moon in thy splendor would fall,

Asjedl rejoined: —

The rose in the bloom of thy cheek would turn pale,

Then Farrukhi —

The glance of thine eye darts through close-woven mail.

It was now Firdausi's turn and he said without a moment's pause, but with admirable felicity —

Like the spear-thrusts of Ghiv Poshen's armor small.

The poets were astonished at the readiness of the stranger and being totally ignorant of the story of Ghiv and Poshen, inquired of him from whence it was derived when Firdausi related to them the encounter as described in the *Bustan-i-Nawâk*. Atkinson says that "they treated him with the greatest kindness and respect, and were so pleased with the power and genius he displayed on other subjects, that they recommended him to the patronage of Shah Mahmud." Other authorities state that they were jealous of him and interposed obstacles in his way. However it was, he was brought to the notice of Mahmud, who became so delighted with him that no honors seemed too great to bestow upon him. One legend has it that he gave to the young poet the surname of Firdausi, saying

"You have made my court as resplendent as Firdus" (Paradise) He also promised him for every thousand couplets a thousand pieces of gold

So for years Firdausi sunned himself in royal favor, living near the palace in a beautiful house given him by the Sultan. The walls were decorated with martial scenes painted by the great artists of Persia, in order to fire the imagination of the poet

His work begins with a eulogy of the Sultan, a verse of which is as follows —

"Praise, praise to Mahmud, who of like renown,  
In battle or the banquet, fills the throne,  
Lord of the realms of Chin and Hindustan,  
Sovereign and Lord of Persia and Turan,  
With his loud voice he rends the flintiest ear,  
On the land a tiger fierce, untouched by fear,  
And on the wave, he seems the crocodile  
That prowls amidst the waters of the Nile.  
Generous and brave, his equal is unknown,  
In deeds of princely worth he stands alone  
The infant in the cradle lisps his name,  
The world exults in Mahmud's spotless fame.  
In festive hours Heaven smiles upon his truth,  
In combat deadly as the dragon's tooth,  
Bounteous in all things, his exhaustless hand  
Diffuses blessings through the grateful land,  
And, of the noblest thoughts and actions, lord,  
The soul of Gabriel breathes in every word  
May Heaven with added glory crown his days,  
Praise, praise to mighty Mahmud — everlasting praise!"

For thirty years Firdausi worked on the sixty thousand couplets<sup>1</sup> of the *Shah-Nameli*, refusing any money for it until it should be finished. In the eleventh century it was completed. Now, at this time there was in the court a Prime Minister, Hasan Meymendi, a conceited favorite of the Sultan. He, being jealous of the Persian poet laureate, who had not celebrated him in the poem,

<sup>1</sup> Few copies now contain the original number

used every means to injure him with the Sultan. When the elephant loaded with the promised payment reached Firdausi imagine his surprise to find the gold had been changed into silver! He was in a public bath at the time that the gift came, and was so enraged that he recklessly gave away the whole amount, a third of which went to the slave who brought it. "The Sultan shall know" said he, "that I did not bestow the labor of thirty years on a work to be rewarded with dirhems!" The Sultan was at first ashamed of Hasan's unworthy treatment of Firdausi but the clever and malicious minister aided by jealous poets, argued that the *Shah Nameh* was heretical and finally Mahmud sentenced Firdausi to be trampled to death by elephants. Firdausi happened to meet Mahmud in his garden and improvised some verses in his honor and was pardoned. But he found it advisable to leave the city this he did at night and alone but he left behind him the following famous satire, the most bitter ever penned —

And thou wouldst hurl me underneath the tread  
Of the wild elephant, till I were dead!  
Dead! by that insult roused I should become  
An elephant in power and seal thy doom —  
Mahmud! if fear of man hath never awed  
Thy heart, at least fear thy Creator God,  
Full many a warrior of illustrious worth  
Full many of humble, of imperial birth  
Tur Selim, Jemshid, Mleuchlir the brave,  
Have died for nothing had the power to save  
These mighty monarchs from the common doom;  
They died but blest in memory still they bloom.  
Thus kings, too, perish — none on earth remain,  
Since all things human seek the dust again.

O had thy father graced a kingly throne,  
Thy mother been for royal virtues known,  
A different fate the poet then had shared  
Honors and wealth had been his just reward;

But how remote from thee a glorious line!  
 No high, ennobling ancestry is thine,  
 From a vile stock thy bold career began,  
 A Blacksmith was thy sire of Isfahan  
 Alas! from vice can goodness ever spring?  
 Is mercy hoped for in a tyrant king?  
 Can water wash the Ethiopian white?  
 Can we remove the darkness from the night?  
 The tree to which the bitter fruit is given,  
 Would still be bitter in the bowers of Heaven,  
 And a bad heart still keeps its vicious course,  
 Or if it changes, changes for the worse,  
 Whilst streams of milk, where Eden's flowrets blow,  
 Acquire more honeyed sweetness as they flow  
 The reckless king who grinds the poor, like thee,  
 Must ever be consigned to infamy!

\* \* \* \* \*

The toil of thirty years is now complete,  
 Record sublime of many a warlike feat,  
 Written midst toil and trouble, but the strain  
 Awakens every heart, and will remain  
 A lasting stimulus to glorious deeds,  
 For even the bashful maid, who kindling reads,  
 Becomes a warrior Thirty years of care,  
 Urged on by royal promise, did I bear,  
 And now deceived and scorned, the aged bard  
 Is basely cheated of his pledged reward!

Then, like Dante, the white-haired old man became a wanderer

At Baghdad he was a great favorite of the Kalif, in whose honor, according to one legend, he added a thousand couplets to the *Shah-Nameh*<sup>1</sup> and was rewarded with the sixty thousand gold dinars<sup>2</sup> that the Sultan had promised but never given him. He also wrote a short poem called "Yusuf and Zulaikha", later remodelled by Jamī<sup>3</sup>. After Firdausi's escape the enraged Sultan,

<sup>1</sup> This addition is found only in one Ms., and is generally believed at the present time to be apochryphal.

<sup>2</sup> Gold coin worth about \$2.50

<sup>3</sup> See Vol II

hearing that he was at Baghdad, sent to the Calif demanding his return, but the poet finally sought refuge at Rustemdar where the governor offered him a certain amount of gold if he would cancel the Satire against Mahmud. This Firdausi consented to do, and then he returned to Tus, where his old teacher, Essedi,<sup>1</sup> still lived.

In the meantime the Sultan had learned of his minister's treachery and had compelled him to pay back the sixty thousand pieces of gold he had kept Firdausi from receiving. He also banished him from court forever. Regret at losing Firdausi, the greatest ornament of his court, and remorse for the treatment the poet had received at his hands so weighed on the Sultan, that he finally endeavored to make reparation. Learning that Firdausi was living obscurely at Tus, he sent him the long-delayed payment, together with camels loaded with princely gifts, but too late! The royal retinue met the funeral of the great poet at the city gates. Firdausi's tomb was in a garden near the city of Tus, and was once eagerly visited by pilgrims.

The money was paid to the poet's daughter but she disdainfully refused it. However relatives took it and built with it a bridge, the dreamed-of dike, and a house of refuge for travellers, all of which memorials are now gone. But his fame lives on, and even now cities and towns bear the names of the heroes from the *Shah Namah*, which has lived through nine centuries.

There are innumerable manuscript copies of this great work in Persian. These manuscripts are wonderfully beautiful. The scribes use Egyptian reeds and the blackest of ink which never loses its color. The favorite works of the poets are usually written on the finest of silky paper powdered with gold or silver dust. The margins are richly illuminated and the whole perfumed with sandal wood or some costly essence. The illuminated title pages are of elaborate design.

Among the many episodes of this epic, among its dragons and its giant feats of valor, perhaps the most moving is the famous poem of Sohrab, a poem made familiar to all English readers by Mr Matthew Arnold

It was no idle boast of Firdausi's when he said that he should write —

"What no tide  
Shall ever wash away, what men  
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide"

### SOHRAB<sup>1</sup>

O YE, who dwell in Youth's inviting bowers,  
Waste not, in useless joy, your fleeting hours,  
But rather let the tears of sorrow roll,  
And sad reflection fill the conscious soul  
For many a jocund spring has passed away,  
And many a flower has blossomed, to decay,  
And human life, still hastening to a close,  
Finds in the worthless dust its last repose  
Still the vain world abounds in strife and hate,  
And sire and son provoke each other's fate,  
And kindred blood by kindred hands is shed,  
And vengeance sleeps not — dies not, with the dead  
All nature fades — the garden's treasures fall,  
Young bud, and citron ripe — all perish, all  
And now a tale of sorrow must be told,  
A tale of tears, derived from Mubid old,  
And thus remembered —

With the dawn of day,

<sup>1</sup> Mr James Atkinson's translation

Rustem arose, and wandering took his way  
Armed for the chase, where sloping to the sky,  
Turan's lone wilds in sullen grandeur lie  
There to dispel his melancholy mood  
He urged his matchless steed through glen and wood.  
Flushed with the noble game which met his view  
He starts the wild ass o'er the glistening dew  
And oft exulting sees his quivering dart  
Plunge through the glossy skin and pierce the  
heart. —

Tired of the sport at length he sought the shade  
Which near a stream embowering trees displayed  
And with his arrow's point a fire he raised  
And thorns and grass before him quickly blazed.  
The severed parts upon a bough he cast  
To catch the flames, and when the rich repast  
Was drest with flesh and marrow savory food  
He quelled his hunger and the sparkling flood  
That murmured at his feet his thirst repress  
— Then gentle sleep composed his limbs to rest.

Meanwhile his horse for speed and form renowned  
Ranged o'er the plain with flowery herbage crown'd  
Encumbering arms no more his sides oppress  
No folding mail confined his ample chest<sup>1</sup>  
Gallant and free he left the Champion's side  
And cropp'd the mead or sought the cooling tide,  
When lo! it chanced amid the woodland chase  
A band of horsemen rambling near the place,

<sup>1</sup> The armor called *Burgusturan* almost covered the horse, and was usually made of leather and felt-cloth.

Saw, with surprise, superior game astray,  
And rushed at once to seize the noble prey ;  
But, in the imminent struggle, two beneath  
His steel-clad hoofs received the stroke of death ,  
One proved a sterner fate — for downward borne,  
The mangled head was from the shoulders torn  
Still undismayed, again they nimbly sprung,  
And round his neck the noose entangling flung  
Now, all in vain, he spurns the smoldering ground,  
In vain the tumult echoes all around ,  
They bear him off, and view, with ardent eyes,  
His matchless beauty and majestic size  
Then soothe his fury, anxious to obtain,  
A bounding steed of his immortal strain

When Rustem woke, and miss'd his favorite horse,  
The loved companion of his glorious course ,  
Sorrowing he rose, and, hastening thence, began  
To shape his dubious way to Samangan ,  
“Reduced to journey thus, alone !” he said,  
“How pierce the gloom which thickens round my  
head,

Burthen'd, on foot, a dreary waste in view,  
Where shall I bend my steps, what path pursue?  
The scoffing Turks will cry, ‘Behold our might !  
We won the trophy from the Champion-knight !  
From him who, reckless of his fame and pride,  
Thus idly slept, and thus ignobly died ’”

Girding his loins he gathered from the field,  
His quivered stores, his beamy sword and shield,  
Harness and saddle-gear were o'er him slung,

- Bridle and mail across his shoulders hung<sup>1</sup>  
 Then looking round, with anxious eye to meet  
 The broad impression of his charger's feet<sup>2</sup>  
 The track he halld and following onward prest  
 While grief and hope alternate filled his breast.  
 O'er vale and wild wood led, he soon descries  
 The regal city's shining turrets rise  
 And when the Champion's near approach is known,  
 The usual homage waits him to the throne  
 The king on foot, received his welcome guest  
 With proffered friendship and his coming blest  
 But Rustem frowned, and with resentment fired,  
 Spoke of his wrongs the plundered steed required.  
 "I've traced his footsteps to your royal town  
 Here must he be protected by your crown  
 But if retained if not from fetters freed  
 My vengeance shall o'ertake the felon-deed  
 My honored guest! the wondering king replied —  
 'Shall Rustem's wants or wishes be denied?  
 But let not anger headlong fierce and blind  
 O'ercloud the virtues of a generous mind

<sup>1</sup> In this hunting excursion he is completely armed, being supplied with spear sword shield mace bow and arrows. Like the knights-errants of after times, he seldom even slept unarmed. Single combat and the romantic enterprises of European chivalry may indeed be traced to the East. Rustem was a most illustrious example of all that is pious, disinterested and heroic. The adventure now describing is highly characteristic of a chivalrous age.

<sup>2</sup> See the Story of the Horse in Zadig, which is doubtless of Oriental origin. In the upper parts of Hindustan, it is said that the people are exceedingly expert in discovering robbers by tracing the marks of their horses' feet. These mounted robbers are called *kusaks*. The Russian *Orissak* is probably derived from the same word.

If still within the limits of my reign,  
 The well known courser shall be thine again  
 For Rakush never can remain concealed,  
 No more than Rustem in the battle field<sup>1</sup>  
 Then cease to nourish useless rage, and share  
 With joyous heart my hospitable fire "

The son of Zal now felt his wrath subdued,  
 And glad sensations in his soul renewed  
 The ready herald by the King's command,  
 Convened the Chiefs and Warriors of the land,<sup>2</sup>  
 And soon the banquet social glee restored,  
 And China wine cups glittered on the board,  
 And cheerful song, and music's magic power  
 And sparkling wine, beguiled the festive hour "  
 The dulcet draughts o'er Rustem's senses stole,  
 And melting strains absorbed his softened soul  
 But when approached the period of repose,  
 All, prompt and mindful, from the banquet rose,  
 A couch was spread well worthy such a guest,  
 Perfumed with rose and musk, and whilst at rest,  
 In deep sound sleep, the wearied Champion lay,  
 Forgot were all the sorrows of the way

#### RUSTEM MITS TAHMINEH

One watch had passed, and still sweet slumber shed  
 Its magic power around the hero's head —

<sup>1</sup> Thus Alkinoos convales the chiefs of Phrakia in honor of Odysseus

<sup>2</sup> The original gives to the singers black eyes and cheeks like roses. These women are generally known by the term Lulan, per-

When forth Tahmineh came, — a damsel held  
 An amber taper which the gloom dispelled  
 And near his pillow stood in beauty bright  
 The monarch & daughter struck his wondering sight.  
 Clear as the moon in glowing charms arrayed  
 Her winning eyes the light of heaven displayed  
 Her cypress form entranced the gazer's view  
 Her waving curls the heart restlessly drew  
 Her eyebrows like the Archer's bened bow,  
 Her ringlets ringlets, her cheek the rose's glow,<sup>1</sup>  
 Mixed with the lily — from her ear tips hung  
 Rings rich and glittering star like — and her tongue  
 And lips, all sugared sweetness — pearls the while  
 Sparkled within a mouth formed to beguile  
 Her presence dimmed the stars, and breathing round  
 Fragrance and joy she scarcely touched the ground.<sup>2</sup>  
 So light her step so graceful — every part  
 Perfect, and suited to her spotless heart  
 Rustem, surprised, the gentle maid addressed

haps referring to their beauty as *Lalu* signifies a pearl, a gem, a jewel; though *Lalu* is also the name of a people or tribe of Persia.

<sup>1</sup> Ensnaring ringlets. Thus Shakespeare —

“Here in her hairs,  
 The painter plays the Spider — and hath woven  
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men  
 Faster than gnats in colwicks. But her eyes!

MERCHANT OF VENICE, III. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Beauty and fragrance are amongst the poets inseparable. The Persians exceed even the Greeks in their love of perfume though Anacreon thought it so indispensable a part of beauty that in directing the Rhodian artist to paint the mistress of his heart he wishes even her fragrance to be portrayed.

And asked what lovely stranger broke his rest.  
“What is thy name,” he said, — “what dost thou seek  
Amidst the gloom of night? Fair vision speak!”

“O thou,” she softly sigh’d, “of matchless fame!  
With pity hear, Tahmineh is my name!  
The pangs of love my anxious heart employ,  
And flattering promise long-expected joy,  
No curious eye has yet these features seen,  
My voice unheard, beyond the sacred screen.<sup>1</sup>  
How often have I listened with amaze,  
To thy great deeds, enamoured of thy praise,  
How oft from every tongue I’ve heard the strain,  
And thought of thee — and sighed, and sighed again.  
The ravenous eagle, hovering o’er his prey,  
Starts at thy gleaming sword and flies away.  
Thou art the slayer of the Demon brood,  
And the fierce monsters of the echoing wood  
Where’er thy mace is seen, shrink back the bold,  
Thy javelin’s flash all tremble to behold  
Enchanted with the stories of thy fame,  
My fluttering heart responded to thy name,  
And whilst their magic influence I felt,  
In prayer for thee devotedly I knelt,  
And fervent vowed, thus powerful glory charms,  
No other spouse should bless my longing arms<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As a proof of her innocence Tahmineh declares to Rustem, “No person has ever seen me out of my private chamber, or even heard the sound of my voice.”

<sup>2</sup> Josephus has recorded that the king’s daughter betrayed the city of Saba, in Ethiopia, into the hands of Moses, having become enamoured of him by seeing from the walls the valor and bravery

Indulgent heaven propitious to my prayer  
 Now brings thee hither to reward my care.  
 Turan's dominions thou hast sought, alone  
 By night, in darkness — thou the mighty one !  
 O claim my hand and grant my soul's desire ,  
 Ask me in marriage of my royal sire ,  
 Perhaps a boy our wedded love may crown,  
 Whose strength like thine may gain the world's renown.  
 Nay more — for Samengan will keep my word —  
 Rakush to thee again shall be restored.

The damsel thus her ardent thought expressed  
 And Rustem's heart beat joyous in his breast,  
 Hearing her passion — not a word was lost,  
 And Rakush safe, by him still valued most  
 He called her near , with graceful step she came,  
 And marked with throbbing pulse his kindled flame.

### THE MARRIAGE.

And now a Mubad, from the Champion knight,  
 Requests the royal sanction to the rite  
 O'erjoyed the King the honored suit approves,  
 O'erjoyed to bless the doting child he loves  
 And happier still, in showering smiles around,  
 To be allied to warrior so renowned.  
 When the delighted father doubly blest,  
 Resigned his daughter to his glorious guest,

which he displayed at the head of the Egyptian army Dido was won by the celebrity of Æneas. Kotzebue has drawn Elvira enamoured of the fame and glory of Pizarro

The lovely Desdemona affords another instance,

The people shared the gladness which it gave,  
The union of the heartless and the brave  
To grace their nuptial day — both old and young,  
The hymeneal gratulations sang  
“May this young moon bring happiness and joy,  
And every source of enmity destroy”  
The marriage-bower received the happy pair,  
And love and transport shower'd their blessings there.

Ere from his lofty sphere the morn had thrown  
His glittering radiance, and in splendor home,  
The mindful Champion, from his snowy arm,  
His bracelet drew, the soul-ennobling charm,  
And, as he held the wondrous gift with pride,  
He thus address'd his love devoted bride :

“Take this,” he said, “and it, by gracious heaven,  
A daughter for thy solace should be given,  
Let it among her ringlets be displayed,  
And joy and honor will await the maid,  
But should kind fate increase the nuptial joy,  
And make thee mother of a blooming boy,  
Around his arm this magic bracelet bind,  
To fire with virtuous deeds his ripening mind ;  
The strength of Sun will nerve his manly form,  
In temper mild, in valor like the storm,  
His not the dastard fate to shrink, or turn  
From where the lions of the battle burn,  
To him the soaring eagle from the sky  
Will stoop, the bravest yield to him, or fly,  
Thus shall his bright career imperious claim  
The well-won honors of immortal fame !”

Ardent he said, and kissed her eyes and face,  
And lingering held her in a fond embrace

When the bright sun his radiant brow displayed  
And earth in all its loveliest hues arrayed  
The Champion rose to leave his spouse & side,  
The warm affections of his weeping bride  
For her too soon the winged moments flew  
Too soon alas ! the parting hour she knew,  
Clasped in his arms, with many a streaming tear,  
She tried in vain, to win his deafen'd ear,  
Still tried, ah fruitless struggle ! to impart,  
The swelling anguish of her bursting heart.

The father now with gratulations due  
Rustem approaches and displays to view  
The fiery war horse — welcome as the light  
Of heaven to one immersed in deepest night  
The Champion wild with joy sits on the rein,  
And girds the saddle on his back again  
Then mounts, and leaving sire and wife behind,  
Onward to Susan rushes like the wind.

But when returned to Zabal's friendly shade,  
None knew what joys the Warrior had delayed  
Still, fond remembrance with endearing thought,  
Oft to his mind the scene of rapture brought.

#### THE BIRTH OF SOHRAB

When nine slow-circling months had roll'd away,  
Sweet-smiling pleasure hailed the brightening day —  
A wondrous boy Tahmineh's tears suppress,

And lull'd the sorrows of her heart to rest ,  
To him, predestined to be great and brave,  
The name Sohrab his tender mother gave ,  
And as he grew, amazed, the gathering throng,  
View'd his large limbs, his sinews firm and strong ,  
His infant years no soft endearment claimed  
Athletic sports his eager soul inflamed ,  
Broad at the chest and taper round the loins,  
'Where to the rising hip the body joins ,  
Hunter and wrestler , and so great his speed,  
He could o'ertake, and hold the swiftest steed.  
His noble aspect, and majestic grace,  
Betrayed the offspring of a glorious race  
How, with a mother's ever anxious love,  
Still to retain him near her heart she strove !  
For when the father's fond inquiry came,  
Cautious, she still concealed his birth and name,  
And feign'd a daughter born, the evil fraught  
With misery to avert — but vain the thought ,  
Not many years had passed, with downy flight,  
Ere he, Tahmineh's wonder and delight,  
With glistening eye, and youthful ardor warm,  
Filled her foreboding bosom with alarm  
“ O now relieve my heart ! ” he said, “ declare,  
From whom I sprang and breathe the vital air  
Since, from my childhood, I have ever been,  
Amidst my playmates of superior mien ,  
Should friend or foe demand my father's name,  
Let not my silence testify my shame !  
If still concealed, you falter, still delay,



My father's foes even now my vengeance feel ,  
Even now in wrath my native legions rise,  
And sounds of desolation strike the skies ,  
Kaus himself, hurled from his ivory throne,  
Shall yield to Rustem the imperial crown,  
And thou, my mother, still in triumph seen,  
Of lovely Persia hailed the honored queen !  
Then shall Turan unite beneath my band,  
And drive this proud oppressor from the land !  
Father and Son, in virtuous league combined,  
No savage despot shall enslave mankind ,  
When Sun and Moon o'er heaven refulgent blaze,  
Shall little Stars obtrude their feeble rays ? ”

He paused, and then “ O mother, I must now  
My father seek, and see his lofty brow ,  
Be mine a horse, such as a prince demands,  
Fit for the dusty field, a warrior's hands ,  
Strong as an elephant his form should be,  
And chested like the stag, in motion free,  
And swift as bird, or fish , it would disgrace  
A warrior bold on foot to show his face ”

The mother, seeing how his heart was bent,  
His day-star rising in the firmament,  
Commands the stables to be searched to find  
Among the steeds one suited to his mind ,  
Pressing their backs he tries their strength and nerve,  
Bent double to the ground their bellies curve ,  
Not one, from neighboring plain and mountain brought,  
Equals the wish with which his soul is fraught ,  
Fruitless on every side he anxious turns,

Fruitless, his brain with wild impatience burns  
But when at length they bring the destined steed  
From Rakush bred of lightning's winged speed  
Fleet as the arrow from the bow string flies,  
Fleet, as the eagle darting through the skies,  
Rejoiced he springs, and with a nimble bound,  
Vaults in his seat and wheels the courser round  
"With such a horse — thus mounted what remains?  
Kaus, the Persian King no longer reigns!  
High flushed he speaks — with youthful pride elate  
Eager to crush the Monarch's glittering state  
He grasps his javelin with a hero's might,  
And pants with ardor for the field of fight

Soon o'er the realm his fame expanding spread,  
And gathering thousands hastened to his aid.  
His Grand sire pleased beheld the warrior train  
Successive throng and darken all the plain  
And bounteously his treasures he supplied  
Camels, and steeds and gold. — In martial pride,  
Sohrab was seen — a Grecian helmet graced  
His brow — and costliest mail his limbs embraced

#### AFRASIYAB'S SCHEME.

Afrasiyab now hears with ardent joy  
The bold ambition of the warrior boy  
Of him who, perfumed with the milky breath  
Of infancy, was threatening war and death  
And bursting sudden from his mother's side  
Had launched his bark upon the perilous tide.

The insidious King sees well the tempting hour,  
Favoring his arms against the Persian power,  
And thence, in haste, the enterprise to share,  
Twelve thousand veterans selects with care ,  
To Human and Barman the charge consigns,  
And thus his force with Samengan combines ,  
But treacherous first his martial chiefs he prest,  
To keep the secret fast within their breast —  
“ For this bold youth must not his father know,  
Each must confront the other as his foe, —  
Such is my vengeance ! With unhallowed rage,  
Father and Son shall dreadful battle wage !  
Unknown the youth shall Rustem's force withstand,  
And soon o'erwhelm the bulwark of the land  
Rustem removed, the Persian throne is ours,  
An easy conquest to confederate powers ,  
And then, secured by some propitious snare,  
Sohrab himself our galling bonds shall wear  
Or should the Son by Rustem's falchion bleed,  
The father's horror at that fatal deed,  
Will rend his soul, and midst his sacred grief,  
Kaus in vain will supplicate relief ”

The tutored Chiefs advance with speed, and bring  
Imperial presents to the future king ,  
In stately pomp the embassy proceeds ,  
Ten loaded camels, ten unrivalled steeds,  
A golden crown, and throne, whose jewels bright  
Gleam in the sun, and shed a sparkling light  
A letter too the crafty tyrant sends,  
And fraudulent thus the glorious aim commends —

" If Persia's spoils invite thee to the field  
Accept the aid my conquering legions yield,  
Led by two Chiefs of valor and renown  
Upon thy head to place the kingly crown "

Haste with promised fame the youth surveys  
The regal vest, the throne's irradiant blaze  
The golden crown the steeds the sumptuous load  
Of ten strong camels craftily bestowed  
Salutes the Chiefs and views on every side,  
The lengthening ranks with various arms supplied.  
The march begins — the brazen drums resound <sup>1</sup>  
His moving thousands hide the trembling ground,  
For Persia's verdant land he wields the spear  
And blood and havoc mark his groaning rear <sup>2</sup>

#### SOHRAB MEETS HUJIR.

To check the Invader's horror spreading course  
The barrier fort opposed unequal force  
That fort whose walls, extending wide contained  
The stay of Persia, men to battle trained  
Soon as Hujir the dusky crowd descried  
He on his own presumptuous arm relied,  
And left the fort in mail with shield and spear  
Vaunting he spoke, — What hostile force is here ?

<sup>1</sup> *Kaz* is a tymbal, or large brass drum, which is beat in the palaces or camps of Eastern princes.

<sup>2</sup> It appears throughout the *Sâsâ-Nâmâ* that whenever any army was put in motion the inhabitants and the country whether hostile or friendly were equally given up to plunder and devastation.

Everything in their progress was burnt and destroyed.

What Chieftain dares our warlike realms invade ? ”  
“ And who art thou ? ” Sohrab indignant said,  
Rushing toward him with undaunted look —  
“ Hast thou, audacious ! nerve and soul to brook  
The crocodile in fight, that to the strife  
Singly thou comest, reckless of thy life ? ”  
To this the foe replied — “ A Turk and I  
Have never yet been bound in friendly tie ,  
And soon thy head shall, severed by my sword,  
Gladden the sight of Persia’s mighty lord,  
While thy torn limbs to vultures shall be given,  
Or bleach beneath the parching blast of heaven ”

The youthful hero laughing hears the boast,  
And now by each continual spears are tost,  
Mingling together , like a flood of fire  
The boaster meets his adversary’s ire ,  
The horse on which he rides, with thundering pace,  
Seems like a mountain moving from its base ,<sup>1</sup>  
Sternly he seeks the stripling’s loins to wound,  
But the lance hurtless drops upon the ground ,  
Sohrab, advancing, hurls his steady spear  
Full on the middle of the vain Hujir,  
Who staggers in his seat. With proud disdain  
The youth now flings him headlong on the plain,  
And quick dismounting, on his heaving breast  
Triumphant stands, his Khunjer firmly prest,  
To strike the head off, — but the blow was stayed —

<sup>1</sup> The simile of a moving mountain occurs in the *Iliad* Hector, with his white plumes, is compared to a moving mountain topped with snow Book xiii, 754 But Vergil added considerably to this image

Trembling for life the craven boaster prayed  
That mercy granted eased his coward mind  
Though dire disgrace in captive bonds confined,  
And sent to Human who amazed beheld  
How soon Sohrab his daring soul had quelled.

### A WARRIOR MAID

When Gurd aſail, a peerless warrior-dame,  
Heard of the conflict and the hero's shame  
Groans heaved her breast, and tears of anger flowed,  
Her tulip cheek with deeper crimson glowed,  
Speedful, in arms magnificent arrayed,  
*A foaming palfrey bore the martial maid*  
The burnished mail her tender limbs embraced,  
Beneath her helm her clustering locks she placed  
Poised in her hand an iron javelin gleamed  
And o'er the ground its sparkling lustre streamed  
Accoutred thus in manly guise no eye  
However piercing could her sex descry  
Now like a lion, from the fort she bends,  
And midst the foe impetuously descends  
Fearless of soul, demands with haughty tone,  
The bravest chief for warlike valor known,  
To try the chance of fight. *In shining arms,*  
Again Sohrab the glow of battle warms,  
With scornful smiles, "Another deer I" he cries,  
"Come to my victor toils, another prize I  
The damsel saw his noose insidious spread  
And soon her arrows whizzed around his head,

With steady skill the twanging bow she drew,  
And still her pointed darts unerring flew,  
For when in forest sports she touched the string,  
Never escaped even bird upon the wing,  
Furious he burned, and high his buckler held,  
To ward the storm, by growing force impell'd,  
And tilted forward with augmented wrath,  
But Gurd-afriid aspires to cross his path,  
Now o'er her back the slacken'd bow resounds,  
She grasps her lance, her goaded courser bounds,  
Driven on the youth with persevering might—  
Unconquer'd courage still prolongs the fight,  
The stripling Chief shields off the threaten'd blow,  
Reins in his steed, then rushes on the foe,  
With outstretch'd arm, he bending backward hung,  
And, gathering strength, his pointed javelin flung,  
Firm through her girdle belt the weapon went,  
And glancing down the polish'd armor rent  
Staggering, and stunned by his superior force,  
She almost tumbled from her foaming horse,  
Yet unsubdued, she cut the spear in two,  
And from her side the quivering fragment drew,  
Then gain'd her seat, and onward urged her steed,  
But strong and fleet Sohrab arrests her speed  
Strikes off her helm, and sees — a woman's face,  
Radiant with blushes and commanding grace<sup>1</sup>  
Thus undeceived, in admiration lost,  
He cries, "A woman, from the Persian host!  
If Persian damsels thus in arms engage,  
Who shall repel their warrior's fiercer rage?"

Then from his saddle thong — his noose he drew,  
And round her waist the twisted loop he threw —

Now seek not to escape," he sharply said  
'Such is the fate of war unthinking maid !  
And as such beauty seldom swells our pride,  
Vain thy attempt to cast my toils aside

In this extreme but one resource remained  
Only one remedy her hope sustained —  
Expert in wiles each siren art she knew  
And thence exposed her blooming face to view,  
Raising her full black orbs serenely bright  
In all her charms she blazed before his sight <sup>1</sup>  
And thus addressed Sohrab. — O warrior brave  
Hear me and thy imperilled honor save  
These curling tresses seen by either host  
A woman conquered whence the glorious boast ?  
Thy startled troops will know with inward grief  
A woman's arm resists their towering chief,  
Better preserve a warrior's fair renown  
And let our struggle still remain unknown  
For who with wanton folly would expose  
A helpless maid to aggravate her woes  
The fort, the treasure shall thy toils repay,  
The chief and garrison, thy will obey,  
And thine the honors of this dreadful day "

Raptured he gazed her smiles resistless move  
The wildest transports of ungoverned love.  
Her face disclosed a paradise to view

<sup>1</sup> Gard-arid, engaging Sohrab, is exactly the Clorinda of Tasso engaging Tancred, in the third canto of *Gerusalemme Liberata*.

Eyes like the fawn, and cheeks of rosy hue —  
Thus vanquished, lost, unconscious of her aim,  
And only struggling with his amorous flame,  
He rode behind, as if compelled by fate,  
And heedless saw her gain the castle-gate

Safe with her friends, escaped from brand and spear,  
Smiling she stands, as if unknown to fear  
— The father now, with tearful pleasure wild,  
Clasps to his heart his fondly-foster'd child,  
The crowding warriors round her eager bend,  
And grateful prayers to favoring heaven ascend

Now from the walls, she, with majestic air,  
Exclaims “Thou warrior of Iuran, forbear!  
Why vex thy soul, and useless strife demand!  
Go, and in peace enjoy thy native land”

Stern he rejoins “Thou beauteous tyrant! say,  
Though crown'd with charms, devoted to betray,  
When these proud walls, in dust and ruins laid,  
Yield no defence, and thou a captive maid,  
Will not repentance through thy bosom dart,  
And sorrow soften that disdainful heart?”

Quick she replied “O'er Persia's fertile fields  
The savage Turk in vain his falchion wields,  
When King Kaus this bold invasion hears,  
And mighty Rustem clad in arms appears!  
Destruction wide will glut the slippery plain,  
And not one man of all thy host remain  
Alas! that bravery, high as thine, should meet  
Amidst such promise, with a sure defeat,  
But not a gleam of hope remains for thee,

Thy wondrous valor cannot keep thee free.  
Avert the fate which o'er thy head impends,  
Return, return and save thy martial friends ! "

Thus to be scorned defrauded of his prey,  
With victory in his grasp — to lose the day !  
Shame and revenge alternate filled his mind  
The suburb-town to pillage he consigned  
And devastation — not a dwelling spared ,  
The very owl was from her covert scared  
Then thus     Though luckless in my aim to-day  
To-morrow shall behold a sterner fray  
This fort, in ashes, scattered o'er the plain  
He ceased — and turned toward his troops again ,  
There, at a distance from the hostile power  
He brooding waits the slaughter breathing hour

Meanwhile the sire of Gurdasfid who now  
Governed the fort, and feared the warrior's vow ,  
Mournful and pale with gathering woes oppressed,  
His distant Monarch trembling thus address'd.  
But first invoked the heavenly power to shed  
Its choicest blessings o'er his royal head.

Against our realm with numerous foot and horse,  
A stripling warrior holds his ruthless course.  
His lion breast unequalled strength betrays,  
And o'er his men the sun's effulgence plays  
Sohrab his name like Sam Suwar he shows,  
Or Rustem terrible amidst his foes.  
The bold Hujir lies vanquished on the plain  
And drags a captive's ignominious chain  
Myriads of troops besiege our tottering wall,

And vain the effort to suspend its fall  
Haste, arm for fight, this 'Tartar-power withstand,  
Let sweeping Vengeance lift her flickering brand,  
Rustem alone may stem the roaring wave,  
And, prompt as bold, his growing country save  
Meanwhile in flight we place our only trust,  
Ere the proud ramparts crumble in the dust "

Swift flies the messenger through secret ways,  
And to the King the dreadful tale conveys,  
'Then passed, unseen, in night's concealing shade,  
The mournful heroes and the warrior maid

#### SOHRAB LOVES

Soon as the sun with vivifying ray,  
Gleams o'er the landscape, and renews the day,  
The flaming troops the lofty walls surround  
With thundering crash the bursting gates resound  
Already are the captives bound, in thought,  
And like a herd before the conqueror brought,  
Sohrab, terrific o'er the ruin, views  
His hopes deceived, but restless still pursues  
An empty fortress mocks his searching eye,  
No steel-clad chiefs his burning wrath defy,  
No warrior-maid reviving passions warms,  
And soothes his soul with fondly valued charms  
Deep in his breast he feels the amorous smart,  
And hugs her image closer to his heart.  
"Alas ! that Fate should thus invidious shroud  
The moon's soft radiance in a gloomy cloud ,

Should to my eyes such winning grace display,  
 Then snatch the enchanter of my soul away !  
 A beauteous roe my toils enclosed in vain  
 Now I her victim, drag the captive's chain,  
 Strange the effects that from her charms proceed,  
 I gave the wound, and I afflicted bleed !  
 Vanquished by her I mourn the luckless strife  
 Dark dark, and bitter, frowns my morn of life.  
 A fair unknown my tortured bosom rends,  
 Withers each joy, and every hope suspends."

Impassioned thus Sohrab in secret sighed,  
 And sought, in vain, to mastering grief to hide.  
 Can the heart bleed and throb from day to day  
 And yet no trace its inmost pangs betray ?  
 Love scorns control, and prompts the laboring sigh,  
 Pales the red lip and dims the lucid eye  
 His look alarmed the stern Turanian Chief  
 Closely he mark'd his heart-corroding grief <sup>1</sup>  
 And though he knew not that the martial dame,  
 Had in his bosom lit the tender flame  
 Full well he knew such deep repinings prove,  
 The hapless thralldom of disastrous love.  
 Full well he knew some idol's musky hair,  
 Had to his youthful heart become a snare,  
 But still unnoted was the gushing tear,  
 Till haply he had gained his private ear —  
 "In ancient times, no hero known to fame,

<sup>1</sup> Literally Human was not at first aware that Sohrab was wounded in the *liver*. In this organ Oriental as well as the Greek and Roman poets place the residence of love.

Not dead to glory, e'er indulged the flame ,  
Though beauty's smiles might charm a fleeting hour,  
The heart, unsway'd, repell'd their lasting power  
A warrior Chief to trembling love a prey?  
What ! weep for woman one inglorious day?  
Canst thou for love's effeminate control  
Barter the glory of a warrior's soul?  
Although a hundred damsels might be gained,  
The hero's heart shall still be free unchained  
Thou art our leader, and thy place the field  
Where soldiers love to fight with spear and shield ,  
And what hast thou to do with tears and smiles,  
The silly victim to a woman's wiles?  
Our progress, mark ! from far Iuran we came,  
Through seas of blood to gain immortal fame ,  
And wilt thou now the tempting conquest shun,  
When our brave arms this Barrier fort have won?  
Why linger here, and trickling sorrows shed,  
Till mighty Kaus thunders o'er thy head !  
Till Tus, and Giw, and Gudarz, and Bahram,  
And Rustem brave, Feramurz, and Reham,  
Shall aid the war ! A great enterprise is thine,  
At once, then, every other thought resign ,  
For know the task which first inspired thy zeal,  
Transcends in glory all that love can feel  
Rise, lead the war, prodigious toils require  
Unyielding strength, and unextinguished fire ,  
Pursue the triumph with tempestuous rage,  
Against the world in glorious strife engage,  
And when an empire sinks beneath thy sway,

(O quickly may we hail the prosperous day )  
The fickle sex will then with blooming charms,  
Adoring throng to bless thy circling arms !

## SOHRAB'S VOW

Human & warm speech, the spint-stirring theme,  
Awoke Sohrab from his inglorious dream.  
No more the tear his faded cheek bedewed,  
Again ambition all his hopes renewed  
Swell'd his bold heart with unforgotten zeal  
The noble wrath which heroes only feel  
Fiercely he vowed at one tremendous stroke,  
To bow the world beneath the tyrant's yoke !

Afranyab, he cried "shall reign alone,  
The mighty lord of Perma's gorgeous throne !

Burning, himself to rule this nether sphere,  
These welcome tidings charmed the despot's ear  
Meantime haux, this dire invasion known  
Had called his chiefs around his ivory throne  
There stood Gurgin and Bahram and Gushwad  
And Tus, and Giw and Gudarz, and Ferhad  
To them he read the melancholy tale  
Gust hem had written of the rising bale ,  
Besought their aid and prudent choice to form  
Some sure defence against the threatening storm.  
With one consent they urge the strong request,  
To summon Rustem from his rural rest. —  
Instant a warrior-delegate they send,  
And thus the King invites his patriot friend,

"To thee all praise, whose mighty arm alone,  
 Preserves the glory of the Persian throne !  
 Lo ! Tartar hordes our happy realms invade ,  
 The tottering state requires thy powerful aid ,  
 A youthful Champion leads the ruthless host,  
 His savage country's widely rumored boast  
 The Barrier-fortress sinks beneath his sway,  
 Hujir is vanquished, ruin tracks his way ,  
 Strong as a raging elephant in fight,  
 No arm but thine can match his furious might  
 Mazinderan thy conquering prowess knew ,  
 The Demon-king thy trenchant falchion slew ,  
 The rolling heavens, abash'd with fear, behold  
 Thy biting sword, thy mace adorned with gold !<sup>1</sup>  
 Fly to the succor of a King distrest,  
 Proud of thy love, with thy protection blest  
 When o'er the nation dread misfortunes lower,  
 Thou art the refuge, thou the saving power  
 The chiefs assembled claim thy patriot vows,  
 Give to thy glory all that life allows ,  
 And while no whisper breathes the direful tale,  
 O, let thy Monarch's anxious prayers prevail "

Closing the fragrant page <sup>2</sup> o'ercome with dread,

<sup>1</sup> " Thy mace makes the Sun weep, and thy sword inflames the Stars " (Lit the planet Venus) Although this is a strong hyperbole, there are numberless parallel passages containing equally extravagant personification in our own poets

<sup>2</sup> The paper upon which the letters of royal and distinguished personages in the East are written is usually perfumed, and covered with curious devices in gold. This was scented with amber The degree of embellishment is generally regulated according to the rank of the party

The afflicted King to Giw the warrior, said —  
“Go bind the saddle on thy fleetest horse,  
Outstrip the tempest in thy rapid course,  
To Rustem swift his country's woes convey,  
Too true art thou to linger on the way  
Speed day and night — and not one instant wait,  
Whatever hour may bring thee to his gate.”

#### RUSTEM WARNED.

Followed no pause — to Giw enough was said,  
Nor rest, nor taste of food his speed delayed,  
And when arrived where Zabul bowers exhale  
Ambrosial sweets and scent the balmy gale,  
The sentinel's loud voice in Rustem's ear  
Announced a messenger from Persia, near  
The Chief himself amidst his warriors stood,  
Dispensing honors to the brave and good,  
And soon as Giw had joined the martial ring,  
(The sacred envoy of the Persian King)  
He, with becoming loyalty inspired,  
Asked what the monarch, what the state, required,  
But Giw apart, his secret mission told, —  
The written page was speedily unrolled.

Struck with amazement, Rustem — “Now on earth  
A warrior knight of Sam's excelling worth?  
Whence comes this hero of the prosperous star?  
I know no Turk renowned, like him in war  
He bears the port of Rustem too tis said,  
Like Sam, like Nariman, a warrior bred!  
He cannot be my son, unknown to me,

Reason forbids the thought — it cannot be <sup>1</sup>  
At Samengan, where once affection smiled,  
To me Tahmineh bore her only child,  
That was a daughter?" Pondering thus he spoke,  
And then aloud — "Why fear the invader's yoke?  
Why trembling shrink, by coward thoughts dismayed,  
Must we not all in dust, at length, be laid?  
But come, to Nirum's palace, haste with me,  
And there partake the feast — from sorrow free,  
Breathe, but awhile — ere we our toils renew,  
And moisten the parched lip with needful dew.  
Let plans of war another day decide,  
We soon shall quell this youthful hero's pride  
The force of fire soon flutters and decays  
When ocean, swelled by storms, its wrath displays  
What danger threatens <sup>1</sup> whence the dastard fear <sup>1</sup>  
Rest, and at leisure share a warrior's cheer"

In vain the Envoy prest the Monarch's 'grief,  
The matchless prowess of the stripling chief,  
How brave Hujir had felt his furious hand,  
What thickening woes beset the shuddering land  
But Rustem, still, delayed the parting day,  
And mirth and feasting rolled the hours away,  
Morn following morn beheld the banquet bright,  
Music and wine prolonged the genial rite,  
Rapt by the witchery of the melting strain,  
No thought of Kaus touch'd his swimming brain <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Four days were consumed in uninterrupted feasting This seems to have been an ancient practice previous to the commencement of any important undertaking, or at setting out on a journey

The trumpet's clang, on fragrant breezes borne,  
Now loud salutes the fifth revolving morn  
The softer tones which charmed the jocund feast,  
And all the noise of revelry had ceased  
The generous horse with rich embroidery deckt,  
Whose gilded trappings sparkling light reflect,  
Bears with majestic port the Champion brave,  
And high in air the victor banners wave  
Prompt at the martial call, Zuara leads  
His veteran troops from Zabul's verdant meads.<sup>1</sup>

## KAUS ENRAGED.

Ere Rustem had approached his journey's end  
Tus, Gudarz, Gushwad, met their champion friend,  
With customary honors pleased to bring  
The shield of Persia to the anxious king  
But foaming wrath the senseless monarch swayed  
His friendship scorned his mandate disobeyed,  
Beneath dark brows overshadowing deep his eye  
Red gleaming shone like lightning through the sky  
And when the warriors met his sullen view  
Frowning revenge still more enraged he grew —  
Loud to the Envoy thus he fiercely cried —  
“Since Rustem has my royal power defied,  
Had I a sword this instant should his head  
Roll on the ground but let him now be led

<sup>1</sup> Zuara, it will be remembered, was the brother of Rustem, and had the immediate superintendence of the Zabul troops.

Hence, and impaled alive " <sup>1</sup> Astounded Giw  
 Shrunk from such treatment of a knight so true ,  
 But this resistance added to the flame,  
 And both were branded with revolt and shame ,  
 Both were condemned, and Tus, the stern decree  
 Received, to break them on the felon tree.  
 Could daring insult, thus deliberate given,  
 Escape the rage of one to frenzy driven ?  
 No, from his side the nerveless Chief was flung,  
 Bent to the ground Away the Champion sprung,  
 Mounted his foaming horse, and looking round —  
 His boiling wrath thus rapid utterance found —  
 " Ungrateful King, thy tyrant acts disgrace  
 The sacred throne, and more, the human race ,  
 Midst clashing swords thy recreant life I saved,  
 And am I now by Tus contemptuous braved ? <sup>2</sup>  
 On me shall Tus, shall Kaus dare to frown ?  
 On me, the bulwark of the regal crown ?  
 Wherefore should fear in Rustem's breast have birth,  
 Kaus, to me, a worthless clod of earth !  
 Go, and thyself Sohrab's invasion stay,

<sup>1</sup> The original is, " Seize and inflict upon him the punishment of the dar.' According to Burhani-kataa, dar is a tree upon which felons are hanged. But the general acceptation of the term is breaking or tearing the body upon a stake

<sup>2</sup> In this speech Rustem recounts the services which he had performed for Kaus. He speaks of his conquests in Egypt, China, Hamaveran, Rum, Suksar, and Mazinderan. Thus Achilles boasts of his unrequited achievements in the cause of Greece

" I sacked twelve ample cities on the main,  
 And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain "

Go seize the plunderers growling o'er their prey !  
Wherefore to others give the base command ?  
Go break him on the tree with thine own hand  
Know thou hast roused a warrior great and free,  
Who never bends to tyrant Kings like thee !  
Was not this untired arm triumphant seen,  
In Misser Rum, Mazinderan and Chin !  
And must I shrink at thy imperious nod !  
Slave to no Prince I only bow to God.  
Whatever wrath from thee proud King ! may fall,  
For thee I fought, and I deserve it all  
The regal sceptre might have graced my hand,  
I kept the laws, and scorned supreme command  
When Kai kobad on Alberz mountain strayed  
I drew him thence and gave a warrior's aid  
Placed on his brows the long-contested crown  
Worn by his sires, by sacred right his own  
Strong in the cause my conquering arms prevailed,  
Wouldst thou have reigned had Rustem's valor failed ?  
When the White demon raged in battle fray  
Wouldst thou have lived had Rustem lost the day ?  
Then to his friends " Be wise and shun your fate,  
Fly the wide ruin which o'erwhelms the state  
The conqueror comes — the scourge of great and small,  
And vultures, following fast, will gorge on all  
Persia no more its injured Chief shall view —  
He said, and sternly from the court withdrew

The warriors now with sad forebodings wrung,  
Torn from that hope to which they proudly clung,  
On Gudarz rest, to soothe with gentle sway

The frantic King, and Rustem's wrath allay  
With bitter grief they wail misfortune's shock,  
No shepherd now to guard the timorous flock  
Gudarz at length, with boding cares imprest,  
Thus soothed the anger in the royal breast  
"Say, what has Rustem done, that he should be  
Impaled upon the ignominious tree?  
Degrading thought, unworthy to be bred  
Within a royal heart, a royal head  
Hast thou forgot when near the Caspian-wave,  
Defeat and ruin had appalled the brave,  
When mighty Rustem struck the dreadful blow,  
And nobly freed thee from the savage foe?  
Did Demons huge escape his flaming brand?  
Their reeking limbs bestrewed the slippery strand  
Shall he for this resign his vital breath?  
What ! shall the hero's recompense be death?  
But who will dare a threatening step advance,  
What earthly power can bear his withering glance?  
Should he to Zabul fired with wrongs return,  
The plundered land will long in sorrow mourn !  
This direful presage all our warriors feel,  
For who can now oppose the invader's steel ,  
Thus is it wise thy champion to offend,  
To urge to this extreme thy warrior-friend?  
Remember, passion ever scorns control,  
And wisdom's mild decrees should rule a Monarch's  
soul " <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "Kings ought to be endowed with judgment and discretion, no advantage can arise from impetuosity and rage"

## KAUS RELENTS.

Kaus, relenting, heard with anxious ear  
And groundless wrath gave place to shame and fear,  
"Go then he cried, his generous aid implore,  
And to your King the mighty Chief restore!"

When Gudarz rose and seized his courser's rein,  
A crowd of heroes followed in his train  
To Rustem now (respectful homage paid)  
The royal prayer he anxious thus conveyed.

The King, repentant, seeks thy aid again,  
Grieved to the heart that he has given thee pain,  
But though his anger was unjust and strong,  
Thy country still is guiltless of the wrong,  
And therefore, why abandoned thus by thee?  
Thy help the King himself implores through me.  
Rustem rejoined Unworthy the pretence,  
And scorn and insult all my recompense?  
Must I be galled by his capricious mood?  
I who have still his firmest champion stood?  
But all is past, to heaven alone resigned  
No human cares shall more disturb my mind!"  
Then Gudarz thus (consummate art inspired  
His prudent tongue with all that zeal required)

When Rustem dreads Sohrab's resistless power  
Well may inferiors fly the trying hour!

Gudarz was one of the greatest generals of Persia. he conquered Judea, and took Jerusalem under the reign of Loburasp of the first dynasty of Persia, and sustained many wars against Afrasiyah under the Kings of the second dynasty. He was the father of Gih who is also celebrated for his valor in the following reigns.

The dire suspicion now pervades us all,  
 Thus, unavenged, shall beauteous Persia fall !  
 Yet, generous still, avert the lasting shame,  
 O, still preserve thy country's glorious fame !  
 Or wilt thou, deaf to all our fears excite,  
 Forsake thy friends, and shun the pending fight?  
 And worse, O grief ! in thy declining days,  
 Forfeit the honors of thy country's praise ?"  
 This artful censure set his soul on fire,  
 But patriot firmness calm'd his burning ire ,  
 And thus he said " Inured to war's alarms,  
 Did ever Rustem shun the din of arms?  
 Though frowns from Kaus I disdain to bear,  
 My threaten'd country claims a warrior's care "  
 He ceased, and prudent joined the circling throng, '  
 And in the public good forgot the private wrong

From far the King the generous Champion viewed,  
 And rising mildly thus his speech pursued —  
 "Since various tempers govern all mankind,  
 Me, nature fashioned of a froward mind ,<sup>1</sup>  
 And what the heavens spontaneously bestow,  
 Sown by their bounty must forever grow  
 The fit of wrath which burst within me, soon  
 Shrunk up my heart as thin as the new moon ,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Kaus, in acknowledging the violence of his disposition, uses a singular phrase "When you departed in anger, O Champion ! I repented, *ashes fell into my mouth*" A similar metaphor is used in Hindustani If a person falls under the displeasure of his friend, he says "Ashes have fallen into my meat," meaning that his happiness is gone

<sup>2</sup> This is one of Firdausi's favorite similes

"My heart became as slender as the new moon."

Else had I deemed thee still my army's boast,  
Source of my regal power beloved the most,  
Unequalled Every day remembering thee,  
I drain the wine cup thou art all to me  
I wished thee to perform that lofty part,  
Claimed by thy valor sanctioned by my heart,  
Hence thy delay my better thoughts suppress,  
And boisterous passions revelled in my breast  
But when I saw thee from my Court retire  
In wrath repentance quenched my burning ire.  
O let me now my keen contrition prove,  
Again enjoy thy fellowship and love  
And while to thee my gratitude is known,  
Still be the pride and glory of my throne."

Rustem thus answering, said "Thou art the King,  
Source of command pure honor's sacred spring,  
And here I stand to follow thy behest,  
Obedient ever — be thy will expressed,  
And services required — Old age shall see  
My loins still bound in fealty to thee

To this the King "Rejoice we then to-day,  
And on the morrow marshal our array"  
The monarch quick commands the feast of joy  
And social cares his buoyant mind employ  
Within a bower beside a crystal spring,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The beautiful arbors referred to in the text are often included within the walls of Eastern palaces. They are fancifully fitted up, and supplied with reservoirs, fountains, and flower trees. These romantic garden pavilions are called *kiosks* in Turkey and are generally situated upon an eminence near a running stream.

Where opening flowers, refreshing odors fling,  
 Cheerful he sits, and forms the banquet scene,  
 In regal splendor on the crowded green,  
 And as around he greets his valiant bands,  
 Showers golden presents from his bounteous hands,<sup>1</sup>  
 Voluptuous damsels trill the sportive lay,  
 Whose sparkling glances beam celestial day,  
 Filled with delight the heroes closer join,  
 And quaff till midnight cups of generous wine

Soon as the Sun had pierced the veil of night,  
 And o'er the prospect shed his earliest light,  
 Kaus, impatient, bids the clarions sound,  
 The sprightly notes from hills and rocks rebound,  
 His treasure gates are opened and to all  
 A largess given, obedient to the call,  
 His subjects gathering crowd the mountain's brow,  
 And following thousands shade the vales below,  
 With shields, in armor, numerous legends bend,  
 And troops of horse the threatening lines extend  
 Beneath the tread of heroes fierce and strong,  
 By war's tumultuous fury borne along,  
 The firm earth shook the dust, in eddies driven,  
 Whirled high in air, obscured the face of heaven,

<sup>1</sup> Milton alludes to the custom in *Paradise Lost* —

“Where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold”

In the note on this passage by Warburton, it is said to have been an Eastern ceremony at the coronation of their kings to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl*. The expression in Firdausi is, “he showered or scattered gems”. It was usual at festivals, and the custom still exists, to throw money amongst the people

Nor earth nor sky appeared — all seeming lost,  
And swallowed up by that wide-spreading host.  
The steely armor glittered o'er the fields  
And lightnings flashed from gold emblazoned shields,  
Thou wouldst have said the clouds had burst in showers  
Of sparkling amber o'er the martial powers.  
Thus, close embodied, they pursued their way  
And reached the Barner fort in terrible array

### THE SPY

The legions of Turan, with dread surprise,  
Saw o'er the plain successive myriads rise  
And showed them to Sohrab — he mounting high  
The fort, surveyed them with a fearless eye  
To Human who with withering terror pale  
Had marked their progress through the distant vale,  
He pointed out the sight, and ardent said —

Dispel these woe fraught hoodings from thy head.  
I wage the war Afrasyab ! for thee  
And make this desert seem a rolling sea.  
Thus, while amazement every bosom quelled,  
Sohrab unmoved, the coming storm beheld  
And boldly gazing on the camp around,  
Raised high the cup with wine nectareous crowned  
O'er him no dreams of woe insidious stole  
No thought but joy engaged his ardent soul.

The Persian legions had restrained their course,  
Tents and pavilions, countless foot and horse,  
Clothed all the spacious plain, and gleaming threw

Terrific splendors on the gazer's view  
But when the Sun had faded in the west,  
And night assumed her ebon-colored vest,  
The mighty Chief approached the sacred throne,  
And generous thus made danger all his own  
"The rules of war demand a previous task,  
To watch this dreadful foe I boldly ask,  
With wary step the wondrous youth to view,  
And mark the heroes who his path pursue"  
The King assents "The task is justly thine,  
Favorite of heaven, inspired by power divine"  
In Turkish habit secretly arrayed  
The lurking Champion wandered through the shade,  
And, cautious, standing near the palace gate,  
Saw how the chiefs were ranged in princely state  
What time Sohrab his thoughts to battle turned,  
And for the first proud fruits of conquest burned,  
His mother called a warrior to his aid,  
And Zinda-ruzm his sister's call obeyed  
To him Tahmineh gave her only joy,  
And bade him shield the bold adventurous boy  
"But, in the dreadful strife, should danger rise,  
Present my child before his father's eyes"  
By him protected, war may rage in vain,  
Though he may never bless these arms again!"  
This guardian prince sat on the stripling's right,  
Viewing the imperial banquet with delight,  
Huinan and Barman, near the hero placed,  
In joyous pomp the full assembly graced,  
A hundred valiant Chiefs begirt the throne,

And, all elate were chanting his renown  
Closely concealed, the gay and splendid scene,  
Rustern contemplates with astonished men  
When Zind, retiring marks the listener nigh,  
Watching the festal train with curious eye  
And well he knew amongst his Tartar host,  
Such towering stature not a Chief could boast —

What spy is here close shrouded by the night?  
Art thou afraid to face the beams of light?  
But scarcely from his lips these words had past,  
Ere felled to earth he groaning breathed his last,  
Unseen he perished, fate decreed the blow  
To add fresh keenness to a parent's woe.

Meantime Sohrab, perceiving the delay  
In Zind's return looked round him with dismay  
The seat still vacant — but the bitter truth,  
Full soon was known to the distracted youth  
Full soon he found that Zinda ruzm was gone,  
His day of feasting and of glory done  
Speedful toward the fatal spot he ran,  
Where slept in bloody rest the slaughtered man.

The lighted torches now displayed the dead,  
Stiff on the ground his graceful limbs were spread,  
Sad sight to him who knew his guardian care,  
Now doomed a kinsman's early loss to bear  
Anguish and rage devour his breast by turns,  
He vows revenge then o'er the warrior mourns:  
And thus exclaims to each afflicted Chief —  
"No time, to-night, my friends, for useless grief;  
The ravenous wolf has watched his helpless prey,

Sprung o'er the fold, and borne its flower away ,  
But if the heavens my lifted arm befriend,  
Upon the guilty shall my wrath descend —  
Unsheathed, this sword shall dire revenge pursue,  
And Persian blood the thirsty land bedew ”  
Frowning he paused, and checked the spreading woe,  
Resumed the feast, and bid the wine-cup flow !

The valiant Giw was sentinel that night,  
And marking dimly by the dubious light,  
A warrior form approach, he claps his hands,  
With naked sword and lifted shield he stands,  
To front the foe , but Rustem now appears,  
And Giw the secret tale astonished hears ,  
From thence the Champion on the Monarch waits,  
The power and splendor of Sohrab relates \*  
“ Circled by Chiefs this glorious youth was seen,  
Of lofty stature and majestic mien ,  
No Tartar region gave the hero birth  
Some happier portion of the spacious earth ,  
Tall, as the graceful cypress he appears ,  
Like Sam the brave, his warrior-front he rears ! ”  
Then having told how, while the banquet shone,  
Unhappy Zind had sunk, without a groan ,  
He forms his conquering bands in close array,  
And, cheered by wine, awaits the coming day

#### SOHRAB QUESTIONS HUIR

When now the Sun his golden buckler raised,  
And genial light through heaven diffusive blazed,

Sohrab in mail his nervous limbs attired  
For dreadful wrath his soul to vengeance fired,  
With anxious haste he bent the yielding cord,  
Riug within ring more fatal than the sword,  
Around his brow a regal helm he bound  
His dappled steed impatient stamp'd the ground  
Thus armed ascending where the eye could trace  
The hostile force, and mark each leader's place,  
He called Hujir the captive Chief addressed  
And anxious thus his soul's desire expressed

A prisoner thou if freedom's voice can charm,  
And dungeon darkness fill thee with alarm  
That freedom merit shun severest woe  
And truly answer what I ask to know!  
If rigid truth thy ready speech attend  
Honors and wealth shall dignify my friend.

Obedient to thy wish Hujir replied  
"Truth thou shalt hear whatever chance betide  
For what on earth to praise has better claim?  
Falsehood but leads to sorrow and to shame!

"Then say what heroes lead the adverse host,  
Where they command, what dignities they boast  
Say where does Kaus hold his kingly state?<sup>1</sup>  
Where Tus and Gudarz, on his bidding wait  
Giw Gust hem and Bahram—all known to thee,  
And where is mighty Rustem where is he?  
Look round with care their names and power display,  
Or instant death shall end thy vital day."

<sup>1</sup> Similar descriptions of chiefs and encampments are common amongst the epic poets of the West.

“Where yonder splendid tapestries extend,<sup>1</sup>  
And o’er pavilions bright infolding bend,  
A throne triumphal shines with sapphire rays,  
And golden suns upon the banners blaze,  
Full in the centre of the hosts — and round  
The tent a hundred elephants are bound,  
As if, in pomp, he mocked the power of fate,  
There royal Kaus holds his kingly state

“In yonder tent which numerous guards protect,  
Where front and rear illustrious Chiefs collect,  
Where horsemen wheeling seem prepared for fight,  
Their golden armor glittering in the light,  
Tus lifts his banners, decked with royal pride,  
Feared by the brave, the soldier’s friend and guide<sup>2</sup>

“That crimson tent where spearmen frowning stand,  
And steel-clad veterans form a threatening band,  
Holds mighty Gudarz, famed for martial fire,  
Of eighty valiant sons the valiant sire,  
Yet strong in arms, he shuns inglorious ease,  
His lion-banners floating in the breeze”

“But mark, that green pavilion, girt around  
By Persian nobles, speaks the Chief renowned;  
Fierce on the standard, worked with curious art,  
A hideous dragon writhing seems to start,

<sup>1</sup> The tents and pavilions of Eastern princes were exceedingly magnificent, they were often made of silks and velvets, and ornamented with pearls and gold. The tent of Nadir Shah was made of scarlet and broadcloth, and lined with satin, richly figured over with precious stones

<sup>2</sup> The banners were adorned with the figure of an elephant, to denote his royal descent.

Throned in his tent the warrior's form is seen,  
 Towering above the assembled host between !<sup>1</sup>  
 A generous horse before him snorts and neighs,  
 The trembling earth the echoing sound conveys.  
 Like him no Champion ever met my eyes,  
 No horse like that for majesty and size  
 What Chief illustrious bears a port so high?  
 Mark, how his standard flickers through the sky !"

Thus ardent spoke Sohrab. Hujir dismayed,  
 Paused ere reply the dangerous truth betrayed  
 Trembling for Rustem's life the captive groaned  
 Basely his country's glorious boast disowned,  
 And said the Chief from distant China came —  
 Sohrab abrupt demands the hero's name  
 The name unknown grief wrings his aching heart,  
 And yearning anguish speeds her venom'd dart  
 To him his mother gave the tokens true,  
 He sees them all and all but mock his view  
 When gloomy fate descends in evil hour  
 Can human wisdom bribe her favoring power?  
 Yet, gathering hope again with restless mien  
 He marks the Chiefs who crowd the warlike scene.

Where numerous heroes, horse and foot, appear,  
 And hrazen trumpets thrill the listening ear  
 Behold the proud pavilion of the brave !  
 With wolves embossed the silken banners wave.

<sup>1</sup> Thus in Homer —

The king of kings majestically tall  
 Towers o'er his armies and outshines them all."

POPE, *Iliad* II., 483.

The throne's bright gems with radiant lustre glow,  
 Slaves ranked around with duteous homage bow  
 What mighty Chieftain rules his cohorts there?  
 His name and lineage, free from guile, declare !<sup>1</sup>

"Giw, son of Gudarz, long a glorious name,  
 Whose prowess even transcends his father's fame"<sup>1</sup>

"Mark yonder tent of pure and dazzling white,  
 Whose rich brocade reflects a quivering light,  
 An ebon seat surmounts the ivory throne,  
 There frowns in state a warrior of renown  
 The crowding slaves his awful nod obey,  
 And silver moons around his banners play,  
 What Chief, or Prince, has grasped the hostile sword?"  
 "Fraburz, the son of Persia's mighty lord"

Again "These standards shew one champion more,  
 Upon their centre flames the savage boar,"<sup>2</sup>  
 The saffron-hued pavilion bright ascends,  
 Whence many a fold of tasselled fringe depends,  
 Who there presides?"

"Guraz, from heroes sprung,  
 Whose praise exceeds the power of mortal tongue"

Thus, anxious, he explored the crowded field,  
 Nor once the secret of his birth revealed,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The text says that he was also the son-in-law of Rustem

<sup>2</sup> The word Guraz signifies a wild boar, but this acception is not very accordant to Mussulman notions, and consequently it is not supposed, by the orthodox, to have that meaning in the text. It is curious that the name of the warrior, Guraz, should correspond with the bearings on the standard. This frequently obtains in the heraldry of Europe

<sup>3</sup> Firdausi considers this to be destiny! It would have been natural in Sohrab to have gloried in the fame of his father, but from

Heaven willed it so    Pressed down by silent grief,  
 Surrounding objects promised no relief.  
 This world to mortals still denies repose,  
 And life is still the scene of many woes  
 Again his eye, instinctive turned descried  
 The green pavilion and the warrior's pride  
 Again he cries "O tell his glorious name  
 Yon gallant horse declares the hero's fame!"  
 But false Hujir the aspiring hope repelled  
 Crushed the fond wish, the soothing balm withheld,  
 "And why should I conceal his name from thee?  
 His name and title are unknown to me

Then thus Sohrab — In all that thou hast said,  
 No sign of Rustem have thy words conveyed  
 Thou sayest he leads the Persian host to arms,  
 With him has battle lost its boisterous charms?  
 Of him no trace thy guiding hand has shewn  
 Can power supreme remain unmarked unknown?"

"Perhaps returned to Zabul's verdant bowers,  
 He undisturbed enjoys his peaceful hours,  
 The vernal banquets may constrain his stay  
 And rural sports invite prolonged delay

Ah! say not thus the Champion of the world,  
 Shrink from the kindling war with banners furled!"<sup>1</sup>

an inevitable dispensation his lips are here sealed on that subject and he inquires of Rustem as if he only wanted to single him out for the purpose of destroying him. The people of Persia are all fatalists.

<sup>1</sup> The continued anxiety and persevering filial duty of Sohrab are described with great success. The case is unparalleled. Sohrab is dark and mysterious, and, as Firdausi says in another place, the unconscious promoter of his own destruction.

It cannot be ! Say where his lightnings dart,  
Shew me the warrior, all thou know'st impart ,  
Treasures uncounted shall be thy reward,  
Death changed to life, my friendship more than shared  
Dost thou not know what, in the royal ear,  
The Mubid said — befitting Kings to hear?  
'Untold, a secret is a jewel bright,  
Yet profitless whilst hidden from the light ,  
But when revealed, in words distinctly given,  
It shines refulgent as the sun through heaven ' "

To him, Hujir evasive thus replies —  
"Through all the extended earth his glory flies !  
Wherever dangers round the nation close,  
Rustem approaches, and repels its foes ,  
And shouldst thou see him mix in mortal strife,  
Thou'dst think 'twere easier to escape with life  
From tiger fell, or demon — or the fold  
Of the chafed dragon, than his dreadful hold —  
When fiercest battle clothes the fields with fire,  
Before his rage embodied hosts retire ! "

"And where didst thou encountering armies see?  
Why Rustem's praise so proudly urge to me?  
Let us but meet and thou shalt trembling know,  
How fierce that wrath which bids my bosom glow  
If living flames express his boundless ire,  
O'erwhelming waters quench consuming fire !  
And deepest darkness, glooms of ten-fold night,  
Fly from the piercing beams of radiant light "

Hujir shrunk back with undissembled dread,  
And thus communing with himself, he said —

Shall I regardless of my country guide  
 To Rustem's tent this furious homicide?  
 And witness there destruction to our host?  
 The bulwark of the land forever lost!  
 What Chief can then the Tartar power restrain!  
 Kaus dethroned the mighty Rustem slain!  
 Better a thousand deaths should lay me low  
 Than living yield such triumph to the foe  
 For in this struggle should my blood be shed,  
 No foul dishonor can pursue me dead  
 No lasting shame my father's age oppress  
 Whom eighty sons of martial courage bless!<sup>1</sup>  
 They for their brother slain incensed will rise,  
 And pour their vengeance on my enemies  
 Then thus aloud "Can idle words avail?  
 Why still of Rustem urge the frequent tale?  
 Why for the elephant bodied hero ask?

Thee he will find, — no uncongenial task.  
 Why seek pretences to destroy my life?  
 Strike for no Rustem views th' unequal strife!

Sohrab confused with hopeless anguish mourned,  
 Back from the lofty walls he quick returned  
 And stood amazed

#### THE WAR BEGINS.

Now war and vengeance claim,  
 Collected thought and deeds of mighty name

<sup>1</sup> Hufir was the son of Godarz. A family of the extent mentioned in the text is not of rare occurrence amongst the princes of the

The jointed mail his vigorous body clasps,  
 His sinewy hand the shining javelin grasps,  
 Like a mad elephant he meets the foe,  
 His steed a moving mountain — deeply glow  
 His cheeks 'with passionate ardor, as he flies  
 Resistless onward, and with sparkling eyes,  
 Full on the centre drives his daring horse — <sup>1</sup>  
 The yielding Persians fly his furious course,  
 As the wild ass impetuous springs away,  
 When the fierce lion thunders on his prey  
 By every sign of strength and martial power,  
 They think him Rustem in his direst hour,  
 On Kaus now his proud defiance falls,  
 Scornful to him the stripling warrior calls  
 "And why art thou misnamed of royal strain?  
 What work of thine befits the tented plain?  
 This thirsty javelin seeks thy coward breast,  
 Thou and thy thousands doomed to endless rest  
 True to my oath, which time can never change,  
 On thee, proud King ! I hurl my just revenge  
 The blood of Zind inspires my burning hate,  
 And dire resentment hurries on thy fate,  
 Whom canst thou send to try the desperate strife?  
 What valiant Chief, regardless of his life?  
 Where now can Fraburz, Tus, Giw, Gudarz, be,  
 And the world-conquering Rustem, where is he?"

East The King of Persia had, in 1809, according to Mr Morier,  
 "sixty-five sons!" As the Persians make no account of females,  
 it is not known how many daughters he had

<sup>1</sup>The Kulub-gah is the centre or heart of the army, where the  
 sovereign or chief of the troops usually remains

No prompt reply from Persian lip ensued —  
 Then rushing on with demon strength endued,  
 Sohrab elate his javelin waved around  
 And hurled the bright pavilion to the ground,  
 With horror Kaus feels destruction nigh  
 And cries “For Rustem’s needful succor fly!  
 “This frantic Turk, triumphant on the plain,  
 Withers the souls of all my warrior train.  
 That instant Tus the mighty Champion sought,  
 And told the deeds the Tartar Chief had wrought  
 ’Tis ever thus, the brainless Monarch’s due!  
 Shame and disaster still his steps pursue!  
 Thus saying from his tent he soon descended,  
 The wild confusion spreading far and wide  
 And saddled Rakush—whilst, in deep dismay  
 Gigin incessant cried Speed speed away  
 Reham bound on the mace, Tus promptly ran  
 And buckled on the broad Burgustawan.  
 Rustem meanwhile, the thickening tumult hears  
 And in his heart, untouched by human fears  
 Says What is this that feeling seems to stun!  
 This battle must be led by Ahriman,<sup>1</sup>  
 The awful day of doom must have begun.  
 In haste he arms, and mounts his bounding steed,  
 The growing rage demands redoubled speed  
 The leopard’s skin he o’er his shoulders throws  
 The regal girdle round his middle glows.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ahriman, a demon, the principle of evil.

<sup>2</sup> This girdle was the gift of the king, as a token of affection and gratitude. J Nathan gives to David, among other things his girdle because he loved him as his own soul. 1 Samuel xviii. 3, 4.

High wave his glorious banners , broad revealed,  
The pictured dragons glare along the field  
Born by Zuara When, surprised, he views  
Sohrab, endued with ample breast and thews,  
Like Sam Suwar, he beckons him apart ,  
The youth advances with a gallant heart,  
Willing to prove his adversary's might,  
By single combat to decide the fight ,  
And eagerly, " Together brought," he cries,  
" Remote from us be foemen, and allies,  
And though at once by either host surveyed,  
Ours be the strife which asks no mortal aid "

Rustem, considerate, viewed him o'er and o'er,  
So wondrous graceful was the form he bore,  
And frankly said " Experience flows with age,  
And many a foe has felt my conquering rage ,  
Much have I seen superior strength and art  
Have borne my spear thro' many a demon's heart ,  
Only behold me on the battle plain,  
Wait till thou see'st this hand the war sustain,  
And if on thee should changeful fortune smile,  
Thou needst not fear the monster of the Nile <sup>1</sup>  
But soft compassion melts my soul to save,  
A youth so blooming with a mind so brave ! "

The generous speech Sohrab attentive heard,  
His heart expanding glowed at every word  
" One question answer, and in answering shew,  
That truth should ever from a warrior flow ,

<sup>1</sup> A crocodile in war, with Firdausi, is a figure of great power and strength

Art thou not Rustem whose exploits sublime,  
Endear his name thro' every distant clime?

"I boast no station of exalted birth,  
No proud pretensions to distinguished worth,  
To him inferior no such powers are mine,  
No offspring I of Nirum's glorious line!"<sup>1</sup>

The prompt denial damps his filial joy  
All hope at once forsook the Warrior boy  
His opening day of pleasure and the bloom  
Of cherished life immersed in shadowy gloom.  
Perplexed with what his mother's words implied,—  
A narrow space is now prepared aside  
For single combat. With disdainful glance  
Each boldly shakes his death-devoting lance  
And rushes forward to the dubious fight  
Thoughts high and brave their burning souls excite,  
Now sword to sword continuous strokes resound  
Till glittering fragments strew the dusty ground.  
Each grasps his massive club with added force.<sup>2</sup>  
The folding mail is rent from either horse,  
It seemed as if the fearful day of doom  
Had clothed in all its withering terrors come.  
Their shattered corselets yield defence no more—  
At length they breathe defiled with dust and gore  
Their gasping throats with parching thirst are dry

<sup>1</sup> It is difficult to account for this denial of his name, as there appears to be no equivalent name. But all the famous heroes described in the *Shah-Namak* are as much distinguished for their address and cunning as their bravery.

<sup>2</sup> The original is *Umud* which appears to have been a weapon made of iron. *Umud* also signifies a column, a beam.

Gloomy and fierce they roll the lowering eye,  
And frown defiance Son and Father driven  
To mortal strife ! are these the ways of Heaven ?  
The various swarms which boundless ocean breeds,  
The countless tribes which crop the flowery meads,  
All know their kind, but hapless man alone  
Has no instinctive feeling for his own !  
Compelled to pause, by every eye surveyed,  
Rustem, with shame, his wearied strength betrayed ,  
Foiled by a youth in battle's mid career,  
His groaning spirit almost sunk with fear ,  
Recovering strength, again they fiercely meet ,  
Again they struggle with redoubled heat ,  
With bended bows they furious now contend ,  
And feathered shafts in rattling showers descend ,  
Thick as autumnal leaves they strew the plain,  
Harmless their points, and all their fury vain  
And now they seize each other's girdle-band ,  
Rustem, who, if he moved his iron hand,  
Could shake a mountain, and to whom a rock  
Seemed soft as wax, tried, with one mighty stroke,  
To hurl him thundering from his fiery steed,  
But Fate forbids the gallant youth should bleed ,  
Finding his wonted nerves relaxed, amazed  
That hand he drops which never had been raised  
Uncrowned with victory, even when demons fought,  
And pauses, wildered with despairing thought  
Sohrab again springs with terrific grace,  
And lifts, from saddle-bow, his ponderous mace ,  
With gathered strength the quick-descending blow

Wounds in its fall and stuns the unwary foe ,  
Then thus contemptuous All thy power is gone ,  
Thy charger's strength exhausted as thy own ,  
Thy bleeding wounds with pity I behold  
O seek no more the combat of the bold !

Rustem to this reproach made no reply,  
But stood confused — meanwhile tumultuously  
The legions closed ; with soul appalling force,  
Troop rushed on troop o'erwhelming man and horse ,  
Sohrab incensed the Persian host engaged  
Furious along the scattered lines he raged  
Fierce as a wolf he rode on every side,  
The thirsty earth with streaming gore was dyed.  
Midst the Turanians then the Champion sped  
And like a tiger heaped the fields with dead  
But when the Monarch's danger struck his thought,  
Returning swift, the stripling youth he sought  
Grieved to the soul the mighty Champion viewed  
His hands and mail with Persian blood imbrued ,  
And thus exclaimed with lion voice O say  
Why with the Persians dost thou war to-day ?  
Why not with me alone decide the fight,  
Thou art like a wolf that seeks the fold by night.

To this Sohrab his proud assent expressed —  
And Rustem answering thus the youth addressed  
Night shadows now are thickening o'er the plain  
The morrow's sun must see our strife again ,  
In wrestling let us then exert our might !  
He said, and even a last glimmer sank in night.

Thus as the skies a deeper gloom displayed,

The stripling's life was hastening into shade !

The gallant heroes to their tents retired,  
The sweets of rest their wearied limbs required .  
Sohrab, delighted with his brave career,  
Describes the fight in Human's anxious ear  
Tells how he forced unnumbered Chiefs to yield,  
And stood himself the victor of the field !

“ But let the morrow's dawn,” he cried, “ arrive,  
And not one Persian shall the day survive ,  
Meanwhile let wine its strengthening balm impart,  
And add new zeal to every drooping heart ”

The valiant Gîw with Rustem pondering stood,  
And, sad, recalled the scene of death and blood ,  
Grief and amazement heaved the frequent sigh,  
And almost froze the crimson current dry

Rustem, oppressed by Gîw's desponding thought,  
Amidst his Chiefs the mournful Monarch sought ,  
To him he told Sohrab's tremendous sway,  
The dire misfortunes of this luckless day ,

Told with what grasping force he tried, in vain,  
To hurl the wondrous stripling to the plain

“ The whispering zephyr might as well aspire  
To shake a mountain — such his strength and fire  
But night came on — and, by agreement, we  
Must meet again to-morrow — who shall be  
Victorious, Heaven knows only — for by Heaven,  
Victory or death to man is ever given ”

This said, the King, o'erwhelmed in deep despair,  
Passed the dread night in agony and prayer

The Champion, silent, joined his bands at rest,

And spurned at length despondence from his breast ,  
Removed from all, he cheered Zuara's heart,  
And nerved his soul to bear a trying part : —

Ere early morning gilds the ethereal plain,  
In martial order range my warrior train

<sup>1</sup> And when I meet in all his glorious pride  
This valiant Turk whom my late rage defied,  
Should misfortune's smiles my arduous task requite,  
Bring them to share the triumph of my might ,  
But should success the stripling's arm attend,  
And dire defeat and death my glories end,  
To their loved homes my brave associates guide  
Let bowery Zabul all their sorrows hide —

Comfort my venerable father's heart

In gentlest words my heavy fate impart.

The dreadful tidings to my mother bear <sup>1</sup>

And soothe her anguish with the tenderest care ,  
Say that the will of righteous Heaven decreed  
That thus in arms her mighty son should bleed.

Enough of fame my various toils acquired,  
When warring demons bathed in blood expired.

Were life prolonged a thousand lingering years,  
Death comes at last and ends our mortal fears ,

Kirshasp and Sam and Nariman, the best

And bravest heroes, who have ever blest

This fleeting world, were not endued with power

To stay the march of fate one single hour

The world for them possessed no fixed abode,

<sup>1</sup> In the East, peculiarly strong attachment to the mother is universal.

The path to death's cold regions must be trod,  
 Then, why lament the doom ordained for all?  
 Thus Jemshid fell, and thus must Rustem fall "

### RUSTEM DISCOVERS SOHRAB

When the bright dawn proclaimed the rising day,  
 The warriors armed, impatient of delay,  
 But first Sohrab, his proud confederate nigh,  
 Thus wistful spoke, as swelled the boiling sigh —  
 " Now, mark my great antagonist in arms !  
 His noble form my filial bosom warms,  
 My mother's tokens shine conspicuous here,  
 And all the proofs my heart demands, appear,  
 Sure this is Rustem, whom my eyes engage !  
 Shall I, O grief ! provoke my Father's rage ?  
 Offended Nature then would curse my name,  
 And shuddering nations echo with my shame "  
 He ceased, then Human " Vain, fantastic thought,  
 Oft have I been where Persia's Champion fought,  
 And thou hast heard what wonders he performed,  
 When, in his prime, Mazinderan was stormed,  
 That horse resembles Rustem's, it is true,  
 But not so strong, nor beautiful to view "

Sohrab now buckles on his war-attire,  
 His heart all softness, and his brain all fire,  
 Around his lips such smiles benign unt played,  
 He seemed to greet a friend, as thus he said —  
 " Here let us sit together on the plain,  
 Here, social sit, and from the fight refrain,

Ask we from heaven forgiveness of the past,  
And bind our souls in friendship that may last,  
Ours be the feast — let us be warm and free  
For powerful instinct draws me still to thee  
Fain would my heart in bland affection join  
Then let thy generous ardor equal mine  
And kindly say with whom I now contend —  
What name distinguished boasts my warrior friend !  
Thy name unfit for champion brave to hide  
Thy name so long, long sought, and still denied  
Say art thou Rustem whom I burn to know ?  
Ingenuous say and cease to be my foe !

Sternly the mighty Champion cried, Away —  
Hence with thy wiles — now practised to delay,  
The promised struggle, resolute I claim  
Then cease to move me to an act of shame."  
Sohrab rejoined — "Old man ! thou wilt not hear  
The words of prudence uttered in thine ear  
Then, Heaven ! look on."

Preparing for the shock,  
Each binds his charger to a neighboring rock  
And girds his loins, and rubs his wrists, and tries  
Their suppleness and force with angry eyes,  
And now they meet — now rise and now descend,  
And strong and fierce their sinewy arms extend  
Wrestling with all their strength they grasp and strain  
And blood and sweat flow copious on the plain  
Like raging elephants they furious close  
Commotual wounds are given, and wrenching blows.  
Sohrab now claps his hands, and forward springs

Impatiently, and round the Champion clings ;  
Seizes his girdle belt, with power to tear  
The very earth asunder , in despair  
Rustem, defeated, feels his nerves give way,  
And thundering falls    Sohrab bestrides his prey  
Grim as the lion, prowling through the wood,  
Upon a wild ass springs, and pants for blood  
His lifted sword had lopt the gory head,  
But Rustem, quick, with crafty ardor said —  
“ One moment, hold ! what, are our laws unknown ?  
A Chief may fight till he is twice o’erthrown ,  
The second fall, his recreant blood is spilt,  
These are our laws, avoid the menaced guilt ”

Proud of his strength, and easily deceived,  
The wondering youth the artful tale believed ,  
Released his prey, and, wild as wind or wave,  
Neglecting all the prudence of the brave,  
Turned from the place, nor once the strife renewed,  
But bounded o’er the plain and other cares pursued,  
As if all memory of the war had died,  
All thoughts of him with whom his strength was tried.

Human, confounded at the stripling’s stay,  
Went forth, and heard the fortune of the day ,  
Amazed to find the mighty Rustem freed,  
With deepest grief he wailed the luckless deed  
“ What ! loose a raging lion from the snare,  
And let him growling hasten to his lair ?  
Bethink thee well , in war, from this unwise,  
This thoughtless act what countless woes may rise ,  
Never again suspend the final blow,

Not trust the seeming weakness of a foe ! ”<sup>1</sup>  
“ Hence with complaint,” the dauntless youth replied,  
To-morrow’s contest shall his fate decide

When Rustem was released in altered mood  
He sought the coolness of the murmuring flood ,  
There quenched his thirst , and bathed his limbs, and  
prayed,  
Beseeching Heaven to yield its strengthening aid.  
His pious prayer indulgent Heaven approved  
And growing strength through all his sinews moved <sup>2</sup>  
Such as erewhile his towering structure knew  
When his bold arm unconquered demons slew  
Yet in his mien no confidence appeared  
No ardent hope his wounded spirits cheered.

### THE DEATH OF SOHRAB.

Again they met. A glow of youthful grace,  
Diffused its radiance o’er the stripling’s face  
And when he saw in renovated guise  
The foe so lately mastered with surprise,  
He cried “ What I rescued from my power again  
Dost thou confront me on the battle plain?  
Or dost thou, wearied draw thy vital breath,

<sup>1</sup> Thus also Sa di. Knowest thou what Zal said to Rustem the Champion? Never calculate upon the weakness or insignificance of an enemy

<sup>2</sup> Rustem is as much distinguished for piety as bravery. Every success is attributed by him to the favor of Heaven. In the achievement of his labors in the Hef-Khan, his devotion is constant, and he everywhere justly acknowledges that power and victory are derived from God alone.

And seek, from warrior bold, the shift of death?  
 Truth has no charms for thee, old man, even now,  
 Some further cheat may lurk upon thy brow,  
 Twice have I shown thee mercy, twice thy age  
 Hath been thy safety—twice it soothed my rage.”  
 Then mild the Champion “Youth is proud and vain!  
 The idle boast a warrior would disclaim,  
 This aged arm perhaps may not control,  
 The wanton fury that inflames thy soul!”

Again, dismounting, each the other viewed  
 With sullen glance, and swift the fight renewed;  
 Clenched front to front, again they tug and bend,  
 Twist their broad limbs as every nerve would rend,  
 With rage convulsive Rustem grasps him round,  
 Bends his strong back, and hurls him to the ground,  
 Him, who had deemed the triumph all his own,  
 But dubious of his power to keep him down,  
 Like lightning quick he gives the deadly thrust,  
 And spurns the Stripling weltering in the dust  
 —Thus as his blood that shining steel imbrues,  
 Thine too shall flow, when Destiny pursues,<sup>1</sup>  
 For when she marks the victim of her power,

<sup>1</sup> The expression in the original is remarkable “Assuredly, as thou hast thirsted for blood Destiny will also thirst for thine, and the very hairs upon thy body will become daggers to destroy thee” This passage is quoted in the preface to the *Shah Nāmah*, collated by order of Bāvisunghur Khan, as the production of the poet Unsarī. Unsarī was one of the seven poets whom Mahmud appointed to give specimens of their powers in versifying the history of the kings of Persia. In compliment to Mahmud, perhaps Firdausi ingrafted them on his own poem, or more probably they have been interpolated since.

A thousand daggers speed the dying hour  
Writhing with pain Sohrab in murmurs sighed —  
And thus to Rustem— Vaunt not in thy pride,  
Upon myself this sorrow have I brought  
Thou but the instrument of fate — which wrought  
My downfall thou art guiltless —guiltless quite,  
O I had I seen my father in the fight  
My glorious father! Life will soon be o'er  
And his great deeds enchant my soul no more!  
Of him my mother gave the mark and sign  
For him I sought and what an end is mine!  
My only wish on earth, my constant sigh  
Him to behold and with that wish I die.  
But hope not to elude his piercing sight,  
In vain for thee the deepest glooms of night  
Couldst thou through Ocean's depths for refuge fly  
Or midst the star beams track the upper sky!  
Rustem with vengeance armed will reach thee there,  
His soul the prey of anguish and despair

An icy horror chills the Champion's heart,  
His brain whirls round with agonizing smart  
O'er his wan cheek no gushing sorrows flow  
Senseless he sinks beneath the weight of woe  
Relieved at length with frenzied look, he cries  
"Prove thou art mine confirm my doubting eyes!  
For I am Rustem! Piercing was the groan  
Which burst from his torn heart — as wild and lone  
He gazed upon him Dire amazement shook  
The dying youth and mournful thus he spoke —  
"If thou art Rustem, cruel is thy part,

No warmth paternal seems to fill thy heart ,  
Else hadst thou known me when, with strong desire,  
I fondly claimed thee for my valiant sire ,  
Now from my body strip the shining mail,  
Untie these bands, ere life and feeling fail ,  
And on my arm the direful proof behold !  
Thy sacred bracelet of refulgent gold !  
When the loud brazen drums were heard afar,  
And, echoing round, proclaimed the pending war,  
Whilst parting tears my mother's eyes o'erflowed,  
This mystic gift her bursting heart bestowed  
'Take this,' she said, 'thy father's token wear,  
And promised glory will reward thy care '  
The hour is come, but fraught with bitterest woe,  
We meet in blood to wail the fatal blow "

The loosened mail unfolds the bracelet bright,  
Unhappy gift ! to Rustem's wildered sight ,  
Prostrate he falls — " By my unnatural hand,  
My son, my son is slain — and from the land  
Uprooted " Frantic, in the dust his hair  
He rends in agony and deep despair ,  
The western sun had disappeared in gloom,  
And still the Champion wept his cruel doom ,  
His wondering legions marked the long delay,  
And, seeing Rakush riderless astray,  
The rumor quick to Persia's Monarch spread,  
And there described the mighty Rustem dead  
Kaus, alarmed, the fatal tidings hears,  
His bosom quivers with increasing fears  
"Speed, speed, and see what has befallen to-day

To cause these groans and tears—what fatal fray !  
If he be lost if breathless on the ground  
And this young warrior, with the conquest crowned—  
Then must I humbled from my kingdom torn  
Wander like Jemshid through the world forlorn. <sup>1</sup>

The army roused rushed o'er the dusty plain,  
Urged by the Monarch to revenge the slain ,  
Wild consternation saddened every face  
Thus winged with horror sought the fatal place,  
And there beheld the agonizing sight, —  
The murderous end of that unnatural fight.  
Sohrab, still breathing hears the shrill alarms,  
His gentle speech suspends the clang of arms  
“ My light of life now fluttering sinks in shade  
Let vengeance sleep and peaceful vows be made.  
Beseech the King to spare this Tartar host,  
For they are guiltless, all to them is lost  
I led them on their souls with glory fired  
While mad ambition all my thoughts inspired.  
In search of thee, the world before my eyes  
War was my choice, and thou the sacred prize  
With thee, my sire ! in virtuous league combined,  
No tyrant King should persecute mankind  
That hope is past — the storm has ceased to rave —  
My ripening honors wither in the grave  
Then let no vengeance on my comrades fall,  
Mine was the guilt, and mine the sorrow all  
How often have I sought thee—oft my mind

<sup>1</sup> Jemshid's glory and misfortunes are the constant theme of admiration and reflection amongst the poets of Persia.

Figured thee to my sight—o'erjoyed to find  
My mother's token, disappointment came,  
When thou deniedst thy lineage and thy name;  
Oh! still o'er thee my soul impassioned hung,  
Still to my Father fond affection clung!  
But fate, remorseless, all my hopes withstood,  
And stained thy reeking hands in kindred blood."

His faltering breath protracted speech denied  
Still from his eyelids flowed a gushing tide,  
Through Rustem's soul redoubled horror ran,  
Heartrending thoughts subdued the mighty man.  
And now, at last, with joy-illumined eye,  
The Zabul bands their glorious Chief descry,  
But when they saw his pale and haggard look,  
Knew from what mournful cause he gazed and shook,  
With downcast mien they moaned and wept aloud,  
While Rustem thus addressed the weeping crowd  
"Here ends the war! let gentle peace succeed,  
Enough of death, I—I have done the deed!"  
Then to his brother, groaning deep, he said—  
"O what a curse upon a parent's head!  
But go—and to the Tartar say—no more,  
Let war between us steep the earth with gore!"  
Zuara flew and wildly spoke his grief,  
To crafty Human, the Turanian Chief,  
Who, with dissembled sorrow, heard him tell  
The dismal tidings which he knew too well,  
"And who," he said, "has caused these tears to flow?  
Who, but Hujir? He might have stayed the blow,  
But when Sohrab his Father's banners sought,

He still denied that here the Champion fought  
He spread the ruin he the secret knew  
Hence should his crime receive the vengeance due !  
Zuara, frantic, breathed in Rustem's ear  
The treachery of the captive Chief, Hujir  
Whose headless trunk had weltered on the strand,  
But prayers and force withheld the lifted hand.  
Then to his dying son the Champion turned,  
Remorse more deep within his bosom burned,  
A burst of frenzy fired his throbbing brain  
He clenched his sword but found his fury vain  
The Persian Chiefs the desperate act repress,  
And tried to calm the tumult in his breast  
Thus Cudarz spoke " Alas I wert thou to give  
Thyself a thousand wounds, and cease to live  
What would it be to him thou sorrowest o'er?  
It would not save one pang — then weep no more,  
For if removed by death O say to whom  
Has ever been vouchsafed a different doom?  
All are the prey of death — the crowned the low  
And man through life the victim still of woe  
Then Rustem " Fly I and to the King relate  
The pressing horrors which involve my fate  
And if the memory of my deeds e'er swayed  
His mind O supplicate his generous aid  
A sovereign balm he has whose wondrous power  
All wounds can heal, and fleeting life restore <sup>1</sup>  
Swift from his tent the potent medicine bring

<sup>1</sup> The Hindus, in their books on medicine, talk of drugs for the recovery of the dead!

— But mark the malice of the brainless King !  
 Hard as the flinty rock, he stern denies  
 The healthful draught, and gloomy thus replies —  
 “ Can I forgive his foul and slanderous tongue ?  
 The sharp disdain on me contemptuous flung ?  
 Scorned midst my army by a shameless boy,  
 Who sought my throne, my sceptre to destroy !  
 Nothing but mischief from his heart can flow,  
 Is it, then, wise to cherish such a foe ?  
 The fool who warms his enemy to life,  
 Only prepares for scenes of future strife ”

Gudarz, returning, told the hopeless tale —  
 And thinking Rustem's presence might prevail,  
 The Champion rose, but ere he reached the throne,  
 Sohrab had breathed the last expiring groan

### RUSTEM'S GRIEF.

Now keener anguish racked the father's mind,  
 Reft of his son, a murderer of his kind,  
 His guilty sword distained with filial gore,  
 He beat his burning breast, his hair he tore,  
 The breathless corse before his shuddering view,  
 A shower of ashes o'er his head he threw,<sup>1</sup>  
 “ In my old age,” he cried, “ what have I done ?  
 Why have I slain my son, my innocent son !

<sup>1</sup> Scattering ashes over the head is a very ancient mode of expressing grief. Thus 2 Samuel iii 31 “ And David said to Joab, and to all the people that were with him, Rend your clothes, and gird you with sackcloth, and mourn before Abner. Also, xiii 16 “ And Tamar put ashes on her head, and rent her garment.”

Why o'er his splendid dawning did I roll  
The clouds of death, — and plunge my burthened soul  
In agony? My son! from heroes sprung  
Better these hands were from my body wrung,  
And solitude and darkness, deep and drear  
Fold me from sight than hated linger here  
But when his mother hears, with horror wild,  
That I have shed the life blood of her child,  
So nobly brave so dearly loved, in vain,  
How can her heart that rending shock sustain?'

Now on a bier the Persian warriors place  
The breathless Youth and shade his pallid face  
And turning from that fatal field away  
Move toward the Champion's home in long array  
Then Rustem, sick of martial pomp and show  
Himself the spring of all this scene of woe  
Doomed to the flames the pageantry he loved,<sup>1</sup>  
Shield, spear and mace, so oft in battle proved,  
Now lost to all encompassed by despair  
His bright pavilion crackling blazed in air  
The sparkling throne the ascending column fed  
In smoking fragments fell the golden bed  
The raging fire red glimmering died away  
And all the Warrior's pride in dust and ashes lay

Kans, the King now joins the mournful Chief,  
And tries to soothe his deep and settled grief  
For soon or late we yield our vital breath,  
And all our worldly troubles end in death!

<sup>1</sup> I know nothing of the kind in any of our epic or dramatic poets superior to this fine burst of agonized feeling and remorse.

“ When first I saw him, graceful in his might,  
He looked far other than a Tartar knight ,  
Wondering I gazed — now Destiny has thrown  
Him on thy sword — he fought, and he is gone ,  
And should even Heaven against the earth be hurled,  
Or fire inwrap in crackling flames the world,  
That which is past — we never can restore,  
His soul has travelled to some happier shore  
Alas ! no good from sorrow canst thou reap,  
Then wherefore thus in gloom and misery weep ? ”

But Rustem’s mighty woes disdained his aid,  
His heart was drowned in grief, and thus he said —  
“ Yes, he is gone ! to me forever lost !  
O then protect his brave unguided host ,  
From war removed and this detested place,  
Let them, unharmed, their mountain-wilds retrace ,  
Bid them secure my brother’s will obey,  
The careful guardian of their weary<sup>1</sup> way<sup>1</sup>  
To where the Jihun’s distant waters stray ”  
To this the King “ My soul is sad to see  
Thy hopeless grief — but, since approved by thee,  
The war shall cease — though the Turanian brand  
Has spread dismay and terror through the land ”

The King, appeased, no more with vengeance burned,  
The Tartar legions to their homes returned ,  
The Persian warriors, gathering round the dead,  
Grovelled in dust, and tears of sorrow shed ,  
Then back to loved Iran their steps the monarch led

<sup>1</sup> Zuara conducted the troops of Afrasiyab across the Jihun  
Rustem remained on the field of battle till his return

## SOHRAB TAKEN HOME.

But Rustem, midst his native bands remained,  
And further rites of sacrifice maintained  
A thousand horses bled at his command  
And the torn drums were scattered o'er the sand  
And now through Zabul's deep and bowery groves,  
In mournful pomp the sad procession moves.  
The mighty Chief on foot precedes the bier  
His Warrior friends in grief assembled near  
The dismal cadence rose upon the gale  
And Zal astonished heard the piercing wail  
He and his kindred joined the solemn train  
Hung round the bier and wondering viewed the slain  
There gaze, and weep ! the sorrowing Father said,  
" For there behold my glorious offspring dead !  
The hoary Sire shrunk backward with surprise  
And tears of blood o'erflowed his aged eyes  
And now the Champion's rural palace gate  
Receives the funeral group in gloomy state  
Rudabeh loud bemoaned the Stripling's doom  
Sweet flower all drooping in the hour of bloom,  
His tender youth in distant bowers had past,  
Sheltered at home he felt no withering blast,  
In the soft prison of his mother's arms,  
Secure from danger and the world's alarms.  
O ruthless Fortune ! flushed with generous pride,  
He sought his sire and thus unhappy died.  
Rustem again the sacred bier unclosed,  
Again Sohrab to public view exposed

Husbands, and wives, and warriors, old and young,  
 Struck with amaze, around the body hung,  
 With garments rent and loosely flowing hair,  
 Their shrieks and clamors filled the echoing air,  
 Frequent they cried "Thus Sam the Champion slept!  
 Thus sleeps Sohrab!" Again they groined, and wept

Now o'er the corpse a yellow robe is spread,  
 The aloe bier is closed upon the dead,  
 And, to preserve the hapless hero's name,  
 Fragrant and fresh, that his unblemished fame  
 Might live and bloom through all succeeding days,  
 A mound sepulchral on the spot they raise,  
 Formed like a charger's hoof

In every ear  
 The story has been told—and many a tear,  
 Shed at the sad recital Through Turan,  
 Afrasiyab's wide realm, and Sunengan,  
 Deep sunk the tidings,—nuptial bower, and bed,  
 And all that promised happiness, had fled!

### THE MOTHER'S GRIEF

But when Tahmineh heard this tale of woe,  
 Think how a mother bore the mortal blow!<sup>1</sup>  
 Distracted, wild, she sprang from place to place,  
 With frenzied hands deformed her beauteous face;  
 The musky locks her polished temples crowned,

<sup>1</sup> It would appear that Humay, on his return, sent to Tahmineh the war-horse, armor, and everything belonging to her unfortunate son

Furious she tore and flung upon the ground,  
Starting, in agony of grief, she gazed, —  
Her swimming eyes to Heaven imploring raised,  
And groaning cried   Sole comfort of my life!  
Doomed the sad victim of unnatural strife,  
Where art thou now with dust and blood defiled?  
Thou darling boy, my lost, my murdered child!  
When thou wert gone — how, night and lingering day  
Did thy fond mother watch the time away,  
For hope still pictured all I wished to see,  
Thy father found, and thou returned to me,  
Yes — thou, exulting in thy father's fame!  
And yet, nor sire nor son, nor tidings, came  
How could I dream of this? ye met — but how?  
That noble aspect — that ingenuous brow  
Moved not a nerve in him — ye met — to part,  
Alas! the life-blood issuing from the heart.  
Short was the day which gave to me delight,  
Soon, soon, succeeds a long and dismal night  
On whom shall now devolve my tender care?  
Who, loved like thee, my bosom sorrows share?  
Whom shall I take to fill thy vacant place,  
To whom extend a mother's soft embrace?  
Sad fate! for one so young, so fair, so brave,  
Seeking thy father thus to find a grave.  
These arms no more shall fold thee to my breast,  
No more with thee my soul be doubly blest  
No drowned in blood thy lifeless body lies,  
Forever torn from these desiring eyes  
Friendless, alone, beneath a foreign sky

Thy mail thy death-clothes — and thy father, by ,  
Why did not I conduct thee on the way,  
And point where Rustem's bright pavilion lay?  
Thou hadst the tokens — why didst thou withhold  
Those dear remembrances — that pledge of gold?  
Hadst thou the bracelet to his view restored,  
Thy precious blood had never stained his sword "

'The strong emotion choked her panting breath,  
Her veins seemed withered by the cold of death  
The trembling matrons hastening round her mourned,  
With piercing cries, till fluttering life returned,  
Then gazing up, distraught, she wept again,  
And frantic, seeing midst her pitying train,  
The favorite steed — now more than ever dear,  
The hoofs she kissed, and bathed with many a tear ,  
Clasping the mail Sohrab in battle wore,  
With burning lips she kissed it o'er and o'er ,  
His martial robes she in her arms comrest,  
And like an infant strained them to her breast ,  
The reins, and trappings, club, and spear, were brought,  
The sword, and shield, with which the Stripling fought,  
These she embraced with melancholy joy,  
In sad remembrance of her darling boy  
And still she beat her face, and o'er them hung,  
As in a trance — or to them wildly clung —  
Day after day she thus indulged her grief,  
Night after night, disdaining all relief,  
At length worn out — from earthly anguish riven,  
The mother's spirit joined her child in Heaven

## OMAR KHAYYAM

THERE is probably no Persian poet so well known to-day as this so-called Eastern Voltaire and that he should here occupy the place usually assigned to Anwarī simply demonstrates Omar's own philosophy that no one of us knows of how little importance we are after all. In spite, however of this philosophy Omar in the last half-century owing to Fitzgerald's matchless translation, has been read from East to West. Even in the Rocky Mountains of America a frontiersman, born and bred in that region, was heard<sup>1</sup> to quote the following verse : —

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest  
A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest  
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash  
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

Ghīas ud-Dīn Abul Fath Umar bin Ibrahim, better known as Omar Khayyam, was born at Nāshapur in Khorasan, somewhere between 1017 and 1050, and he certainly lived into the twelfth century. The only story of his boyhood is the following, which is probably legendary.

Omar had two intimate school friends. These young men while studying at Nāshapur each promised the other that if, in after years, any one of them became famous he would share his prosperity with his less fortunate friends. Years rolled on. One of them did become famous, Nizam-ul Mulk becoming the Prime Minister to Sultan Alp Arslan.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See the Hon. John Hay's speech before the Omar Khayyam Club of London, December 8 1897.

<sup>2</sup> Alp Arslan was the son of Toghrul Beg the Tartar who had wrested Persia from the feeble successor of Mahmud the Great and

and faithful to his promise he gave a government position to his friend Hasan ben Sabah, who later tried to supplant his benefactor, but was unsuccessful and was publicly disgraced, after which he became the head of a set of Persian fanatics called Ismailians, who, under his evil chieftainship, were the terror of the early Crusaders. He was known as the "Chief of the Assassins." Ultimately "one of the countless victims of the Assassin's dagger was Nizam-ul-Mulk, the old schoolboy friend." And what was Nizam-ul Mulk's gift to Omar? A pension that he might have solitude, it was all the poet asked, solitude in which to devote his time to mathematics, astronomy, and poetry. His Arabic treatise on algebra has been translated into French, and Gibbon says of the calendar which he and seven of his mathematical contemporaries worked out, that it is a "computation of time which surpasses the Julian and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." Nevertheless, it never went into effect.

Omar had the Oriental love for roses, — and he is reported to have said, "My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it." And it was, for one of his pupils tells us that "Years after, when I chanced to revisit Naishapur, I went to his final resting-place, and lo! it was just outside a garden, and trees laden with fruit stretched their boughs over the garden wall, and dropped their flowers upon his tomb, so that the stone was hidden under them."

Omar took his *takhallus*, or poetical name, of Khayyam, which means tent-maker, from this trade, which he or his father is said to have at one time followed. This Persian custom of taking a *takhallus* is adopted by almost all of these poets, because they introduce their name into their ghazels or poems, usually toward the end, and as the

founded that Seljukian Dynasty which finally roused Europe into the Crusades" — FITZGERALD

proper name seldom sounds well in verse they choose a desirable one

The Sufis, a sect two centuries old at this time claim this philosopher as one of them, although during Omar's lifetime they feared his ridicule and hated his honesty which scorned to disguise his doubts under their veil of mysticism. Indeed Omar says <sup>1</sup>—

If I myself upon a looser Creed  
Have loosely strung the Jewel of Good deed,  
Let this one thing for my Avowment plead;  
That One for Two I never did mis-read.

Still his countrymen find in his epigrammatic verses an esoteric meaning he never meant. The Sufis interpret their Persian poets very much as the Songs of Solomon have been interpreted by the Christians. But Omar's scepticism was real enough. It belonged to the age of religious darkness in which he lived. Christianity to him meant the Crusades.

He, like Hafis, sang of "woman, wine, and song," but he also pulled hard at the knotted threads of life which taught him this —

"And this I know whether the One True Light  
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,  
One Flash of It within the Tavern caught  
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

His idea of contentment we find in the following as rendered by Emerson —

On earth's wide thoroughfares below  
Two only men contented go  
Who knows what's right and what's forbid,  
And he from whom is knowledge hid.

Westerners seem almost jealous for this Oriental. They resent the fact that a narrow Eastern province should

<sup>1</sup> Bodleian Quatrains.

claim this astronomer-poet as belonging exclusively to itself, they say he belongs to the world<sup>1</sup>

Certainly reparation has been made to Omar and his famous translator, Fitzgerald, since the days when a discouraged bookseller in London threw the bulk of the first edition into a box outside his shop, to sell for "a penny apiece" Here they were found by Rossetti and Swinburne, and now copies of this first edition cannot be bought for a hundred dollars From such obscurity this Eastern singer has risen into a positive cult, with an Omar Khayyam Club in London, organized in 1892, and one recently started in Boston called the Omar Khayyam Club of America

When one glances at the list of translators of this Persian genius and also the different editions of his *Rubaiyat*, one can apprehend how true it seems that —

"There's not a sage but has gone mad for thee"

## SELECTIONS FROM THE RUBAIYAT.<sup>1</sup>

### I

THE sun has cast on wall and roof his net of burning light,  
The lordly day fills high the cup to speed the parting  
night,

"Wake!" cries in silver accents the herald of the dawn,  
"Arise and drink! the darkness flies — the morning rises  
bright"

### 2

The rosy dawn shines through the tavern door,  
And cries, "Wake! slumbering reveller, and pour!"

<sup>1</sup> Anonymous, but accredited to E. A. Johnson

For ere my sands of life be all run out,  
I fain would fill my jars with wine once more.

3

To morrow rank and fame for none may be,  
So for to-day thy weary soul set free  
Drink with me love, once more beneath the moon,  
She oft may shine again but not on thee and me.

4.

If wine and song there be to give thee soul-entrancing  
bliss,  
If there be spots where verdant fields and purling brook  
lets kiss,  
Ask thou no more from Providence nor turn thee in  
despair  
If there be any paradise for man tis even this

5

Thy ruby lip pours fragrance unto mine  
Thine eye's deep chalice bids me drink thy soul  
As yonder crystal goblet brims with wine  
So in thy tear the heart's full tide doth roll.

6

What reck we that our sands run out in Balkh or Babylon,  
Or better be the draught or sweet, so once the draught  
is done  
Drink then thy wine with me, for many a silver moon  
Shall wax and wane when thou and I are gone.

## 7

To those who know the truth, what choice of foul or fair  
 Where lovers rest , though 'twere in Hell, for them 'tis  
     Heaven there  
 What recks the Dervish that he wears sackcloth or satin  
     sheen,  
 Or lovers that beneath their heads be rocks or pillows  
     fair.

## 8

O Love ! chief record of the realms of truth,  
 The chiefest couplet in the ode of youth !  
 Oh, thou who knowest not the world of love,  
 Learn this, that life is love, and love is ruth

## 9.

Though with the rose and rosy wine I dwell,  
 Yet time to me no tale of joy doth tell ,  
 My days have brought no sign of hopes fulfilled ,  
 'Tis past ! the phantoms fly, and breaks the spell

## 10

Though sweet the rose, yet sorely wounds the thorn ,  
 Though deep we drink to-night, we rue the morn ,  
 And though a thousand years were granted, say,  
 Were it not hard to wait the last day's dawn ?

## 11

As sweeps the plain the hurrying wind, as flows the rip-  
     pling stream,     •

So yesterday from our two lives has passed and is a  
 dream,  
 And while I live, these to my soul shall bring nor hope,  
 nor dread,  
 The morrow that may never come, the yesterday that  
 fled.

12

Oh, joy in solitude I of thee well may the poet sing,  
 Woe worth the heart that owns no soil wherein that  
 flower may spring,  
 For when wassail sinks in wailing and traitor friends are  
 gone,  
 Proudly through vacant hall the sturdy wanderer's step  
 shall ring

13.

If grief be the companion of thy heart,  
 Brood not o'er thine own sorrows and their smart;  
 Behold another's woe, and learn thereby  
 How small thine own, and comfort thy sad heart.

14

Oh, swiftly came the winter wind, and swiftly hurried  
 past  
 So madly sought my longing soul the rest she found at  
 last  
 Now faint and weak as weakness' self she waits but for  
 the end  
 The bowl is broke, the wine remains, but on the ground  
 is cast.

## 15

Through the unknown life's first dark day my soul  
Did seek the tablet and the pen, and Paradise and Hell  
Then read the teacher from his mystic scroll,  
Tablet and pen are in thine hand, and so are Heaven  
and Hell

## 16

Hast seen the world? All thou hast seen is naught,  
All thou hast said, all thou hast heard or wrought  
Sweep the horizon's verge from pole to pole, 'tis vain,  
Even all thou hast in secret done is naught

## 17

The Architect of heaven's blue dome and Ruler of the  
wave  
In many a grief-laden heart doth deeper plunge the  
glave,  
And gathers many a silken tress and many a ruby lip  
To fill his puppet-show, the world, and his chibouque,  
the grave

## 18

Though I be formed of water and of clay,  
And with the ills of life content for aye,  
Ever thou bid'st me shun the joyful cup  
My hand is empty wherefore bid'st me stay?

## 19

Much have I wandered over vale and plain,  
Through many climes, in joy, in grief and pain,

Yet never heard men say "The traveller  
Who passed this way has now returned again"

## 20

Lo blood of men slain by the stroke of doom !  
Lo dust of men strewn on the face of earth !  
Oh, take what life may give of youth and mirth,  
Full many an opening bud shall never bloom.

## 21

Drink ! for thou soon shalt sleep within the tomb  
Nor friend nor foe shall break the eternal gloom.  
Beware ! and tell to none his secret dark, —  
The faded rose may never hope to bloom.

## 22

Fill high the cup though ache the weary brow  
Fill with the wine that doth with life endow  
For life is but a tale by watch fire told.  
Haste thee ! the fire burns low — the night grows old !

## NIZAMI

NIZAMI,<sup>1</sup> the first great romantic poet of Persia, was born 1141 A D at Ganja in Arran, now the Russian town of Elizabethpol. His life was devoted to asceticism, mainly due to the religious atmosphere of Ganja, the inhabitants of which were Sunnites, who allowed no one to remain in their city who was not of their faith. As a recluse Nizami had the reputation for the most rigid sanctity. Ata Beg wished to test the piety of this poet, so with great display he visited him in his humble retreat, hoping by such magnificence to tempt Nizami to return with him to court. But it was a fruitless journey, and Ata Beg returned filled with the most profound veneration for this really sincere poet.

Nizami, whose poetical genius has been ranked next to that of Firdausi, did not publish his first work until he was nearly forty years old. This work was called *The Storehouse of Mysteries*, and was a result of his meditations on God and man. Following this, appeared the *Khosru and Shirin*, a Persian romance with historical foundation. In appreciation of his genius he is said to have received an estate consisting of fourteen villages. His *Divan*, supposed to have consisted of twenty thousand verses, came out about 1188, followed by the famous love story of *Laili and Majnun*, which he is said to have written in four months, and which shows his remarkable power in depicting human passions. Reading Firdausi's *Shah-Nameh* gave him the idea of writing his *Alexander Book*, an epic divided into two parts, showing Alexander, first as conqueror, and second as prophet,

<sup>1</sup> Nizam ud-din Abu Muhammad Ilyas ben Yusuf

philosopher, and traveller. In his last book the *Seven Fair Faces* he returned to romantic fiction for this book consists of seven stories told to the Sassanian king Bahram Gor by his seven favorite wives. These works together form the *Five Treasures of Nizami*.

The poet's masterpiece is the famous Bedouin love story of *Laili and Majnun* which is so frequently compared to Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* and is the *Romeo and Juliet* of the East. France has its Abelard and Eloise, Italy its Petrarch and Laura, and Persia and Arabia have this pure pathetic romance,—a romance which the Orientals consider the personification of faithful love.

If he had been a Sufi, we should say that *Laili and Majnun* might be meant to depict the passion of the soul in its progress to eternity or to represent the "reciprocal affection of the body and the soul."<sup>1</sup>

According to one admirer the character of the poet justifies any spiritual interpretation of this poem, and it is a well known fact that in the *Masnavi* and *Odes* of Hafiz the names of Laili and Majnun seem to be used for the Omnipresent Spirit of God.<sup>2</sup>

Sa'di has written of Nizami's genius, and Hafiz says of him:—

\* Not all the treasured store of ancient days  
Can equal the sweetness of Nizami's lays.

## THE LOVES OF LAILI AND MAJNUN<sup>3</sup>

### I.

SAKI<sup>4</sup> thou know'st I worship wine  
Let that delicious cup be mine

<sup>1</sup> Horace Hayman Wilson late Sanskrit scholar at Oxford.

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Jones.

<sup>3</sup> Translated by Mr. James Atkinson.

<sup>4</sup> Saki, cup-bearer.

Wine ! pure and limpid as my tears,  
Dispeller of a lover's fears ,  
With thee inspired, with thee made bold,  
'Midst combat fierce my post I hold ,  
With thee inspired, I touch the string,  
And, rapt, of love and pleasure sing  
Thou art a lion, seeking prey,  
Along the glades where wild deer stray ,  
And like a lion I would roam,  
To bring the joys I seek for home ,  
With wine, life's dearest, sweetest treasure,  
I feel the thrill of every pleasure  
— Bring, Saki, bring thy ruby now ,  
Its lustre sparkles on thy brow,  
And, flashing with a tremulous light,  
Has made thy laughing eyes more bright.  
Bring, bring the liquid gem, and see  
Its power, its wondrous power, in me.  
— No ancestors have I to boast ,  
The trace of my descent is lost  
From Adam what do I inherit?  
What but a sad and troubled spirit?  
For human life, from oldest time,  
Is ever marked with guilt and crime ;  
And man, betrayer and betrayed,  
Lurks like a spider in the shade ,  
But wine still plays a magic part,  
Exalting high the drooping heart  
Then, Saki, linger not, but give  
The blissful balm on which I live

Come bring the juice of the purple vine  
Bring bring the musky scented wine,  
A draught of wine the memory clears,  
And wakens thoughts of other years. —  
When blushing dawn illumines the sky,  
Fill up a bumper fill it high!  
That wine which to the fevered lip  
With anguish parched, when given to sip,  
Imparts a rapturous smile and throws  
A veil<sup>1</sup> o'er all distracting woes  
That wine the lamp which night and day  
Lights us along our weary way  
Which strews the path with fruit and flowers,  
And gilds with joy our fleeting hours  
And lifts the mind o'er grown elate,  
To Jemshid's<sup>2</sup> glory Jemshid's state. —  
But of the kingly race beware  
'Tis not for thee their smiles to share  
Smiles are deceitful fire looks bright,  
And sheds a lucid dazzling light  
But, though attractive it is known  
That safety dwells in flight alone  
The moth the taper's radiance tries,  
But midst the flame in torment dies  
And none lament that foolish pride  
Which seeks to be with kings allied. —  
Bring, bring the musky scented wine!

<sup>1</sup> The Nectar of Homer

<sup>2</sup> The story of Jemshid, one of the early rulers of Persia, is finely told in the *Shah-Namah*.

The key of mirth ! it must be mine ,  
 The key which opens wide the door  
 Of rapture's rich and varied store ,  
 Which makes the mounting spirits glad,  
 And feel the pomp of Kai-Kobad.  
 Wine o'er the temper casts a spell  
 Of kindness indescribable  
 Then, since I'm in the drinking vein,  
 Bring, bring the luscious wine again !  
 From the vintner bring a fresh supply,  
 And let not the reveller's lips be dry —  
 Come, Saki, thou art not old, nor lame ,  
 Thou'dst not incur from a minstrel blame ,  
 Let him wash from his heart the dust of sorrow ,  
 And riot in social bliss till the morrow ,  
 Let the sound of the goblet delight his ear,  
 Like the music that breathes from Heaven's own  
 sphere.

## II.

## LAILI.

Mark, where instruction pours upon the mind  
 The light of knowledge, simple or refined ,  
 Shaikhs of each tribe have children there, and each  
 Studies whate'er the bearded sage can teach.  
 Thence his attainments Kais<sup>1</sup> assiduous drew,  
 And scattered pearls from lips of ruby hue ,

<sup>1</sup> Kais was the original name of the lover, afterward called Majnun, in consequence of the madness produced by his passion

And there, of different tribe and gentle men,  
 A lovely maid of tender years was seen  
 Her mental powers an early bloom displayed  
 Her graceful form in simple garb arrayed  
 Bright as the morn, her cypress shape, and eyes  
 Dark as the stag's, were viewed with fond surprise,  
 And when her cheek this Arab moon revealed  
 A thousand hearts were won no pride no shield,  
 Could check her beauty's power restless grown  
 Given to enthrall and charm — but chiefly one.  
 Her richly flowing locks were black as night,  
 And Laili<sup>1</sup> she was called — that heart's delight  
 One single glance the nerves to frenzy wrought,  
 One single glance bewildered every thought  
 And, when o'er *Kais* affection's blushing rose  
 Diffused its sweetness, from him fled repose  
 Tumultuous passion danced upon his brow  
 He sought to woo her but he knew not how  
 He gazed upon her cheek, and, as he gazed,  
 Love's flaming taper more intensely blazed.  
 Soon mutual pleasure warmed each other's heart  
 Love conquer'd both — they never dreamt to part

<sup>1</sup> Laili, in Arabic, signifies night: the name, however, has been referred to her color, and she is accused of possessing no beauty but in the eyes of her lover being short in stature, and dark in complexion. A poet is said to have addressed her saying: *Art thou the person for whom Kais lost his reason? I do not see that thou art so beautiful.* Silence! *ah said, thou art not Majnun.* Another observed to Majnun, *Laili is not surpassing in beauty: what occasions this adoration?* *Thou dost not see Laili with my eyes!* was his brief reply. According to Nizami and history Laili not only existed in reality but was exquisitely beautiful.

And, while the rest were poring o'er their books,  
They pensive mused, and read each other's looks.  
While other schoolmates for distinction strove,  
And thought of fame, they only thought of love.  
While others various climes in books explored,  
Both idly sat — adorer and adored  
Science for them had now no charms to boast,  
Learning for them had all its virtue lost  
Their only taste was love, and love's sweet ties,  
And writing ghazels to each other's eyes

• Yes, love triumphant came, engrossing all  
The fond luxuriant thoughts of youth and maid;  
And, whilst subdued in that delicious thrall,  
Smiles and bright tears upon their features played.  
Then in soft converse did they pass the hours, —  
Their passion, like the season, fresh and fur,  
Their opening path seemed decked with balmyest  
flowers,  
Their melting words as soft as summer air.  
Immersed in love so deep,  
They hoped suspicion would be lulled asleep,  
And none be conscious of their amorous state,  
They hoped that none with prying eye,  
And gossip tongue invidiously,  
Might to the busy world its truth relate  
And, thus possessed, they anxious thought  
Their passion would be kept unknown,  
Wishing to seem what they were not,  
Though all observed their hearts were one.

By worldly prudence uncontrolled  
Their every glance their feelings told ,  
For true love never yet had skill  
To veil impassioned looks at will.  
When ringlets of a thousand curls,  
And ruby lips, and teeth of pearls,  
And dark eyes flashing quick and bright  
Like lightning on the brow of night —  
When charms like these their power display,  
And steal the wildered heart away —  
Can man dissembling coldly seem  
Unmoved as by an idle dream?  
Kais saw her beauty saw her grace,  
The soft expression of her face  
And as he gazed, and gazed again,  
Distraction stung his burning brain  
No rest he found by day or night —  
Laili forever in his sight.  
But, oh ! when separation came,  
More brightly glowed his ardent flame ,  
And she, with equal sorrow fraught,  
Bewailed the fate upon them brought.  
— He wandered wild through lane and street.  
With frantic step as if to meet  
Something which still his search defied,  
Reckless of all that might betide.  
His bosom heaved with groans and sighs,  
Tears ever gushing from his eyes  
And still he struggled to conceal  
The anguish he was doomed to feel ,

And, maddened with excessive grief,  
In the lone desert sought relief  
Thither, as morning dawned, he flew,  
His head and feet no covering knew,  
And every night, with growing pain,  
The woes of absence marked his strain  
The secret path he eager chose  
Where Laili's distant mansion rose,  
And kissed the door, and in that kiss  
Fancied he quaffed the cup of bliss  
How fleet his steps to that sweet place !  
A thousand wings increased his pace,  
But thence, his fond devotions paid,  
A thousand thorns his course delayed

## III

## MAJNUN SEEKS LAILI

The lover from his mistress parted,  
Lingering, oppressed, and broken-hearted,  
Sank, like the sun all rayless, down —  
Khosru,<sup>1</sup> without his throne or crown  
With matted locks and bosom bare,  
Unshielded from the scorching air,  
This hapless youth, absorbed in grief,  
Hoped with his friends to find relief,  
The few, by strong affections bound,  
And, midst his woes, still faithful found

<sup>1</sup> Khosru, a king of Persia.

But vain the refuge — friendship's smile  
 Could not his love-lorn heart beguile  
 Again he hastened to that place remote,  
     Where all he loved in life had gone  
 He called her magic name, but she was not,  
     Nor of her kindred one, not one  
 In that sequestered lonely spot  
 He called a thousand times, but called in vain,  
 None heeded, for none heard the strain  
 And thence no fond reply that hapless youth could gain.

Laili had with her kindred been removed  
     Among the Nijl mountains where  
 She cherished still the thoughts of him she loved  
 And her affection thus more deeply proved  
     Amid that wild retreat. Kars sought her there,  
 Sought her in rosy bower and silent glade,  
 Where the tall palm trees flung refreshing shade.  
 He called upon her name again  
 Again he called alas ! in vain  
 His voice unheard, though raised on every side,  
 Echo alone to his lament replied  
 And Laili ! Laili ! rang<sup>1</sup> around,  
 As if enamored of that magic sound.  
 Dejected and forlorn fast falling dew  
 Glistened upon his cheeks of pallid hue

<sup>1</sup> Thus Shakespeare, in *Twelfth Night* I. 5 —

"Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,  
 And make the babbling gossip of the air  
 Cry out, O'livia !"

Through grove and frowning glen he lonely strayed,  
 And with his griefs the rocks were vocal made  
 Beautiful Laili ! had she gone forever ? —  
 Could he that thought support ? oh, never, never !  
 Whilst deep emotion agonized his breast,  
 He to the morning-breeze these words addressed —

“ Breeze of the morn <sup>1</sup> so fresh and sweet,  
 Wilt thou my blooming mistress greet,  
 And, nestling in her glossy hair,  
 My tenderest thoughts, my love, declare ?  
 Wilt thou, while mid her tresses sporting,  
 Their odorous balm, their perfume courting,  
 Say to that soul-seducing maid,  
 In grief how prostrate I am laid !  
 And gently whisper in her ear  
 This message, with an accent clear —  
 ‘ Thy form is ever in my sight,  
 In thought by day, in dreams by night,  
 For one, in spirits sad and broken,  
 That mole would be the happiest token,  
 That mole <sup>1</sup> which adds to every look  
 A magic spell I cannot brook,  
 For he who sees thy melting charms,  
 And does not feel his soul in arms,  
 Bursting with passion, rapture, all  
 That speak love’s deepest, wildest thrall,

<sup>1</sup> The mole is regarded as an additional charm to beauty among Oriental writers. Thus Hafiz “ If that maid of Shiraz would accept my hand, I would give for the black mole on her cheek the cities of Samarcand and Bokhara. See Vol II 344.

Must be, as Kaf's<sup>1</sup> ice summit, cold,  
And haply scarce of human mould.  
Let him unmoved by charms like thine,  
His worthless life at once resign —  
Those lips are sugar heavenly sweet  
O let but mine their pouting meet !  
The balsam of delight they shed  
Their radiant color ruby red.  
The Evil eye has struck my heart,  
But thine in beauty sped the dart :  
Thus many a flower of richest hue,  
Hath fallen and perished where it grew,  
Thy beauty is the sun in brightness,  
Thy form a Peri's self in lightness,  
A treasure thou which poets say  
The heavens would gladly steal away —  
Too good, too pure, on earth to stay ! "

## IV

## MAJNUN GOES TO MECCA.

As morning broke the sun, with golden light,  
Eclipsed the twinkling stars of silvery white  
And Majnun rising, eagerly pursued  
The path which wound to Laili's solitude  
Grieved to the heart and as he went along,  
His lips breathed softly some impassioned song  
Some favorite lay which tenderly expressed

<sup>1</sup> Kaf, the Caucasus.

The present feeling of his anxious breast.  
In fancy soon her image he beheld ,  
No shadowy cloud her lucid beauty veiled ,  
He saw her fresh as morning's scented air —  
Himself exhausted by incessant care  
He saw her blooming as the blushing rose —  
Himself dejected by unnumbered woes  
He saw her like an angel soft and bland —  
Himself consuming like a lighted brand  
Her ringlets flowing loosely to the ground,  
His ringlets, fetters by affection bound ,  
And still, all faint with grief, he passed his days,  
Pouring his soul out in melodious lays

His friends, to whom his griefs are known,  
His altered aspect now bemoan ,  
Alarmed to hear the sufferer still  
In frantic mood unceasing fill  
The night-breeze with his plaintive woes ,  
For sorrow with indulgence grows.  
They try to soothe his wildered mind,  
Where reason once was seen enshrined ,  
His father, with a father's love,  
Sought his sad sorrows to remove,  
And gave him maxims full and clear,  
And counsel meet for youth to hear.  
But, though good counsel and advice  
May often lead to Paradise,  
When love has once the heart engrossed,  
All counsel, all advice is lost ,

And weeping Majnun not a word  
Of his poor father's counsel heard.  
Ah ! when did prudence e'er control  
The frenzy of a love-lorn soul ?

Disconsolate the father now

Behind the Harem screen appears,  
Inquiring of his females how

He best might dry the maofac's tears  
And what had drawn the sparkling moon  
Of intellect from him so soon.

The answer of both old and young  
Was ready quivering on the tongue —

' His fate is fixed — his eyes have seen  
The charms of his affection's queen  
In all their winning power displayed  
His heart a captive to that Arab maid  
Then what relief canst thou supply ?  
What to the bleeding lover doomed to die ?  
What but fulfilling his desires ?

And this a father's generous aid requires.  
See them united in the bands of love,  
And that alone his frenzy will remove.

These words (for woman's words convey  
A spell converting night to day  
Diffuse o'er troubled life a balm,  
And passion's fiercest fever calm) —  
These words relieve the father's heart,  
And comfort to his thoughts impart.  
Resolved at once, he now with speed

Marshals his followers, man and steed ;  
And, all assembled, bends his way  
To the damsel's home, without delay.

Approaching, quick th' inquiry rose —  
“Come ye hither as friends or foes?  
Whatever may your errand be,  
That errand must be told to me,  
For none, unless a sanctioned friend,  
Can pass the boundary I defend ”

This challenge touched Syd Omri's pride ,  
And yet he calmly thus replied —  
“I come in friendship, and propose  
All future chance of feud to close ”  
Then to the maiden's father said —  
“The nuptial feast may now be spread  
My son with thirsty heart has seen  
Thy fountain pure with margin green ,  
And every fountain, clear and bright,  
Gives to the thirsty heart delight  
That fountain he demands With shame,  
Possessed of power, and wealth, and fame,  
I to his silly humor bend,  
And humbly seek his fate to blend  
With one inferior Need I tell  
My own high lineage, known so well?  
If sympathy my heart incline,  
Or vengeance, still the means are mine  
Treasure and arms can amply bear

Me through the toils of desert war  
Thou art the merchant, pedler-chief,  
I the buyer — come, sell — be brief!  
If thou art wise accept advice  
Sell and receive a princely price!

The sire of Laili marked his haughty tone,  
But smoothly answered — Not on us alone  
Depends the nuptial union — but on Heaven,  
By which all power and right, and truth are given.  
However just our reasoning may appear  
We're still beset by endless error here  
And proffered friendship may perchance become  
The harbinger of strife and of the tomb  
Madness is neither sin nor crime, we know  
But who'd be linked to madness or a foe?  
Thy son is mad — his senses first restore  
In constant prayer the aid of Heaven implore  
But while portentous gloom pervades his brain  
Disturb me not with this vain suit again  
The jewel, sense, no purchaser can buy  
Nor treachery the place of sense supply  
Thou hast my reasons — and this parley o'er  
Keep them in mind and trouble me no more!"  
Abashed his very heartstrings torn  
Thus to be met with scoff and scorn  
Syd Omri to his followers turned,  
His cheek with kindled anger burned  
But, scorning more to do or say  
Indignant homeward urged his way

And now for a disordered mind,  
 What medicine can affection find?  
 What magic power, what human skill,  
 To rectify the erring will?  
 — The necromancer's art they tried —  
 Charms, philtres used, to win a bride,  
 And make a father's heart relent,  
 As if by Heaven in pity sent —  
 Vain efforts all    They now address  
 Kind words his mind to soothe and bless,  
 And urge in his unwilling ear  
 (Treason and death for him to hear)  
 "Another love, of nobler race,  
 Unmatched in form, unmatched in grace,  
 All blandishments and fairy wiles,  
 Her every glance the heart beguiles,  
 An idol of transcendent worth,  
 With charms eclipsing royal birth,  
 Whose balmy lips like rubies glow,  
 Sugar and milk their sweetness show,  
 Her words like softest music flow  
 Adorned in all the pride of spring,  
 Her robes around rich odors fling,  
 Sparkling with gold and gems, she seems  
 The bright perfection of a lover's dreams,  
 Then why, with such a prize at home,  
 For charms inferior amid strangers roam?  
 Bid all unduteous thoughts depart,  
 And wisely banish Laili from thy heart "  
 When Majnun saw his hopes decay,

Their fairest blossoms fade away ,  
And friends and sire who might have been  
Kind intercessors rush between  
Him and the only wish that shed  
One ray of comfort round his head  
(His fondly cherished Arab maid)  
He beat his hands his garments tore,  
He cast his fetters on the floor  
In broken fragments, and in wrath  
Sought the dark wilderness a path  
And there he wept and sobbed aloud,  
Unwitnessed by the gazing crowd  
His eyes all tears his soul all flame,  
Repeating still his Laili's name,  
And Laili ! Laili ! echoed round,  
Still dwelling on that rapturous sound.  
— In pilgrim garb he reckless strayed,  
No covering on his feet or head  
And still as memory touched his brain,  
He murmured some love wildered strain  
But still her name was ever on his tongue  
And Laili ! Laili ! still through grove and forest rung.

Sad inmate of the desert wild,  
His form and face with dust defiled  
Exhausted with his grief's excess,  
He sat him down in weariness.  
Estranged from friends, he weeping cried,  
" My homeward course is dark to me  
But, Laili, were I at thy side,

How blessed would thy poor lover be !  
 My kindred think of me with shame ,  
 My friends they shudder at my name

That cup of wine I held, alas !

Dropped from my hand, is dashed in pieces ,  
 And thus it is that, like the glass,

Life's hope in one dark moment ceases.

O ye who never felt distress,

Never gay scenes of joy forsaking,

Whose minds, at peace, no cares oppress,

What know ye of a heart that's breaking !"

\* \* \* \* \*

Worn out at length, he sank upon the ground,  
 And there in tears the mournful youth is found  
 By those who traced his wanderings gently they  
 Home to his sire the faded form convey  
 Syd Omri and his kinsmen round him mourn,  
 And, weeping wildly, make his griefs their own ,  
 And, garrulous, recall to memory's eye  
 The progress of his life from infancy —  
 The flattering promise of his boyish days —  
 And find the wreck of hope on which they gaze  
 They deemed that Mecca's sacred fane  
 His reason would restore again ,  
 That blessed boon to mortals given,  
 The arc of earth, the arc of heaven ,  
 The holy Kaba where the prophet prayed,  
 Where Zam-Zam's waters yield their saving aid  
 'Tis now the season of the pilgrimage,

And now assemble merchant, chieftain, sage  
With vows and offerings on that spot divine  
Thousands and thousands throng the splendid shrine.  
And now, on that high purpose bent, await  
Syd Omri's camels, ready at his gate  
Around their necks the tinkling bells are hung,  
Rich tasselled housings on their backs are flung,  
And Majnun faint, and reckless what may be,  
Is on a litter placed — sad sight to see! —  
And tenderly caressed whilst borne along  
By the rough moving camel fleet and strong  
The desert soon is passed and Mecca's bright  
And glittering minarets rise upon the sight  
Where golden gifts, and sacrifice and prayer  
Secure the absolution sought for there  
The father entering that all powerful shrine,  
Thus prays: "Have mercy Heaven, on me and  
mine!

Oh, from my son this frenzied mood remove,  
And save him, save him from the bane of love!"

Majnun at this, poor wayward child  
Looked in his father's face and smiled,  
And frankly said his life should prove  
The truth and holiness of love  
' My heart is bound by beauty's spell,  
My love is indestructible.

Am I to separate from my own,  
From her for whom I breathe alone?  
What friend could wish me to resign  
A love so pure, so true as mine?

What though I like a taper burn,  
 And almost to a shadow turn,  
 I envy not the heart that's free —  
 Love's soul-encircling chains for me ! "

The love that springs from Heaven is blessed ,  
 Unholy passions stain the rest ,  
 That is not love    wild fancy's birth,  
     Which lives on change, is constant never  
 But Majnun's love was not of earth,  
     Glowing with heavenly truth forever ,  
 An earthly object raised the flame,  
 But 'twas from Heaven the inspiration came

In silent sorrow the aged sire  
     Found all his cares were vain ,  
 And back to his expecting tribe  
     Addressed his steps again ,  
 For Mecca had no power to cool  
     The lover's burning brain ,  
 No consolation, no relief  
 For the old man's heart-consuming grief

## v

## MAJNUN RETURNS HOME

Sweet Lail's kinsmen now describe  
 To the proud chieftain of their tribe  
 A youth amidst the desert seen,  
 In strange attire, of frantic men ,

His arms outstretched his head all bare,  
And floating loose his clustering hair  
In a distracted mood — they say —  
“He wanders hither every day  
And often, with fantastic bound  
Dances, or prostrate hings the ground,  
Or in a voice the soul to move,  
Warbles the melting songs of love  
Songs which when breathed in tones so true,  
A thousand hearts at once subdue.  
He speaks — and all who listen hear  
Words which they hold in memory dear  
And we and thine endure the shame,  
And Laili blushes at his name  
And now the chieftain, roused to wrath  
Threatens to cross the maniac's path.

But haply to prevent that barbarous deed  
To Omri's palmy groves the tidings flew  
And soon the father sends a chosen few  
To seek the lost one. Promptly they proceed  
O'er open plain and thicket deep,  
Embowering glen and rocky steep  
Exploring with unwearied eye  
Wherever man might pass or lie,  
O'ercome by grief or death In vain  
Their sight on every side they strain,  
No Majnun's voice, nor form, to cheer  
Their anxious hearts but far and near  
The yell of prowling beasts they hear

Mournful, they deem him lost or dead,  
 And tears of bitterest anguish shed  
 But he, the wanderer from his home,  
 Found not from beasts a living tomb,  
 His passion's pure and holy flame  
 Their native fierceness seemed to tame,  
 Tiger and ravenous wolf passed by him,  
 The fell hyena came not nigh him,  
 As if, ferocity to quell,  
 His form had been invisible,  
 Or bore a life-protecting spell  
 Upon a fountain's emerald brink  
 Majnun had stooped its lucid wave to drink,  
 And his despairing friends descried  
 Him laid along that murmuring fountain's side,  
 Wailing his sorrows still, his feeble voice  
 Dwelt, ever dwelt, upon his heart's sole choice  
 A wild emotion trembled in his eye,  
 His bosom wrung with many a deep-drawn sigh,  
 And groans, and tears, and music's softest lay,  
 Successive marked his melancholy day  
 — Now he is stretched along the burning sand,  
 A stone his pillow — now, upraised his hand,  
 He breathes a prayer for Laili, and again  
 The desert echoes with some mournful strain  
 As wine deprives us of the sense we boast,  
 So reason in love's maddening draughts is lost

Restored to home again, he dreads to meet  
 His father's frowns, and bends to kiss his feet,

Then, gazing wildly, rises up and speaks,  
And in a piteous tone forgiveness seeks —  
' Sad is my fate o'ercast my youthful morn,  
My roses leaves, my life's sweet buds are torn,  
I sit in darkness, ashes o'er my head,  
To all the world's alluring pleasures dead  
For me what poor excuse can soothe thy mind?  
Thou art my father still — O still be kind!  
Syd Omri his unchanged affection proved,  
And, folding to his breast the child he loved,  
Exclaimed My boy! I grieve to mark  
Thy reason erring still, and dark  
A fire consuming every thread  
Of which thy thrilling nerves are made  
Sit down and from thy eyesight tear  
The poisonous thorn that rankles there  
'Tis best we should to mirth incline  
But let it not be raised by wine  
'Tis well desire should fill the breast  
Not such desire as breaks our rest.  
Remain not under grief's control  
Nor taunt of foe which stings the soul  
Let wisdom every moment guide  
Error but swells affliction's tide,  
What though thy love hath set thee all on fire,  
And thy heart burns with still unquenched desire,  
Despair not of a remedy  
From seedling springs the shady tree  
From hope continued follows gladness,  
Which dull despair had lost in sadness,

Associate with the wealthy, they  
Will show to glittering wealth the way ;  
A wanderer never gathers store,  
Be thou a wanderer now no more  
Wealth opens every door, and gives  
Command, and homage still receives .  
Be patient, then, and patience will  
By slow degrees thy coffers fill  
That river, rolling deep and broad,  
Once but a narrow streamlet flowed ;  
That lofty mountain, now in view,  
Its height from small beginnings drew.  
He who impatient hurries on,  
Hoping for gems, obtains a stone,  
Shrewdness and cunning gain the prize,  
While wisdom's self unprosperous lies  
The fox of crafty, subtle mind  
Leaves the wolf's dulness far behind ,  
Be thou discreet, thy thoughts employ,  
The world's inviting pomp enjoy —  
In search of wealth from day to day  
Love's useless passion dies away ,  
The sensual make disease their guest,  
And nourish scorpions in their breast  
And is thy heart so worthless grown,  
To be the cruel sport of one ?  
Keep it from woman's scathe, and still  
Obedient to thy own free will,  
And mindful of a parent's voice,  
Make him, and not thy foes, rejoice."

Majnun replied      My father I — father still ! —  
My power is gone    I cannot change my will  
The moral counsel thou hast given to me  
(To one who cannot from his bondage flee)  
Avails me nothing    'Tis no choice of mine,  
But Fate's decree that I should thus repine :  
Stand I alone?    Look round on every side  
Are broken hearts by sternest fortune tried  
Shadows are not self made — the silver moon  
Is not self stationed but th' Almighty's boon.  
From the huge elephant's stupendous form,  
To that of the poor ant, the smallest worm  
Through every grade of life all power is given,  
All joy or anguish, by the Lord of Heaven.  
I sought not I misfortune — but it came  
I sought not fire yet my heart is all flame  
They ask me why I never laugh nor smile,  
Though laughter be no sign of sense the while.  
If I should laugh in merry mood agape  
Amidst my mirth some secret might escape.  
— A partridge seized an ant, resolved to kill  
The feeble creature with his horny bill  
When, laughing loud, the ant exclaimed — Alas !  
A partridge thou ! and art thou such an ass?  
I'm but a gnat, and dost thou think to float  
A gnat's slight filmy texture down thy throat?  
The partridge laughed at this unusual sound  
And, laughing dropped the ant upon the ground.  
Thus he who idly laughs will always find  
Some grief succeed — tis so with all mankind.

The stupid partridge, laughing, drooped his crest,  
And by that folly lost what he possessed  
— This poor old drudge, which bears its heavy load,  
Must all life long endure the same rough road ,  
No joy for him, in mortal aid no trust,  
No rest till death consigns him to the dust ”

Here paused the youth, and wept , and now  
The household smooth his furrowed brow,  
And with unceasing eagerness  
Seek to remove his soul's distress  
But grief, corroding grief, allows no space  
For quiet thoughts , his wounds break out anew ,  
His kindred every change of feature trace,  
And unavailing tears their cheeks bedew ,  
A deeper, keener anguish marks his face ,  
His faded form so haggard to the view ,  
Useless the task his sorrows to remove,  
For who can free the heart from love, unchanging love?

Few days had passed, when, frantic grown,  
He burst from his domestic prison,  
And in the desert wild, alone,  
Poured, like the morning bird, new risen,  
His ardent lay of love Not long  
The mountains echoed with his song,  
Ere, drawn by sounds so sweet and clear,  
A crowd of listeners hovered near  
They saw him, tall as cypress, stand,  
A rocky fragment in his hand ,

A purple sash his waist around,  
His legs with links of iron bound,  
Yet, unencumbered was his gait  
They only showed his maniac state.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wandering he reached a spot of ground,  
With palmy groves and poplars crowned  
A lively scene it was to view  
Where flowers too bloomed of every hue,  
In wonder lost, he saw the axe applied  
To fell a cypress tree — and thus he cried  
'Gardener! did ever love thy heart control?  
Was ever woman mistress of thy soul?  
When joy has thrilled through every glowing nerve,  
Hadst thou no wish that feeling to preserve?  
Does not a woman's love delight, entrance,  
And every blessing fortune yields enhance?  
Then stop that lifted hand the stroke suspend,  
Spare, spare the cypress tree, and be my friend!  
And why? Look there, and be forewarned by me  
'Tis Laili's form, all grace and majesty  
Wouldst thou root up resemblance so complete,  
And lay its branches withering at thy feet?  
What! Laili's form? no spare the cypress tree  
Let it remain still beautiful and free  
Yes, let my prayers thy kindest feelings move  
And save the graceful shape of her I love!"  
— The gardener dropped his axe, overcome with  
shame,  
And left the tree to bloom and speak of Laili's fame.

## VI

## LAILI WRITES

Laili in beauty, softness, grace,  
Surpassed the loveliest of her race ,  
She was a fresh and odorous flower,  
Plucked by a fairy from her bower ,  
With heart-delighting rosebuds blooming,  
The welcome breeze of spring perfuming  
The killing witchery that lies  
In her soft, black, delicious eyes,  
When gathered in one amorous glance,  
Pierces the heart like sword or lance ,  
The prey that falls into her snare,  
For life must mourn and struggle there ,  
Her eyelash speaks a thousand blisses,  
Her lips of ruby ask for kisses ,  
Soft lips where sugar-sweetness dwells,  
Sweet as the bee-hive's honey-cells ,  
Her cheeks, so beautiful and bright,  
Had stole the moon's refulgent light ,  
Her form the cypress tree expresses,  
And full and ripe invites caresses  
With all these charms the heart to win,  
There was a cureless grief within —  
Yet none beheld her grief, or heard ,  
She drooped like broken-wingèd bird  
Her secret thoughts her love concealing,  
But, softly to the terrace stealing,

From morn to eve she gazed around,  
In hopes her Majnun might be found  
Wandering in sight. For she had none  
To sympathize with her — not one !  
None to compassionate her woes —  
In dread of rivals friends, and foes  
And though she smiled her mind's distress  
Filled all her thoughts with bitterness  
The fire of absence on them preyed,  
But light nor smoke that fire betrayed  
Shut up within herself she sat  
Absorbed in grief disconsolate  
Yet true love has resources still,  
Its soothing arts, and ever will !

Voices in guarded softness rose  
Upon her ever listening ear  
She heard her constant lover's woes,  
In melting strains, repeated near ,

The sky with gloomy clouds o'erspread,  
At length soft showers began to shed  
And what, before destruction seemed,  
With rays of better promise gleamed

Voices of young and old she heard  
Beneath the harem walls reciting  
Her Majnun's songs each thrilling word  
Her almost broken heart delighting

Laili, with matchless charms of face  
Was blessed with equal mental grace

With eloquence and taste refined ,  
And from the treasures of her mind  
She poured her fondest love's confession  
With faithful love's most warm expression ,  
Told all her hopes and sorrows o'er,  
Though told a thousand times before  
The life-blood circling through her veins  
Recorded her affecting strains ,  
And as she wrote, with passion flushed,  
The glowing words with crimson blushed  
And now the terrace she ascends  
In secret, o'er the rampart bends,  
And flings the record, with a sigh,  
To one that moment passing by  
Unmarked the stranger gains the prize,  
And from the spot like lightning flies  
To where the lingering lover weeps unseen  
— Starting upon his feet, with cheerful mien,  
He gazes, reads, devours the pleasing tale,  
And joy again illumines his features pale

Thus was resumed the soft exchange of thought ;  
Thus the return of tenderest feeling wrought  
Each the same secret intercourse pursued,  
And mutual vows more ardently renewed ,  
And many a time between them went and came  
The fondest tokens of their deathless flame ,  
Now in hope's heaven, now in despair's abyss,  
And now enrapt in visionary bliss

## VII.

## GROVE OF PALMS.

The gloomy veil of night withdrawn,  
How sweetly looks the silvery dawn  
Rich blossoms laugh on every tree,  
Like men of fortunate destiny  
Or the shining face of revelry  
The crimson tulip and golden rose  
Their sweets to all the world disclose.  
I mark the glittering pearly wave  
The fountain's banks of emerald lave,  
The birds in every arbor sing  
The very raven hails the spring  
The partridge and the ring-dove raise  
Their joyous notes in songs of praise  
But bulbuls, through the mountain-vale,  
Like Majnun chant a mournful tale

The season of the rose has led

Laili to her own favorite bower  
Her cheeks the softest vermil red,  
Her eyes the modest sambul flower

She has left her father's painted hall,

She has left the terrace where she kept  
Her secret watch till evening fall,  
And where she oft till midnight wept.

A golden fillet sparkling round

Her brow her raven tresses bound  
And as she o'er the greensward tripped,

A train of damsels ruby-lipped,  
Blooming like flowers of Samarcand,  
Obedient bowed to her command  
She glittered like a moon among  
The beauties of the starry throng,  
With lovely forms as Houris bright,  
Or Peris glancing in the light,  
And now they reach an emerald spot,  
Beside a cool sequestered grot,  
And soft recline beneath the shade,  
By a delicious rose-bower made  
There, in soft converse, sport, and play,  
The hours unnoted glide away,  
But Laili to the Bulbul tells  
What secret grief her bosom swells,  
And fancies, through the rustling leaves,  
She from the garden-breeze receives  
The breathings of her own true love,  
Fond as the cooings of the dove

In that romantic neighborhood  
A grove of palms majestic stood,  
Never in Arab desert wild  
A more enchanting prospect smiled,  
So fragrant, of so bright a hue,  
Not Irem richer verdure knew,  
Nor fountain half so clear, so sweet,  
As that which flowed at Laili's feet.

The Grove of Palms her steps invites,  
She strolls amid its varied scenes,

Its pleasant copses, evergreens,  
In which her wakened heart delights.  
Where'er the genial zephyr sighs,  
Lilies and roses near her rise  
Awhile the prospect charms her sight,  
Awhile she feels her bosom light,  
Her eyes with pleasure beaming bright  
But sadness o'er her spirit steals,  
And thoughts, too deep to hide reveals  
Beneath a cypress tree reclined  
In secret thus she breathes her mind —

O faithful friend and lover true  
Still distant from thy Laili's view  
Still absent, still beyond her power  
To bring thee to her fragrant bower  
O noble youth, still thou art mine  
And Laili, Laili still is thine !

As thus she almost dreaming spoke,  
A voice reproachful her attention woke  
"What! hast thou banished prudence from thy  
mind?

And shall success be given to one unkind?  
Majnun on billows of despair is tossed,  
Laili has nothing of her pleasures lost  
Majnun has sorrow gnawing at his heart,  
Laili's blithe looks far other thoughts impart  
Majnun the poison thorn of grief endures,  
Laili all wiles and softness, still allures  
Majnun her victim in a thousand ways,  
Laili in mirth and pastime spends her days

Majnun's unnumbered wounds his rest destroy,  
 Laili exists but in the bowers of joy,  
 Majnun is bound by love's mysterious spell,  
 Laili's bright cheeks of cheerful feelings tell,  
 Majnun his Laili's absence ever mourns,  
 Laili's light mind to other objects turns "

At this reproof tears flowed apace  
 Down Laili's pale, dejected face,  
 But soon to her glad heart was known  
 The trick, thus practised by her own  
 Gay, watchful, ever-sportive train,  
 Who long had watched, nor watched in vain,  
 And marked in her love's voice and look,  
 Which never woman's glance mistook  
 Her mother too, with keener eye,  
 Saw deeper through the mystery,  
 Which Laili thought her story veiled,  
 And oft that fatal choice bewailed,  
 But Laili still loved on, the root  
 Sprang up, and bore both bud and fruit,  
 And she believed her secret flower  
 As safe as treasure in a guarded tower

## VIII

## MAJNUN'S RIVAL

That day on which she pensive strayed  
 Amidst the Grove of Palms — that day

How sweetly bloomed the Arab maid,  
Girt by her train in fair array !  
Her moist red lips her teeth of pearl,  
Her hair in many a witching curl ,  
Haply on that devoted day  
A gallant youth with flowers gay  
In splendid fashion passed that way  
Who saw that lamp of beauty gleaming,  
Her luscious eye with softness beaming  
And in his bosom rose the fire  
Of still increasing fond desire.  
Resolved at once her hand to claim  
(Ibn Salam his honored name)  
He from her parents seeks success,  
Offering the nuptial-knot to tie ,  
And to promote that happiness,  
Scatters his gold abundantly  
As if it were but common earth,  
Or sand, or water little worth —  
But he was of illustrious birth.  
The parents scarce believed the word,  
The marriage-union thus preferred  
And, though consenting still they prayed  
The nuptial morn might be delayed  
In her no ripened bloom was seen,  
The sweet pomegranate still was green  
But a future day should surely deck  
With a bndle yoke her spotless neck  
“ We will then surrender the maiden to thee,  
The maiden, till now un affianced and free !

The promise soothes his eager heart,  
He and his followers, pleased, depart.

## IX

## THE BATTLE FOR LAILI.

Majnun, midst wild and solitude,  
His melancholy mood pursued ,  
In sterner moments, loud he raved,  
The desert's burning noon-tide braved,  
Or, where refreshing shadows fell,  
Warbled of her he loved so well

The Arab chief of that domain  
Which now his wandering footsteps pressed,  
Was honored for his bounteous reign —  
For ever succoring the distressed  
Noufal his name — well known to wield,  
Victorious in the battle-field,  
His glittering sword, and overthrow  
The robber-band or martial foe ,  
Magnificent in pomp and state,  
And wealthy as in valor great

One day the pleasures of the chase,  
The keen pursuit of bounding deer,  
Had brought the chieftain to that place  
Where Majnun stood, and, drawing near,  
The stranger's features sought to trace,

And the sad notes of grief to hear,  
Which ere he saw the maniac's face,  
Had, sorrow laden, struck his ear

He now beheld that wasted frame,  
That head and mien overgrown with hair  
That wild wild look which well might claim  
Brotherly kindred with despair  
Dejected, miserable borne  
By grief to life's last narrow verge  
With wounded feet and vestment torn,  
Singing his own funeral dirge.

Noufal had traversed forest, copse and glade  
In anxious quest of game, and here he found  
Game — but what game? — alas! a human shade  
So light, it scarcely seemed to touch the ground.

Dismounting straight, he hears what woes  
Had marred the mournful youth's repose  
And kindly tries with gentle words  
To show what pleasures life affords  
And prove the uselessness, the folly  
Of nursing grief and melancholy,  
But worse when men from reason flee,  
And willing steep their hearts in misery

The sympathy of generous minds  
Around the heart its influence winds,  
And, ever soothing, by degrees,

Restores its long-lost harmonies  
Majnun, so long to love a prey,  
Death hastening on by swift decay,  
    Began to feel that calming spell,  
    That sweet delight, unspeakable,  
Which draws us from ourselves away

A change now gently o'er him came ,  
    With trembling hand he took the cup,  
And drank, but drank in Laili's name,  
    The life-restoring cordial up  
His spirits rose , refreshing food  
    At Noufal's hospitable board  
Seemed to remove his wayward mood,  
    So long endured, so long deplored

And Noufal with delight surveyed  
The social joy his eyes betrayed,  
And heard his glowing strains of love,  
His murmurings like the turtle-dove,  
While thinking of his Arab maid  
Changed from himself, his mind at rest,  
In customary robes he dressed ,  
A turban shades his forehead pale,  
No more is heard the lover's wail,  
But, jocund as the vintner's guest,  
He laughs and drinks with added zest ,  
His dungeon gloom exchanged for day,  
His cheeks a rosy tint display ,  
He revels midst the garden's sweets,

And still his lip the goblet meets  
But so devoted, so unchanged his flame,  
Never without repeating Laili's name

In friendly converse heart uniting heart,  
Noufal and Majnun hand in hand are seen  
And from each other loathing to depart,  
Wander untired by fount and meadow green.  
But what is friendship to a soul  
Inured to more intense control?  
A zephyr breathing over flowers,  
Compared to when the tempest hours?  
A zephyr, friendship's gentler course,  
A tempest, love's tumultuous force  
For friendship leaves a vacuum still  
Which love, and love alone can fill  
So Majnun felt and Noufal tried,  
In vain to fill that aching void  
For though the liquid sparkling red  
Still flowed, his friend thus sorrowing said  
'My generous host, with plenty blessed,  
No boding cares thy thoughts molest  
Thy kindness many a charm hath given,  
But not one solace under heaven  
Without my love in tears I languish,  
And not a voice to check my anguish  
Like one of thirst about to die  
And every fountain near him dry  
Thirst is by water quenched, not treasure  
Nor floods of wine nor festive pleasure.

Bring me the cure my wounds require ,  
 Quench in my heart this raging fire ,  
 My Laili, oh ! my Laili give ,  
 Or thy poor friend must cease to live ! ”  
 Majnun had scarce his wish expressed  
 Ere rose in generous Noufal's breast  
 The firm resolve to serve his friend,  
 And to his settled purpose bend  
 Laili's stern father

Not, in arms arrayed,  
 And lifting high his keen Damascus blade,  
 He calls a band of veterans to his aid  
 Swift as the feathered race the assembled train  
 Rush, sword in hand, along the desert plain ,  
 And when the chieftain's habitation bright  
 Upon the blue horizon strikes the sight,  
 He sends a messenger to claim the bride,  
 In terms imperious, not to be denied ,  
 Yet was that claim derided — “ I thou wilt soon  
 Repent this folly — Laili is the moon ,  
 And who presumes the splendid moon to gain?  
 Is there on earth a man so mad, so vain ?  
 Who draw their swords at such a hazard ? None  
 Who strikes his crystal vase upon a stone ? ”  
 Noufal again endeavors to inspire  
 With dread of vengeance Laili's haughty sire ,  
 But useless are the threats — the same reply —  
 “ Alike thy power and vengeance I defy ! ”  
 The parley over, Noufal draws his sword,  
 And with his horsemen pours upon the horde,

Ready for battle. Spears and helmets ring,  
And brass-bound shields, loud twangs the archer's  
string

The field of conflict like the ocean roars  
When the huge billows burst upon the shores.  
Arrows, like birds on either foeman stood  
Drinking with open beak the vital flood  
The shining daggers in the battle's heat  
Rolled many a head beneath the horses' feet  
And lightnings, hurled by death's unsparing hand,  
Spread consternation through the weeping land  
Amidst the horrors of that fatal fight,  
Majnun appeared — a strange appalling sight !  
Wildly he raved, confounding friend and foe,  
His garments half abandoned in his woe  
And with a maniac stare reproachful cried —

Why combat thus when all are on my side ?"  
The foeman laughed — the uproar louder grew —  
No pause the brazen drums or trumpets knew  
The stoutest heart sank at the carnage wrought  
Swords blushed to see the numerous heads they  
smote.

— Noufal with dragon fierceness prowled around  
And hurled opposing warriors to the ground  
Whatever hero felt his ponderous gerz<sup>1</sup>  
Was crushed the steadfast as the Mount Elberz,

<sup>1</sup> Gerz, a mace or club. Elberz is a celebrated mountain in Persia, and forms a favorite simile in the *Shah-Namak* of Firdausi. The immovable firmness of his heroes is generally compared to the Mount Elberz.

Upon whatever head his weapon fell,  
There was but one heartrending tale to tell  
Like a mad elephant the foe he met ,  
With hostile blood his blade continued wet ,  
— Wearied at length, both tribes at once withdrew,  
Resolved with morn the combat to renew ,  
But Noufal's gallant friends had suffered most ,  
In one hour more the battle had been lost ,  
And thence assistance, ere the following dawn,  
From other warlike tribes was promptly drawn

The desert rang again    In front and rear  
Glittered bright sword and buckler, gerz and spear ,  
Again the struggle woke the echoes round,  
Swords clashed, and blood again made red the  
ground ,

The book of life, with dust and carnage stuned,  
Was soon destroyed, and not a leaf remained  
At last, the tribe of Lail's sire gave way,  
And Noufal won the hard-contested day ,  
Numbers lay bleeding of that conquered band,  
And died unsuccored on the burning sand

And now the elders of that tribe appear,  
Imploring the proud victor    “Chieftain, hear !

The work of slaughter is complete ,  
Thou seest our power destroyed , allow  
Us, wretched suppliants, at thy feet,  
Humbly to ask for mercy now  
How many warriors press the plain,  
Khanjer and spear have laid them low ,

At peace, behold our kinsmen slain  
And thou art now without a foe

“Then pardon what of wrong has been  
Let us retire unharmed — unstayed —  
Far from this sanguinary scene  
And take thy prize — the Arab Maid.”

Then came the father full of grief and said —  
(Ashes and dust upon his hoary head )  
“With thee, alas ! how useless to contend !  
Thou art the conqueror and to thee I bend  
Without resentment now the vanquished view  
Wounded and old and broken hearted too  
Reproach has fallen upon me and has dared  
To call me Persian — that I disregard  
For I am an Arab still, and scorn the sneer  
Of braggart fools, unused to shield and spear  
But let that pass. I now overcome, and weak,  
And prostrate pardon from the victor seek  
Thy slave am I obedient to thy will,  
Ready thy sternest purpose to fulfil  
But if with Laili I consent to part,  
Wilt thou blot out all vengeance from thy heart?  
Then speak at once and thy behest declare  
I will not flinch though it my soul may tear  
My daughter shall be brought at thy command  
Let the red flames ascend from blazing brand,  
Waiting their victim crackling in the air  
And Laili duteously shall perish there.

Or, if thou'dst rather see the maiden bleed,  
This thirsty sword shall do the dreadful deed,  
Dissever at one blow that lovely head,  
Her sinless blood by her own father shed !  
In all things thou shalt find me faithful, true,  
Thy slave obsequious, — what wouldst have me do?  
But mark me, I am not to be beguiled,  
I will not to a demon give my child,  
I will not to a madman's wild embrace  
Consign the pride and honor of my race,  
And wed her to contempt and foul disgrace  
I will not sacrifice my tribe's fair fame,  
Nor taint with obloquy her virtuous name  
Has honor on an Arab heart no claim?  
Better be overwhelmed by adverse fate  
Than yield up honor, e'en for kingly state  
Through all Arabia is her virtue known,  
Her beauty matched by heavenly charms alone  
I'd rather in a monster be enshrined  
Than bear a name detested by mankind  
What ! wed a wretch, and earn my country's ban?  
A dog were better than a demon-man  
A dog's bite heals, but human gnawings never,  
The festering poison-wounds remain forever "

Thus spake the father, and in Noufal's breast  
Excited feelings not to be repressed  
"I hoped to win consent," he said —  
"But now that anxious hope is dead,  
And thou and thine may quit the field,

Still armed with khanjer sword, and shield,  
Horseman and elder Thus in vain  
Blood has bedewed this thirsty plain.

When Majnun this conclusion hears,  
He flies incensed to Noufal and with tears  
Wildly exclaims The dawn my generous friend I  
Promised this day in happiness would end  
But thou hast let the gazelle slip away  
And me defrauded of my beauteous prey  
Near where Forat's<sup>1</sup> bright stream rolls on, reclined,  
Stanching my wounds hope soothed my tortured  
mind,  
And gave me Laili now that hope is crossed,  
And life's most valued charm forever lost.

Noufal with heavy heart now homeward bent  
His way and Majnun with him sorrowing went,  
And there again the plying chieftain strove  
To calm the withering pangs of hopeless love,  
To bless, with gentleness and tender care,  
The wounded spirit sinking in despair  
But vain his efforts mountain, wood and plain  
Soon heard the maniac's piercing woe again  
Escaped from listening ear and watchful eye,  
Lonely again in desert wild to lie.

<sup>1</sup> The river Euphrates. The scene is laid in the country surrounding Bagdad.

## X.

## MAJNUN SAVES A DEER

The minstrel strikes his soft guitar,  
With sad forebodings pale ,  
And fills with song the balmy air,  
And thus resumes his tale —

The pensive bird, compelled to cover,  
From day to day in Noufal's bower,  
Tired of the scene, with pinions light,  
Swift as the wind has urged its flight,  
And, far from Noufal's wide domain,  
Enjoys its liberty again ,  
Pouring aloud its sad complaint  
In wildest mood without restraint

And now remote from peopled town,  
Midst tangled forest, parched and brown,  
The maniac roams , with double speed  
He goads along his snorting steed,  
Till, in a grove, a sportsman's snare  
Attracts his view, and, struggling there,  
Its knotted meshes fast between,  
Some newly prisoned deer are seen ,  
And as the sportsman forward springs  
To seize on one, and promptly brings  
The fatal knife upon its neck,  
His hand receives a sudden check ,

And looking upward, with surprise  
(A mounted chief before his eyes I)  
He stops — while thus exclaims the youth  
"If e'er thy bosom throbb'd with ruth,  
Forbear! for 'tis a crime to spill  
A gazelle's blood — it bodeth ill  
Then set the pleading captive free  
For sweet is life and liberty  
That heart must be as marble hard  
And merciless as wolf or pard  
Which clouds in death that large black eye,  
Beaming like Laila's lovingly  
The cruel stroke my friend withhold  
Its neck deserves a string of gold  
Observe its slender limbs the grace  
And winning meekness of its face.  
The musk pod is its fatal dower  
Like beauty still the prey of power  
And for that fragrant gift thou'rt led  
The gentle gazelle's blood to shed!  
Oh, seek not gain by cruel deed  
Nor let the innocent victim bleed!"

But," cried the sportsman "these are mine,  
I cannot at my task repine  
The sportsman's task 'tis free from blame,  
To watch and snare the forest game

Majnun upon this stern reply

Alighted from his steed and said —  
"Oh, let them live! they must not die.

Forbear ! and take this barb instead "  
 The sportsman seized it eagerly,  
 And, laughing, from the greenwood sped

Maynun, delighted, viewed his purchased prize,  
 And in the gazelle's sees his Laili's eyes,  
 But soon, freed from the snare, with nimble feet  
 The tremblers bound to some more safe retreat  
 The simple maniac starts, and finds, amazed,  
 The vision vanished which his fancy raised

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis night — and darkness, black as Laili's tresses,  
 Veils all around, and all his soul oppresses,  
 No lucid moon like Laili's face appears,  
 No glimpse of light the gloomy prospect cheers  
 In a rude cavern he despairing lies,  
 The tedious moments only marked with sighs

# XI .

## LAILI MARRIES IBN SALAM

Behold, what clouds of dust emerge  
 From the lone desert's distant verge !  
 And, high in dusky eddies driven,  
 Obscure the azure hue of heaven  
 And now the tramp of steeds is heard,  
 And now the leader's angry word —  
 Now nearer, more distinct they grow —  
 Who is that leader? — friend or foe?

Alas ! tis Laili's vanquished sire,  
Returning home his heart on fire  
For though he has survived the blow  
He keenly feels his overthrow

His tale is told some Div<sup>1</sup> or Ghoul  
Has palsied his intrepid soul,  
And held his arm by magic foul,  
Or potion from the enchanter's bowl,  
Else had he driven, with easy hand  
The miscreant Noufal from the land  
For when did ever braggart lord  
Fail, but when magic held his sword ?

Now shielded by the harem screen  
The sweet Narcissus sad is seen  
Listening she hears disconsolate  
Her father's words, which seal her fate  
And what has Laili now to bear  
But loneliness, reproach, despair  
With no congenial spirit to impart  
One single solace to her bursting heart !

Meanwhile the spicy gale on every side  
Wafts the high vaunting of her beauty's pride  
Through all the neighboring tribes, and more  
remote

<sup>1</sup> Div—demon, giant, devil, ghost, hobgoblin. The diva, genii, or giants in Eastern mythology are a race of malignant beings. The ghoul is an imaginary sylvan demon, of different shapes and colors, supposed to devour men and animals. Anything which suddenly attacks and destroys a man, or robs him of his senses. — RICHARDSON.

Her name is whispered and her favor sought  
Suitors with various claims appear — the great,  
The rich, the powerful — all impatient wait  
To know for whom the father keeps that rare  
But fragile crystal with such watchful care  
Her charms eclipse all others of her sex,  
Given to be loved, but rival hearts to vex,  
For when the lamp of joy illumines her cheeks,  
The lover smiles, and yet his heart it breaks  
The full-blown rose thus sheds its fragrance round,  
But there are thorns, not given to charm, but wound  
Among the rest that stripling came,  
Who had before avowed his flame,  
His cheerful aspect seemed to say,  
For him was fixed the nuptial-day

His offerings are magnificent,  
Garments embroidered every fold,  
And rarest gems, to win consent,  
And carpets worked with silk and gold  
Amber, and pearls, and rubies bright,  
And bags of musk, attract the sight,  
And camels of unequalled speed,  
And ambling nags of purest breed, —  
These (resting for a while) he sends  
Before him, and instructs his friends,  
With all the eloquence and power  
Persuasion brings in favoring hour,  
To magnify his worth, and prove  
That he alone deserves her love —

"A youth of royal presence Yemen's boast,  
Fierce as a lion mighty as a host,  
Of boundless wealth and valor's self he wields  
His conquering sword amid embattled fields.  
Call ye for blood? tis shed by his own hand  
Call ye for gold? he scatters it like sand.

And when the flowers of speech their scent had shed,  
Diffusing honors round the suitor's head,  
Exalting him to more than mortal worth,  
In person manly noble in his birth  
The sire of Laili seemed oppressed with thought,  
As if with some repulsive feeling fraught  
Yet promptly was the answer given — he soon  
Decreed the fate of Yemen's splendid moon  
Saddled the steed of his desire in sooth  
Flung his own offspring in the dragon's mouth.  
Forthwith the nuptial pomp the nuptial rites,

Engage the chieftain's household — every square  
Rings with the rattling drums whose noise excites  
More deafening clamor through the wide bazaar  
The pipe and cymbal shrill and loud,  
Delight the gay assembled crowd  
And all is mirth and jollity  
With song, and dance and revelry  
But Laili mournful sits apart,  
The shaft of misery through her heart  
And black portentous clouds are seen  
Darkening her soft expressive mien  
Her bosom swells with heavy sighs,

Tears gush from those heart-winning eyes,  
 Where Love's triumphant witchery lies  
 In blooming spring a withered leaf,  
 She droops in agony of grief,  
 Loving her own — her only one —  
 Loving Majnun, and him alone,  
 All else from her affections gone,  
 And to be joined in a moment's breath,  
 To another<sup>1</sup> — Death, and worse than death!

Soon as the sparkling stars of night  
 Had disappeared, and floods of light  
 Shed from the morn's refulgent beam  
 Empurpled Dilya's<sup>1</sup> rolling stream,  
 The bridegroom, joyous, rose to see  
 The bride equipped as bride should be  
 The litter and the golden throne,  
 Prepared for her to rest upon  
 But what avails the tenderest care,  
 The fondest love, when dark despair  
 And utter hatred fill the breast  
 Of her to whom that fondness is addressed?  
 Quickly her sharp disdain the bridegroom feels,<sup>2</sup>  
 And from her scornful presence shrinks and reels  
 A solemn oath she takes, and cries,  
 With frenzy flashing from her eyes, —

<sup>1</sup> The river Tigris

<sup>2</sup> The original makes Laili rather Amazonian at this juncture, which is not quite in keeping with the gentleness of her character. It says she struck him such a blow, that he fell down as if he were dead.

"Honest thou I ever shall be thine?  
It is my father's will, not mine I  
Rather than be that thing abhorred,  
My life blood shall distain thy sword.  
Away I nor longer seek to gain  
A heart foredoomed to endless pain,  
A heart no power of thine can move  
A bleeding heart, which scorns thy love!"

When Ilm Salam her frenzied look beheld  
And heard her vows his cherished hopes were quelled.  
He soon perceived what art had been employed —  
All his bright visions faded and destroyed —  
And found when love has turned a maiden's brain,  
Father and mother urge their power in vain.

## XII.

## MAJNUN HEARS OF THE WEDDING.

The Arab poets who rehearse  
Their legends in immortal verse  
Say when Majnun these tidings knew  
More wild more moody wild he grew  
Raving through wood and mountain glen,  
Flying still more the haunts of men

Sadden a perfume, grateful to the soul,  
O'er his awakened senses stole  
He thought from Laili's fragrant couch it came  
It filled with joy his wearied frame

Ecstatic with the unexpected pleasure,  
 The fond memorial of his dearest treasure,  
 He sank upon the ground, beneath the shade  
 Of a broad palm, in senseless torpor laid

A stranger, quietly passing by,  
 Observed the love-lorn wanderer lie  
 Sleeping, or dead, and checked his camel's pace  
 To mark the features of his face  
 Loud roaring, like a demon, he awoke  
 The maniac from his trance, and gayly spoke  
 "Up, up, thou sluggard! up and see,  
 What thy heart's ease has done for thee!  
 Better drive feeling from thy mind,  
 Since there's no faith in womankind  
 Better be idle, than employed  
 In fruitless toil, better avoid  
 A mistress though of form divine,  
 If she be fair and false as thine!  
 They've given her charms to one as young—  
 The bride-veil o'er her brow is flung  
 Close, side by side,<sup>1</sup> from morn till night,  
 Kissing and dalliance their delight,  
 Whilst thou, from human solace flying,  
 With unrequited love art dying  
 — Distant from her adorer's view,  
 One in a thousand may be true  
 The pen which writes, as if it knew  
 A woman's promise, splits in two

<sup>1</sup> Literally, Every day, ear in ear

While in another's warm embrace,  
 No witness to thy own disgrace,  
 Faithless she wastes no thought on thee,  
 Wrapped in her own felicity  
 Woman's desire is more intense  
 Than man's — more exquisite her sense,  
 But, never blinded by her flame  
 Gain and fruition are her aim.  
 A woman's love is selfish all  
 Possessions wealth, secure her fall.  
 How many false and cruel prove  
 And not one faithful in her love !  
 A contradiction is her life  
 Without, all peace within all strife  
 A dangerous friend a fatal foe  
 Prime breeder<sup>1</sup> of a world of woe.  
 When we are joyous she is sad  
 When deep in sorrow she is glad  
 Such is the life a woman leads,  
 And in her sorcery still succeeds."

These words confused the lover's brain  
 Fire ran through every swelling vein  
 Frantic he dashed his forehead on the ground,

<sup>1</sup> *Ash-jahan* the calamity of the world. A common epithet applied in anger to the fair sex. Something in the spirit of *Othello* —

Who lost Marc Antony the world ? a woman.  
 Who was the cause of a long ten-years war  
 And laid at last old Troy in ashes ? woman,  
 Destructive damnable deceitful woman !

And blood flowed trickling from the ghastly wound  
“What added curse is this?” he groaning said, —  
“Another tempest, roaring round my head !”

When ever did a bleeding heart  
Betray no sign of blighted reason?  
Can the most skilful gardener's art  
Still keep his flowers or fruit in season?  
No, hearts dissolved in grief give birth  
To madness, as the teeming earth  
Yields herbs, and yet bewildered mind,  
To all but one bright object blind,  
Suffers no censure from the seer  
Who guides the faithful Moslem here  
Love sanctifies the erring thought,  
And Heaven forgives the deed by frenzy wrought  
“A rose, a lovely rose, I found,  
With thorns and briars compassed round,  
And, struggling to possess that prize,  
The gardener in his wrath denies,  
Behold my heart, all torn and bleeding,  
Its pangs all other pangs exceeding  
I see the leaves expand and bloom,  
I smell its exquisite perfume,  
Its color, blushing in the light,  
Gives to my raptured soul delight  
I weep beneath the cypress tree,  
And still the rose is not for me  
Alas ! none hear, nor mark my moan ;  
Pride of my soul, my rose, is gone !

Another has in open day  
Borne the heart winning prize away  
Though wrapped in sweetest innocence,  
The fell oppressor snatched her thence.  
But who deserves the curse that sped  
Upon the soul betrayer's head?  
The gardener in his lust for gold  
That rose — the boast of Irem — sold.  
Poor wretch ! if worlds of wealth were mine  
Full willingly I'd make them thine  
But not a dirhem for that rose  
The fatal cause of all my woes  
I would not play a villain's part  
And buy with gold a woman's heart  
'Tis not in gold to purchase love  
Above all wealth all price above  
For I would rather die than see  
A smile on lips that are not free  
Give me the boundless swell of bliss,  
The heart upspringing to the kiss,  
When life and soul, and breath combine  
To tell me she is only mine  
The flood of joy so overwhelming quite  
My glowing senses with delight.  
— Hase wretch ! and thou that rose hast sold  
A demon's curse upon thy gold !”

The traveller witnessed with surprise  
How he the maniac's heart had wrung —  
What remedy could he devise ?

He from his camel sprung,  
 And when the sufferer seemed to be restored,  
 Forgiveness anxiously implored  
 "'Twas wrong, and I deserve the blame,  
 I marked with infamy her name  
 My fault is of the darkest hue, —  
 My crime — for Laili still is true!  
 What though in nuptial band united,  
 Her faith, to thee so often plighted,  
 Spotless remains, still firm, unbroken,  
 As proved by many a mournful to'en  
 For every moment's space can claim  
 A thousand recollections of thy name  
 Thus ever present to her memory,  
 She lives, and only lives for thee  
 One year has passed since she was made a bride;  
 But what of years? whatever may betide,  
 Were it a thousand, still her heart's the same,  
 Unchanged, unchangable her earliest cherished  
 flame "

Now Majnun, desolate, his fate perceived,  
 As in a glass, the misery of his lot,  
 And, from the first impression scarce relieved,  
 Felt his abandonment, and only not forgot

Wasted and wan, he fluttered where he lay,  
 And, turning to that magic point which led  
 To where his angel-face was wont to stay,  
 Thus, in a melancholy tone, he said —

"Alas ! my passion glowed in every part ,  
Thine in thy tongue but never in thy heart ,  
With thy new love hast thou so amorous grown ?  
And am I worthless as a desert stone ?  
What is a word, a promise oath or pledge ?  
Mockery which never can the heart engage.  
What was my garden's wealth but fruit and flowers ?  
And all that wealth a raven now devours  
And what has been my constant care and toil,  
But for another to prepare the spoil ?  
When first my soul was destined to be thine,  
I little thought that treasure to resign  
Think of thy broken vows, to what they tend  
Think of thy falsehood, and lament its end.  
My doom is fixed my choice no longer free ,  
My martyr life devoted still to thee !

## XIII.

## MAJNUN'S FATHER DIES.

Meantime, the father mourned his wretched state,  
Like Jacob o'er his Joseph's unknown fate  
No rest by day no sleep by night  
Grief o'er him shed its withering blight  
Incessant yearnings wrung his heart,  
He sat in darkness, silent, lone  
"Why did my child from home depart ?  
Where has the hopeless wanderer gone ?"  
Dreading that Death's relentless dart

His best-loved had overthrown.  
Sudden he rose — despair gave force  
And vigor to his aged frame,  
And, almost frantic with remorse,  
Gathering upon himself the blame,  
He trod the maze of wood and wild,  
Seeking his poor forsaken child,  
And when the day withdrew its light,  
He passed in cavern rude the night,  
But never ceased his venturous quest —  
No peace for him — no strengthening rest  
In vain he paced the desert round,  
For not a trace of him was found  
At length a herdsman, falling in his way,  
Described the spot where Majnun lay,  
Craggy, and deep, and terrible to view,  
It seemed a grave all damp with noxious dew  
Thither proceeding, by the stranger led,  
He finds with horror that sepulchral bed,  
And, fearful of the worst, beholds the wreck  
Of Majnun, his once-lovely boy, —  
He sees a serpent winding round his neck,  
Playful, not destined to destroy  
It stays but for a moment — all around,  
Limbs half-devoured, and bones, bestrew the ground  
With cautious step descending, he surveys  
Th' unconscious youth, who meets his anxious gaze  
With a wild look which could not recognize  
The tottering form before him “Who art thou?  
And what thy errand?” The old man replies —

"I am thy father! I have found thee now  
After long search?" Embracing, both remained  
In deep compassionate sorrow fondly strained  
Each to the other's bosom and when he,  
The maniac, had regained his memory  
And beams of light burst through his nighted brain,  
And he beheld and knew his sire again,  
Joy sparkled in his faded eye awhile,  
And his parched lips seemed curled into a smile.  
The poor old father said with feeble voice

Thou makest my heart both tremble and rejoice  
The path over which thy feet are doomed to pass  
Show blades of swords, not harmless blades of grass  
And I would warn thee never more to roam  
Thy only safety is to stay at home.  
Dogs have a home and thou hast none to boast  
Art thou a man to human comfort lost?  
If man thou art, then like a man appear  
Or if a demon, be a demon here.  
The ghoul created to perplex the earth  
Is still a ghoul, and answers to its birth  
But thou art a man and why with human soul,  
Forget thy nature and become a ghoul?  
To-day if thou shouldst throw the reins aside  
To-morrow thou mayst ask, and be denied  
Soon shall I pass away and be at rest  
No longer this frail world's unhappy guest.  
My day is mingling with the shades of night  
My life is losing all its wonted light.  
Soul of thy father I re-inspired with grace,

Rise, and protect the honors of thy race,  
 That, ere this frame be in the grave laid low,  
 I may the guardian of my birthright know,  
 That, ere I die, to soothe a parent's grief,  
 Thou mayst be hailed in thine own home the chief  
 Forbid it, Heaven, that, when my hour is past,  
 My house and home should to the winds be cast !  
 That plundering strangers, with rapacious hand,  
 Should waste my treasure and despoil my land !  
 And Heaven forbid, that both at once should fall,  
 (My greatest dread), and thus extinguish all !  
 That when the summons reaches me to die,  
 Thy death should also swell the funeral cry !”

These words sank deep in Majnun's breast he  
 seemed

Altered in mood, as through his senses streamed  
 The memory of his home, the fond regard  
 Of his dear mother, and the joys he shared  
 From her affection Days and nights he tried  
 To banish from his thoughts another's bride  
 Repentance came, and oft the strife renewed,  
 But tyrant love that feeling soon subdued,  
 (Love, a wild elephant in might, which grows  
 More powerful when opposed by friends or foes,)  
 And the poor maniac thus his sire addressed  
 “Thy counsel, father, is the wisest, best,  
 And I would gladly to thy wish conform  
 But what am I? a helpless wretch, a worm,  
 Without the power to do what I approve,  
 Enslaved, the victim of almighty love

To me the world is swallowed up — I see  
Nothing but Laili — all is lost to me,  
Save her bright image — father mother, home,  
All buried in impenetrable gloom,  
Beyond my feeling — yet I know thou art here,  
And I could weep — but what avails the tear  
Even were it at a father's funeral shed?  
For human sorrows never reach the dead  
Thou say'st the night of Death is on thee falling!  
Then must I weep thy fostering care recalling,  
But I shall die in utter misery  
And none be left in life to weep for me."

Syd Omri, with unutterable grief  
Gazed on his son, whose sorrows mocked relief  
And hopeless, wretched, every thought resigned  
That once was balm and comfort to his mind.  
Then, showering blessings o'er his offspring's head,

Groaning, he parted from that dismal cave  
And wrapt in deepest anguish homeward sped

But twas, alas! to his expected grave  
Gently he sank by age and grief oppressed,  
From this vain world to that endless rest.  
Vain world indeed! who ever rested here?  
The lustrous moon hath its eternal sphere  
But man, who in this mortal prison sighs  
Appears like lightning, and like lightning flies.

A pilgrim-step approached the wild retreat,  
Where Majnun lingered in his rocky seat,  
And the sad tale was told. He fell  
Upon the earth insensible

And, grovelling, with a frantic air,  
His bosom beat — he tore his hair,  
And never rested, night or day,  
Till he had wandered far away,  
Reached the sad spot where peaceful lay  
His father's bones now crumbling with decay.  
His arms around the grave he flung,  
And to the earth delirious clung,  
Grasping the ashes of the dead,  
He cast them o'er his prostrate head,  
And, with repentant tears, bedewed  
The holy relics round him strewed  
O'erwhelming was the sharpened sense  
Of his contrition, deep, intense,  
And sickness wrapped his shattered frame  
In a slow fever's parching flame  
Still, ceaseless, 'twas his wont to rave  
Upon his father's sacred grave  
He felt the bitterness of fate,  
He saw his folly now too late,  
And worlds would give again to share  
His generous father's constant care,  
For he had oft, in wanton guise,  
Contemned the counsels of the wise,  
Had with a child's impatience burned,  
And scorn for sympathy returned,  
And now, like all of human mould,  
When the indulgent heart is cold,  
Which would have sealed his happiness,  
He mourns — but mourns his own distress,

For when the diamond blazed like day,  
He cast it recklessly away

## XIV

## MAJNUN SEEKS THE FOREST

Who's this that wanders near that palmy glade  
Where the fresh breeze adds coolness to the shade?  
'Tis Majnun — he has left his father's tomb,  
Again mid rocks and scorching plains to roam,  
Unmindful of the sun's meridian beat,  
Or the damp dewy night, with unabod feet  
Unmindful of the forest's savage brood,  
Howling on every side in quest of blood  
No dread has he from aught of earth or air  
From den or eyry calm in his despair  
He seems to court new perils, and can view  
With unblenched visage scenes of darkest hue,  
Yet is he gentle, and his gracious mien  
Checks the extended claw where blood has been,  
For tiger, wolf, and panther gather round  
The maniac as their king and lick the ground,  
Fox and hyena fierce their snarling cease  
Lion and fawn familiar meet in peace  
Vulture and soaring eagle, on the wing,  
Around his place of rest their shadows fling  
Like Salaman,<sup>1</sup> o'er all extends his reign,

<sup>1</sup> N — name is more famous in the East than Solomon. Omnipotence is said to have placed under his obedience not only mankind, but animals. The birds were his constant attendants, screening him like a canopy from the inclemencies of the weather

His pillow is the lion's shaggy mane ,  
The wily leopard, on the herbage spread,  
Forms like a carpet his romantic bed ,  
And lynx and wolf, in harmony combined,  
Frisk o'er the sward and gambol with the hind  
All pay their homage with respect profound,  
As if in circles of enchantment bound

Among the rest, one little fawn  
Skipped nimbly o'er the flowery lawn ,  
And, beautifully delicate,  
Sprang where th' admiring maniac sate  
So soft, so meek, so sweetly mild,  
So shy, so innocently wild,  
And, ever playful in his sight,  
The fondling grew his great delight ,  
He loved its pleasing form to trace,  
And kiss its full black eyes and face,  
Thinking of Laili all the while ,  
For fantasies the heart beguile ,  
And, with th' illusive dream impressed,  
He hugged the favorite to his breast  
With his own hand the fawn he fed,  
And choicest herbs before it spread ,  
And all the beasts assembled there  
Partook of his indulgent care,  
And, day and night, they, unconstrained,  
In wondrous harmony remained  
And thus throughout the world, we find  
Mid brutes, as well as humankind,

A liberal hand, a friendly voice  
Bids e'en the savage heart rejoice.  
There is a curious story told  
Of a despotic king of old,  
Which proves ferocious beasts endued  
With a deep sense of gratitude.  
The king had in his palace bounds  
A den of man-devouring hounds,  
And all on whom his anger fell  
Were cast into that dreadful cell.  
Among the courtiers there was one,  
For wisdom, wit, and shrewdness known,  
Long in the royal household nursed  
But still he always feared the worst,  
Thinking the fatal day might come  
For him to share an equal doom  
And therefore, by a dexterous scheme,  
His life endeavored to redeem.  
Unseen by night, he often stood  
And fed the hounds with savory food  
And well their bounteous friend they knew  
And in their hearts attachment grew  
When, just as he, prophetic, thought,  
The king his death unfeeling sought  
Sternly his good old courtier blamed,  
And to the ravenous dogs condemned.  
'Twas night when in the den he cast  
His victim for a dog's repast  
Next morn unshamed by such a deed  
(Dooming the innocent to bleed)

He sent a page to look for him  
Torn, he expected, limb from limb  
The wondering keeper, who obeyed  
The king, and not a trice delayed,  
Now, hastening to the presence, cried —  
“ O king ! his virtue has been tried ,  
He bears an angel's blessed charm,  
And God protects his life from harm  
Untouched, though fettered fast, I found him,  
The dogs all fondly fawning round him ! ”  
The king was struck with wonderment  
At this miraculous event ,  
And seeing, in that horrid cell,  
The guiltless courtier safe and well,  
He asked, with tears profusely shed,  
By what strange spell he was not dead ?  
“ No juggling words had I to say ,  
I fed the bloodhounds every day ,  
And thence their gratitude arose,  
Which saved me from my cruel foes.  
But I have served thee many a year,  
And for it thou hast sent me here !  
A dog has feeling — thou hast none —  
A dog is thankful for a bone ,  
But thou, with hands in blood imbrued,  
Hast not one spark of gratitude ”  
Abashed the despot saw his crimes,  
And changed his frightful course betimes

## XV

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Sweet slumber had diffused the charm of rest  
 Through the poor maniac's agitated breast,  
 And as the morn, magnificently bright,  
 Poured o'er the cloudless sky its purple light,  
 The smiling presage<sup>1</sup> of a prosperous day  
 He rose refreshed, and hailed the heavenly ray  
 Graceful he stood amidst the varied herd,  
 And warmed with hope his onsons preferred  
 When suddenly a horseman met his view  
 Who as it seemed, the wandering lover knew  
 "Romantic youth ! I see the timorous deer  
 And the fierce lion meet in concord here,  
 And thou the monarch — strange ! but mark ! I bear  
 A secret tale of one, so loved, so fair  
 What wouldst thou feel did I her name declare ?  
 What is the cypress to her form divine ?  
 What is the perfume from a martyr's shrine ?  
 What, should that idol's fate be mixed with thine ?  
 Her ringlets twisted like the graceful Jim,<sup>2</sup>  
 Her shape an Alif and her mouth a Mim  
 Her eyes like two Narcissuses, that grow

<sup>1</sup> Literally on that day he rose up on the right-hand side — a sign that his fortune would be auspicious.

<sup>2</sup> To make this Persian conceit, of not unfrequent occurrence, understood it may be enough to say the letter Jim, of the Persian as well as Arabic alphabet, is formed something like the capital T of the German text — the Alif, like our number One in writing — and the Arabic letter Mim — a small horizontal oval.

Where the pure waters of a fountain flow ,  
 Her eyebrows, joined, a double arch express ,  
 Her beauteous cheeks an angel might caress  
 But what can I of such perfection say?  
 How to the blind Creation's charms portray? .  
 I saw her weep — the tear-drops glistening fell  
 In showers from eyes which their own tale could tell ,  
 And yet I asked for whom she wept and mourned —  
 For one untrue, or one to dust returned?  
 Opening her ruby lips, she softly said —  
 ' My heart<sup>1</sup> is desolate — my joys are fled ,  
 I once was Laili — need I more reveal?  
 Worse than a thousand maniacs now I feel  
 More wild than that dark star which rules my fate,  
 More mad than Majnun's my distracted state  
 If that dark spirit thou shouldst haply find —  
 That mournful wreck of an enlightened mind —  
 How wilt thou recognize him? By that sad  
 Disordered aspect, oft pronounced as mad ,  
 By that unutterable grief which preys  
 Upon his heart , that melancholy gaze,  
 Which has no sense of outward things , that love  
 So pure, an emanation from above  
 O that I could escape this wretched thrall,  
 And leave, forever leave, my father's hall !  
 But go, and seek the wanderer , — glen and cave  
 Patient explore — his refuge, or his grave  
 Find him , and, faithful, with unwearied feet

<sup>1</sup> The original runs, Salt is thrown upon my heart, expressive of anguish

Return, and tell me his forlorn retreat.  
Silent I heard her earnest prayer  
Marked her desponding voice and air  
And while she still, in tenderest mood,  
Bedewed with tears before me stood,  
The story of thy woes, which long  
Had been the theme of many a song,  
Familiar to the country round,  
I sang, and deep affection found  
So deep that, sigh succeeding sigh,  
She trembled in her agony  
And, senseless, sank upon the ground,  
Where pale and motionless she lay  
As if her life had ebbed away  
But soon as that dread swoon was o'er  
And sobs and tears relieved her heart  
Again she pressed me to restore  
Him she adored — If kind thou art  
And kind thou must be to a wretch forlorn,  
I feel thou wouldst not play a traitor's part  
Thou canst not view my misery with scorn.  
Alas ! though I may seem to him untrue,  
Pity is still to woman's sorrows due.

“ Her rosy fingers press  
The written tale of her distress  
And raising to her ruby mouth  
That passionate record of her truth,  
Kissed it a thousand times, and shed  
A flood of tears, whilst mournfully she said —

‘To him this sad memorial give —

To him for whom alone I live ’”

Majnun, perplexed, with painful feelings riven,  
Seemed to refuse what still to him was Heaven ;

Imputed falsehood swept across his mind,  
But left no dark distrustful thoughts behind

At length, the writing eagerly he took ,  
But, as he read, he faltered, wept, and shook

Adoring the Creator,<sup>1</sup> she began —

“ Beyond the praise of tongue, to mortal man

His love and goodness,” — thus her *nameh* ran —

“ He with the light of wisdom cheers the soul ,

He bids the cheek to glow, the eye to roll,

And every mortal bends to His control

To this, He scatters jewels bright and rare,

To that, good sense to strive with worldly care

To me He gave the love which time defies —

The love I bear thee, spotless from the skies ,

Fountain of Khizer,<sup>2</sup> sparkling in the shade !

Fountain of life to thine own Arab maid !

In truth and love to thee my heart was given, —

<sup>1</sup> This is the usual process in Oriental composition , and there is not a document ever written in Arabic or Persian but has the letter Alif, at least, placed at the top of the page, signifying there is but one God The poets are especially scrupulous in pious exordiums to the Deity

<sup>2</sup> Khizer is the name of a prophet, who, according to Oriental tradition was vizier and general to an ancient king of Persia. They say that he discovered and drank of the fountain of life, and that, in consequence, he will not die till the last trumpet. He is by some confounded with the prophet Elias, and, which is somewhat singular, likewise with St. George of England, whom they call Khizer Elias, imagining that the same soul animated both by transmigration

That truth and love remain the gift of Heaven.  
 Though far from thee — a wife against my will,  
 I am thine own affianced partner still  
 Still single — still in purity and faith  
 Thine own unchanged — unchangeable in death.  
 Thou art all the world to me — the very earth  
 Thou treadst on is to me of matchless worth  
 Yet in a different sphere my race is run  
 I am the moon and thou the radiant sun  
 By destiny thus sundered — how can I  
 Merit reproach who at thy feet would die ?  
 Since thus divided, pity thou my lot  
 With all thy vows and raptures unforget  
 Life's sweetest flowerets, in their brightest bloom,  
 Turned to the bitterness of fell *Zikur* <sup>1</sup>

Yes, Majnun wept and shook and now  
 What answer could he frame, and how?  
 A wanderer destitute — no reed,  
 No tablets, to supply his need —  
 But Laili's messenger had brought  
 The means — and thus the maniac wrote —  
 To Him who formed the starry throne  
 Of heaven and rules the world alone  
 Who in the dark mysterious mine,  
 Maketh the unseen diamond shine  
 Who thus on human life bestows  
 The gem which in devotion glows

<sup>1</sup> An infernal tree, mentioned in the Koran, the fruit of which is supposed to be the heads of devils.

To Him be gratitude and praise,  
The constant theme of Moslem lays<sup>1</sup>  
— A burning heart, in sorrow deep,  
What can it do but sigh and weep?  
And what can this memorial bear  
To thee, but wailings of despair?  
I am the dust beneath thy feet,  
Though destined never more to meet.  
Thy beauty is my Kaba shrine,  
The arc of heaven, forever mine,  
Garden of Irem — hid from me,  
The Paradise I must not see,  
Yet thou hast quenched my genial light,  
My day is now like blackest night  
With fondness on thy flattering tongue  
Thou smilest, and my heart is wrung,  
For those whose tongues are gentlest found  
Are wont to give the deadliest wound  
The lily's petals oft appear  
As fatal as the sword or spear  
She, whom 'twas rapture to behold,  
Could she be basely bought and sold?  
Couldst thou to me thy promise break,  
And spurn me for another's sake?  
Acting a bland deceiver's part,  
And solacing another's heart<sup>1</sup>  
But, peace<sup>1</sup> — no more of thoughts so sad,  
Or I shall grow intensely mad,  
I yearn no more those lips to press, —  
But is the joy of memory less?

The morning breeze thy fragrance brings  
And up my heart exulting springs  
Still more when I reflecting see  
How once the cup was filled by thee.  
O Heaven ! how rapturous to receive  
That which forbids the heart to grieve  
To sit with thee in amorous play  
And quaff the ruby every day  
To kiss those lips all honey dew  
Of liquid bright cornelian hue !  
Oh I could I kiss them once again !  
The fancy fires my wildered brain.  
— Need I the painter's art to trace  
The lineaments of thy angel face ?  
No — they're indelibly impressed  
Within my ever faithful breast.  
'Tis ours, divided to deplore  
Scenes we can never witness more  
But, though on earth denied to rest,  
Shall we not both in heaven be blessed ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

Majnun's distracted state was not unknown  
Where to the wretched kindness could be shown  
— A wealthy chieftain (Selim was his name)  
Whose generous deeds had won the world's acclaim  
Whose heart was still on others' woes engaged —  
He healed their wounds, their anguish he assuaged  
Raiment and various food had oft supplied  
Where'er the love torn wanderer might abide.  
Mounted upon his rapid steed, one day,

He sought the distant place where Majnun lay ,  
And him at length, with placid mien, he found  
By herds of forest beasts encompassed round  
Fearful of savage natures, he retired,  
Till Majnun, beckoning, confidence inspired ,  
And then, approaching near, he told his name,  
And recognized him, though his wasted frame  
Seemed an uncoffined corse    Ashamed, he said —  
“ O let these robes thy naked body shade,  
These robes for thee brought hither ” “ Not for me ,  
I want no covering, — without clothes I'm free  
Behold these tattered fragments, thrown aside ,  
These once were robes, and once my foolish pride ”  
But, pressed again, those tatters he resumed,  
And sat like one to death and darkness doomed. —  
Now savory viands were before him spread,  
But not a morsel raised he to his head ,  
He turned him round, and, scorning the repast,  
To his familiars all the banquet cast  
Then Selim asked “ What is thy food, my friend?  
Without support, thy life must quickly end ”  
—“ My spirit's freshness, and its secret power,  
Come from the breeze which marks the morning-hour ,  
Yes, every zephyr from my mistress brings  
Life to the soul upon its fragrant wings ,  
When hunger presses, from the weeping trees  
I gather gums, its cravings to appease ,  
And herbs and grass, and the transparent rill,  
Support me in the state thou seest me still ,  
But though thy proffered food regale not me,

The beasts around enjoyed the lumpenny  
And if I can hit on living things to feed  
Birds might be caught — but I detest the deed  
And he who is contented I pray to eat  
Defies the world — the world is at his feet  
But what can pomp and wealth and life avail?  
I live unprayed — but hear the Zahid's tale

"In ancient times a king, they say  
Through a wild forest took his way  
And marking as he went  
A Zahid's desolate abode  
Asked his attendants if they knew  
What the Recluse was wont to do  
What was his food and where he slept  
And why remote from man he kept —  
A courtier to the Zahid ran  
And soon I caught forth that holy man —  
And wherefore dost thou pass thy days  
Shunning the world's inviting ways  
Choosing this dismal wretched hole  
Grave of the body and the soul?  
— I have no friends to love me — none,  
No power except to live alone  
Then where his fawns in quiet fed  
Took up some blades of grass and said —  
This is my food — this, want supplies I  
The courtier looked with scornful eyes  
And answered — 'Taste but royal food  
And thou'lt not fancy grass so good

‘Indeed!’ the Zahid said, and smiled,  
‘That is a sad mistake, my child !  
Worldlings are still to luxury prone ,  
To thee its sweetness is unknown ,  
Stranger to such delicious fare,  
No doubt thou’rt charmed with food more rare ,’  
—Soon as this speech the monarch heard,  
Noting, attentive, every word,  
And wondering such a seer to meet,  
Fell at the pious Zahid’s feet,  
And kissed the greensward, as he knelt  
Where that contented hermit dwelt ”

## XVI

## MAJNUN’S MOTHER DIES

O’er Majnun’s spirit, long in darkness cast,  
A fitful gleam of homeward feeling passed ,  
And now he asks for friends he once preferred,  
Asks for his mother, broken-winged bird ,  
And wishes e’en to visit home again —  
As if the maddening fire had left his brain  
Selim at this brief glimpse of reason caught,  
And to his mother’s distant mansion brought  
Without delay the wanderer    Deep her grief  
To see how withered was that verdant leaf —  
To see the red rose faded from his cheek,  
His eye so altered, and his frame so weak ,  
From head to foot she kisses him, and weeps ,  
His hair, all matted, in her tears she steeps,

And clasps him fondly to her beating heart,  
As if she never from her boy would part —  
“My darling child ! the love game thou hast played  
Has thus, alas ! reduced thee to a shade  
In that encounter sad of mortal scathe  
Thou graspedst the two-edged scimiter of death  
Thy father gone, his troubles all are past,  
Hearthbroken man ! and I shall follow fast.  
Arise ! and enter thy own mansion here  
Come — tis thy own sweet home, and doubly dear—  
Thy nest — and birds, though distant in their flight,  
Always return to their own nests at night.  
While yet an infant in thy cradle bed  
I watched thy slumber pillowed thy sweet head  
And canst thou now that mother’s fondness see,  
And mark without remorse her love for thee?  
Refuse the joy thy presence can impart,  
And cast a shadow o’er her drooping heart?”

A cloud again obscured the orb of day —  
Again his wavering intellect gave way  
Mother there is no hope — the time is past  
With gloom eternal is my fate o’ercast  
No fault of mine — no crime, to press me down —  
But all my countless woes to thee are known,  
Like a poor bird within its cage immured  
My soul has long this prison-life endured.  
Ask me not, mother to remain at home,  
For there to me, no peace can ever come.  
Oh better will it be for me to stray  
Mid mountain glens and herd with beasts of prey,

Than linger on a spot where human care  
 Only augments my misery and despair "  
 He ceased and kissed his mother's feet, and fled  
 Precipitate along the path which led  
 To the wild mountains Dreadful was the stroke !  
 The mother's heart, like the old father's, broke ,  
 In Death's cold ocean, wave follows wave ,  
 And thus she followed to the silent grave

Selim again the maniac's haunts explored,  
 Again supplied his frugal board,  
 And, with a mournful voice, the tale revealed -

Father and mother gone,

Himself now left alone,

Sole heir — his doom of desolation sealed —

He beat his brows, and from his eyes

Fell tears of blood , his piercing cries

Rang through the forest, and again,

Pouring the saddest, wildest strain,

He hastened from his gloomy cave,

To weep upon his mother's grave

But when that paroxysm of grief —

That agony intense, but brief —

Had, like a whirlwind, passed away,

And left him in a milder mood,

To love and Laili still a prey,

He trod again his mountain solitude :

For what to him was hoarded store,

The wealth of parents now no more?

Had he not long, ill-fated one !

Abandoned all for love alone?

## XVII

## THE SERENADE

Laili meanwhile had read and seen  
What Majnun's thoughts had ever been  
And though her plighted faith seemed broken,  
From him she held the tenderest token  
Deep in her heart, a thousand woes  
Disturbed her days and nights repose :  
A serpent at its very core,  
Writhing and gnawing evermore ,  
And no relief — a prison room  
Being now the lovely sufferer's doom.  
— Fate<sup>1</sup> looked at last with favoring eye  
The night was dark, no watchman nigh  
And she had gained the outer gate,  
Where, shrouded, unobserved she sat.  
Gazing on every side to find  
Some friend to calm her troubled mind ,  
When welcome as a cherished guest,  
A holy seer her vision blessed  
Who ever like an angel, strove  
The heart's deep anguish to remove ,  
Who lived to succor the distressed,  
To soothe and stanch the bleeding breast :  
To him she spake     In pity hear,  
A wretch distraught with love and fear !

<sup>1</sup> Literally The day on which her food was not infested with flies.  
A day free from misfortune or annoyance

Know'st thou the youth, of peerless grace,  
 Who mingles with the forest race,  
 Savage or tame, and fills the air,  
 Alas ! for me, with his despair ? ”

— “ Yes, lovely moon ! ” he answered, — “ well I know  
 That hapless wanderer, and his careless woe ,  
 Laid still on his tongue, the Arab maid  
 He careless seeds through every bower and glade,  
 Unconscious of the world, its bloom or blight,  
 Laid alone forever in his sight ”

The Arab maiden wept, and cried — “ No more !  
 I am the cause, and I his loss deplore ,  
 Both have our sorrows, both are doomed to feel  
 The wounds of absence, which will never heal ,  
 For me he roams through desert wild and drear,  
 While Fate condemns me to be fettered here ! ”  
 — Then from her ear a lustrous gem she drew,  
 Which, having kissed, she to the hermit threw —  
 And said — “ Forbid it I should ask in vain !  
 Let those fond eyes behold his face again !  
 But caution must control the zeal you show  
 Some signal must be given, that I may know  
 When he is nigh — some stanzas of his own  
 Warbled beneath my casement, where, alone,  
 I sit and watch — for secret must we be,  
 Or all is lost to Maynun and to me ! ”  
 — Within his girdle-fold the smiling saint  
 Placed the rich gem, and on his errand went.  
 But did no obstacle his task oppose ?  
 A thousand, daily, in his progress rose

Where'er his arduous course he anxious urged  
Perplexing paths in various lines diverged  
Through tangled glens, the ground with creepers spread,  
Meshes of shadowy branches o'er his head,  
Now a wide plain before him — mountains gray  
And now an emerald greensward cheered his way  
At last upon a hillock's shady side  
The long sought love sick wanderer he descried,  
By forest beasts surrounded, — in a ring  
Like guards appointed to protect their king  
Majnun perceived him and with upraised hand  
Made his wild followers at a distance stand  
And then the seer approached — his homage paid —  
"O thou, unmatched in love! he kindly said  
Laili the world and beauty's queen  
Who long has thy adorer been  
And many a year has run its race,  
Since she has seen that pensive face —  
Since she has heard that tuneful voice  
Which ever made her heart rejoice  
And now at her command I bear  
Her earnest almost dying, prayer  
She longs to see thee once again  
To sit with thee and soothe thy pain,  
To feel on pleasure's downy wings,  
The joy a lover's presence brings.  
And wilt thou not, with equal glee,  
Behold thyself from bondage free?  
The Grove of Palms thy feet must trace,  
Near Laili's rural dwelling place

That is the promised spot , and thou  
Wilt there receive both pledge and vow,  
And sing, with voice subdued and clear,  
Thy sweetest ghazel in her ear ”  
Majnun arose with joyous look,  
And for his guide the hermit took  
And, passing quick the space between,  
Arrived at that romantic scene  
Where the majestic palms displayed  
A cool, refreshing depth of shade ,  
And there the tribes of wood and plum,  
Which formed the wanderer's vassal-train,  
Promptly as human retinue,  
To an adjoining copse withdrew

The seer, advancing with a cautious pace,  
To the pavilion of that angel face —  
That star of beauty — that sweet silvery moon —  
Whispered the presence of her own Majnun  
But woman's mind can from its purpose range,  
And seem to change, without the power to change ,  
And thus she said “ Alas ! it cannot be  
I must not meet him such is Fate's decree ,  
The lamp thus lit, Love's temple to illumine,  
Will not enlighten, but the heart consume ,  
For I am wedded — to another given —  
This worthless dust still in the view of Heaven ,  
And though compelled — let others bear the blame ! —  
I was not born to sacrifice my fame  
Prudence forbids such perils should be mine ,

Rather forever let me here repine  
But faithful still, with his melodious tongue  
How often have the sweetest echoes rung?  
Yes, faithful still, he may upon mine ear  
Chant the rich numbers which I love to hear  
Let him with nectar fill his luscious cup,  
And, still adoring, I will drink it up  
Prostrate, in tears, upon a fountain's side  
The saint found Majnun, who impatient cried—

What is this amber incense round me flying?  
Is it the breath of spring o'er rosebuds sighing?  
No—not the fragrance of the early spring—  
Laili's sweet locks alone such odors fling!  
So powerful is the impulse they impart,  
They fill with dying ecstasy my heart.

The saint, well taught in love's mysterious lore,  
Knew what it was the absent to deplore  
But said—Thou canst not hope that she  
Unsought, unasked, will come to thee!  
Woman demands a warmer suit,  
And none her sacred power dispute.

“Upbraid me not with maxims old—  
Thinkst thou that Majnun's suit is cold  
When, from the very scent, I feel  
Intoxication o'er me steal?  
Must I the real bliss decline  
And never taste the luscious wine?  
So saying, seated in that palmy grove  
To Laili thus he breathed his lay of love.

"O whither art thou gone?  
 And where am I? — alone!  
 Forsaken, lost — and what remains?  
 Life only creeping through my veins,  
 And yet that life is not my own,  
 But thine, — I only breathe to moan  
 A thing of memory, to deplore  
 The past, since hope can smile no more  
 Familiar to the pangs which scorn relief,  
 Grief<sup>1</sup> smiles upon me, and I smile on grief  
 Grief makes thee dearer still, for grief and thee  
 Seem of each other born    Grief paints to me  
 Thy matchless beauty — without grief, no thought  
 Of thy perfections to my mind is brought  
 O Heaven! that ever we were doomed to part! —  
 We are but one — two bodies, and one heart  
 As summer clouds with rain the meadows greet,  
 Majnun dissolves in sorrow at thy feet,  
 Whilst thy soft cheeks lend beauty to the sky,  
 Majnun, alas! is taught by them to die  
 The bulbul<sup>2</sup> o'er thy roses joyous stoops,  
 Majnun, from thee disjoined, divided, droops,  
 And whilst the world devotes itself to strife,  
 Majnun would sacrifice to thee his life  
 O that kind fortune would our joys approve,  
 And yield the blessings of successful love!  
 The gorgeous moon, with her pellucid light,

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare has something like this personification of grief in  
*King John* iii

<sup>2</sup> The bulbul is the nightingale

Converting into dazzling day the night  
And we together seated, ear to ear  
The sparkling wine our beverage ever near  
I playing with those ringlets, which descend  
In magic curls, and o'er thy shoulders bend  
Thou, with those dark and love-enkindling eyes,  
In which the living spell of witchery lies  
Gazing in fondness on me That sweet lip !  
I see it the rich wine enamoured sip  
I see us both — what happiness ! and none  
To drive the sovereign pleasure from his throne  
Nor shame nor fear to crush affection's flower  
Happy unseen in that sequestered bower  
— But bring me wine ! this bright illusion stay !  
Wine ! wine ! keep sad realities away !  
Wine, Saki, wine ! the house without a light  
Is but a prison, odious to the sight  
For broken hearts, immured in gloom like mine,  
Are dungeon-dark, unblessed with light or wine  
O God ! preserve me from this endless night !  
Give me one day of joy — one moment of delight !  
Then strangely moved, he wildly closed his lay  
Sprung on his feet, and sudden burst away  
And Laili who had heard him deeply mourned  
And, sad to her secluded home returned

## XVIII.

## LOVE

Through many a town and bower had spread  
The maniac's tale — all anxious read  
In Bagdad and far-distant plains  
The mournful lover's amorous strains ,  
And every heart, which had been wrung  
With withered hopes, in pity hung  
O'er sorrows which to madness drove —  
The very martyrdom of love  
And all aspired to seek the cave  
Which hourly might become his grave ,  
To find th' enduring man , to view  
That prodigy — but seen by few —  
Of whom the world astonished spoke,  
As crushed beneath misfortune's yoke ,  
Whose truth and constancy excelled  
All that the world had e'er beheld  
A gallant youth, who long had known  
The pangs of love, impatient rose,  
And on his camel, all alone,  
Sought for the man of many woes ,  
Anxious to be the first to see  
The man preeminent in misery ,  
And many a farsang<sup>1</sup> he had rode,  
Before he reached the lover's wild abode

<sup>1</sup> A parasang, a league

Majnun beheld him from afar  
And sent his vassals to their lair  
And welcome gave and asked his name,  
And whence the hurrying stranger came. —  
“I come my friend, to make thee glad  
I come from beautiful Bagdad.

In that enchanting place I might  
Have lived in transport day and night  
But I have heard thy tender lays,  
Thy sorrows, which the world amaze  
And all that now remains for me  
Is all life long to dwell with thee  
Thy tuneful strains such joy impart,  
Each word is treasured in my heart  
In love, like thee, I weep and sigh —  
Let us together live — together die !  
Astonished at this strange desire,

Laughing, the maniac thus replies —  
“Sir knight ! so soon does pleasure tire ?  
And dost thou worldly pomp despise,  
And all that luxury can give,  
With me in wood and cave to live ?

“Mistaken youth ! what dost thou know  
Of broken hearts — of love like mine —  
That thou shouldst life's sweet joys forego,  
And every cheering hope resign ?  
I have companions, night and day  
But forest inmates — beasts of prey  
Yet do I ask no other — none ,

I'd rather live with them alone  
What hast thou social seen in me,  
When demons from my presence flee,  
That thou wouldst brave the noontide heat,  
The dangers of the midnight air,  
Unsheltered, naked head and feet,  
To herd with one not worth thy care,  
Nor worth a thought? Beneath the scorching sun  
I thread the wild wood, and, when day is done,  
Lay myself down upon a beggar's throne —  
My canopy, the trees — my pillow, a rude stone  
Houseless and poor, and oft with hunger pressed,  
How can I take a stranger for my guest?  
Whilst thou, surrounded by thy friends at home,  
Moved by no need, but by a whim to roam,  
Mayst pass thy hours in cheerfulness and glee,  
And never think of such a wretch as me !”

The gallant youth now placed in view

Various refreshments he had thither brought —  
Sweet cakes and fruit — and from his pannier drew

Heart-easing wine, his purpose to promote,  
To win the favor of the moon-struck man ,  
And thus his brief but earnest speech began —  
“ Friend, share my meal in kindness, and allow  
A smile of joy to clear that furrowed brow !  
In bread is life , it strengthens every part,  
And, while it strengthens, cheers the drooping heart ”  
Majnun rejoined “ The argument is just ,  
Without refreshment man descends to dust  
Nerve, power, and strength from nourishment proceed ,

But this is not the nourishment I need”

“Yet mortals change whate'er their arm;

Nothing on earth remains the same

I know thou canst not be removed

I never thus thou canst not be

Perpetual change the Heavens have joined

And not but and in unison only

Attend its truth — That thou hast loved

I know — but thou mayst yet be free

The heavens are clothed in deepest gloom;

Black is the threatening day of doom

The clouds fly off the storm is past

No longer howls the scattering blast

The heavens resume their wonted sheen,

And laughter flows the vale I ween

So grief devours the heart awhile

So frowns are followed by a smile

Like thee was I enchanted bound

Cleft by love's galling fetters round

But to the winds my grief I flung

And to my fate no longer clung

This fire of love which burns so bright

What is it but a treacherous light?

The type of youth — when that is o'er

The burning mountain flames no more

But Majnun spurned the traitor thought and said —

“Speakst thou to me as one to feeling dead?

I am myself the king of love — and now

Glory in my dominion: and wouldst thou

I persuade me to abandon all that Heaven

Has, mid my sufferings, for my solace given,  
 To quit that cherished hope, than life more dear,  
 Which rivets me to earth, and keeps me here?  
 That pure ethereal love, that mystic flower,  
 Nurtured in Heaven, fit for an angel's dower?  
 What ! from my heart expel the dream of love?  
 First from the ocean's bed the sands remove !  
 Useless the effort, — useless is thy aim, —  
 Thou canst not quench a never dying flame  
 Then cease persuasion    Why to me appear  
 A master, teaching, like some holy seer?  
 He who aspires to open locks, they say,  
 To be successful, first must know the way "  
 The youth perceived his error, yet remained  
     In friendly converse a few fleeting days,  
 And, by the oracle of love enchained,  
     Listened, enraptured, to his varied lays,  
 Companionship delectable ! then rose  
     To bid adieu, since there he might not stay,  
 And, sorrowing, left the man of many woes,  
     Surrounded by his vassal beasts of prey

## XIX

## LAILI'S HUSBAND DIES

How beautifully blue  
     The firmament ! how bright  
 The moon is sailing through  
     The vast expanse, to-night !

And at this lonely hour  
The lonely Laili weeps  
Within her prison tower  
And her sad record keeps—

How many days—how many years  
Her sorrow she has borne  
A forgetting and a sigh and tears  
A night that has no morn  
Yet in that guarded tower she lays her head  
Shut like a gem within its ivory bed  
And who the watchet of that place of sighs?  
Her husband!—he the dragon watch supplies.

What words are those which meet her anxious ear?  
Unusual wail is unusual sighs appear  
Lamps flickering round and wailings sad and low  
Seem to proclaim some sudden burst of woe  
Beneath her casement rings a wild lament  
Death notes disturb the night—the air is rent  
With clamorous voices—every hope is fled  
He breathes no longer—Hun Salam is dead!  
The fever's rage had nipped him in his bloom,  
He sank unloved, unpitied to the tomb.

And Laili marks the moon—a cloud  
Had stained its lucid face,  
The mournful token of a shroud,  
End of the humble and the proud,  
The grave their resting place  
And now to her the tale is told,

Her husband's hand and heart are cold ·  
And must she mourn the death of one  
Whom she had loathed to look upon?  
In customary garb arrayed,  
The pomp of grief must be displayed —  
Dishevelled tresses, streaming eyes,  
The heart remaining in disguise —  
She seemed, distraction in her mien,  
To feel her loss, if loss had been ,  
But all the burning tears she shed  
Were for her own Majnun, not for the dead !

The rose that hailed the purple morn,  
All glistening with the balmy dew,  
Looked still more lonely when the thorn  
Had been removed from where it grew  
But Arab laws had still their claim  
Upon a virtuous widow's fame  
And what destroyed all chance of blame?  
Two years to droop behind the screen ,  
Two years unseeing, and unseen !  
No, not a glance in all that time,  
Blooming in life's luxurious prime,  
Was e'er allowed to womankind ,  
Since, but to household faces blind,  
She must at home her vigils keep,  
Her business still to groan and weep  
And Laili weeps , but who can tell  
What secrets may her bosom swell?  
The beauteous eyes in tears may swim,

The heart may throb but not for him  
Who in the grave unconscious sleeps —  
Alone for Majnun Laili weeps !  
Accustomed hourly to rehearse  
Her distant lover's glowing verse  
Framed like a spell to charm and bless,  
And soothe her heart's extreme distress.

• • • • •  
"O what a night ! a long and dreary night !  
It is not night but darkness without end  
Awful extinction of ethereal light,  
Companionless I sit, without one friend.

"Is the immortal source of light congealed?  
Or has the dreadful day of judgment come?  
Nature's fair form beneath a pall concealed  
Oh ! what a night of soul-destroying gloom !  
Can the shrill waker of the morn be dead?  
Is the Mowazzin heedless of his trust?  
Has the lone warder from his watch tower fled,  
Or weary of his task, returned to dust?

O God ! restore to me the joyous light  
Which first illumed my heart — the golden ray  
Of youthful love — that from this prison night,  
I may escape and feel the bliss of day !

Years, days how slowly they roll on !  
And yet how quickly life is gone !  
The future soon becomes the past —  
Ceaseless the course of time At last

The morning came, the king of day  
 Arose in festival array,  
 And Laili's night had passed away  
 Her morn of beauty o'er her face,  
 Shining, resumed its wonted grace,  
 And with soft step of fairy lightness  
 She moved, a glittering moon in brightness.  
 And what was now her highest aim?  
 The impulse quivering through her frame?  
 Her secret love, so long concealed,  
 She now without a blush revealed  
 And first she called her faithful Zyd,  
 On many a tender mission tried,  
 In whom her heart could best confide:  
 "To-day is not the day of hope,  
 Which only gives to fancy scope,  
 It is the day our hopes completing,  
 It is the lovers' day of meeting!  
 Rise up! the world is full of joy,  
 Rise up! and serve thy mistress, boy,  
 Together, where the cypress grows,  
 Place the red tulip and the rose,  
 And let the long-dissevered meet—  
 Two lovers, in communion sweet"

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE LOVERS MEET

They meet but how? hearts long to joy unknown  
Know not what tis to be except alone  
Feeling intense had checked the power to speak  
Silent confusion sat upon each cheek  
Speechless with love unutterable they  
Stood gazing at each other all the day  
Thus when a chamber holds no golden store,  
No lock protects the ever open door  
But when rich hoards of gold become a lure  
A lock is placed to keep that wealth secure,  
So when the heart is full the voice is bound —  
For ready speech with grief is rarely found  
Laili with looks of love was first who caught  
The soft expression of her bursting thought  
“Alas! she said as over him she hung  
“What wondrous grief is this that chains the tongue?  
The bulbul famed for its mellifluous note  
Without the rose can swell his tuneful throat  
And when in fragrant bowers the rose he sees,  
He warbles sweeter still his ecstasies.  
Thou art the bulbul of the bright parterre,  
And I the rose—why not thy love declare?  
Why being absent, whilst unseen by thee  
Arose to heaven thy voice and minstrelsy?  
And now at length, when we are met, alone,  
Thy love has vanished and thy voice is gone!  
A gush of tears to Majnun gave relief

Words came "The misery mine, and mine the grief  
The memory of those lips, so balmy sweet,  
Bound up my tongue, which would their charms repeat  
When I, a falcon, through the woodlands flew,  
The spotted partridge never met my view,  
And now when I'm unequal to the flight,  
The long-sought beauteous bird has come in sight  
The substance thou, in angel charms arrayed,  
And what am I? I know not — but a shade,  
Without thee nothing Fancy would enthrone  
Us both together, melted into one,  
And thus united to each other, we  
Are equal — equal in our constancy  
Two bodies with one heart and soul the same,  
Two tapers with one pure celestial flame,  
Of the same essence formed, together joined,  
Two drops in one, each soul to each resigned"  
He paused, and with ineffable delight,

Laili gazed on his glowing countenance,  
So long estranged and hidden from her sight

Now throbs his heart at every fondling glance  
The fragrance of her ringlets which enwreath  
Her smooth round neck, her jasmine-scented breath,  
The sweet confession of her tremulous eyes,  
The ardent love which time and chance defies,  
The chin of dimpled sweetness, the soft cheek,  
The open ruby lips prepared to speak,  
Madden his finer feelings, and again  
A sudden tempest rushes through his brain,  
Furious he gazes round him for a while,

Then looks at Laili with a ghastly smile  
Rends off his Jama-dress in frantic mood,  
Starts, as with more than human force endued  
And shouting hurries to the desert plain,  
Followed by all his savage vassal train.

\* \* \* \* \*

\*

LAILI DIES.

His love was chaste and pure as heaven :  
But by excess to madness driven  
Visions of rapture filled his soul  
His thoughts sublime despised control  
A joy allied to joys above  
Was mingled with his dreamy love  
O Majnun I lost, forever gone  
The world is full of love but none,  
None ever bowed at beauty's shrine  
With such a sunless soul as thine.

\* \* \* \* \*

In summer all is bright and gay  
In autumn verdure fades away  
The trees assume a sickly hue,  
Unnourished by the fragrant dew  
The genial sap through numerous rills,  
From root and branch and leaf distils ,  
But, drying in the chilly air  
The groves become despoiled and bare  
Sapless the garden's flowery pride

The winds disperse on every side,  
And all that sight and smell delighted  
Is by the ruthless season blighted  
So Laili's summer hours have passed,  
And now she feels the autumnal blast,  
Her bowers, her blooming bowers, assailed,  
The perfume of the rose exhaled,  
Its withered leaves bestrew the ground,  
And desolation reigns around  
For from the moment she beheld  
Her lover's mental state unveiled,  
Her heart no consolation knew,  
Deprived of hope's refreshing dew  
Ere that o'erwhelming misery came,  
Thoughts of new life upheld her frame  
Amidst her bitterest weeping and distress,  
Mid the dark broodings of her loneliness,  
Though crushed her feelings, and the man she loved  
A wanderer of the forest, strangely moved,  
Still was there hope, still was her mental gaze  
Fixed on the expected joys of after-days  
But now all hope had perished <sup>1</sup> — she had seen  
The frenzied workings of that noble mien  
The fit delirious, the appalling start,  
And grief and terror seized her trembling heart  
No tears she sheds, but pines <sup>1</sup> away

<sup>1</sup> Nizami is here rather undignified, but only, perhaps, according to our European notions. Literally, That beautiful cypress tree became as thin as a toothpick! "As slender as the new moon" is the usual simile

In deep entire despair ,  
The worm has seized its destined prey,  
The blight is on that face so fair  
And fearful symptoms of a swift decay  
Come o'er her delicate frame that in the strife  
She almost sinks beneath the load of life  
Feeling the ebbing of the vital tide,  
She calls her weeping mother to her side  
Mother ! my hour is come, thou needst no longer  
chide  
For now no longer can my heart conceal  
What once twas useless to reveal  
Yet, spite of thy affection thou  
Mayst blame my fatal passion now  
But I have in my rapture quaffed  
Poison in love's delicious draught ,  
And feel the agony which sears  
The soul and dries the source of tears.  
O mother ! mother ! all I crave,  
When I am pillowed in my grave,  
Is that the anguish-stricken youth  
Whose wondrous constancy and truth  
Blended our souls in one, may come  
And weep upon his Laili's tomb.  
Forbid him not but let him there  
Pour forth the flood of his despair,  
And no unhallowed step intrude  
Upon his sacred solitude.  
For he to me my life, my stay  
Was precious as the light of day

Amazing was his love, sublime,  
 Which mocked the wonted power of time,  
 And when thou seest him grovelling near,  
 Wildly lamenting o'er my bier,  
 Frown not, but kindly, soothingly relate  
 Whate'er thou knowest of my disastrous fate.  
 Say to that woe-worn wanderer, — ' All is o'er ,  
 Laili, thy own sad friend, is now no more ,  
 From this world's heavy chains forever free,  
 To thee her heart was given — she died for thee !  
 With love so blended was her life, so true  
 That glowing love, no other joy she knew  
 No worldly cares her thoughts had e'er oppressed ,  
 The love of thee alone disturbed her rest ,  
 And in that love her gentle spirit passed,  
 Breathing on thee her blessing to the last ' "

The mournful mother gazed upon her child,  
 Now voiceless — though her lips imploring smiled ,  
 Saw the dread change, the sudden pause of breath —  
 Her beauty settled in the trance of death ,<sup>1</sup>  
 And, in the frenzy of her anguish, tore  
 Her hoary locks, the 'broidered dress she wore ,  
 Dissolved in tears, her wild and sorrowing cries  
 Brought down compassion from the weeping skies ,

<sup>1</sup> Richardson has observed, in the dissertation prefixed to his Arabic and Persian dictionary "Dying for love is considered among us as a mere poetic figure, and we certainly can support the reality by few examples, but in Eastern countries it seems to be something more, many words in the Arabic and Persian languages, which express love, implying also melancholy, madness, and death" Majnun, for instance, signifies furious, frantic, mad

And so intense her grief she shivering fell  
Prostrate upon the corse insensible  
And never never rose again — the thread  
Of life was broke — both clasped together dead !  
          \*       \*                   \*       \*       \*       \*

## MAJNUV DIES.

O world ! how treacherous thou art !  
With angel form and demon's heart  
A rosary of beads in hand  
And covertly a trenchant brand  
The rolling heavens with azure glow  
But storms o'erwhelm our hopes below  
The ship is tossed upon the shore  
The wanderer meets his friends no more  
On flowery field or boisterous wave  
Alike is found a yawning grave  
For formless, riding through the air  
Devouring death is everywhere  
Khosru, and Kai kobad, and Jum,  
Have all descended to the tomb  
And who composed of mortal clay  
The universal doom can stay ?  
For this, in vain, have youth and age  
Pondered o'er learning's mystic page,  
No human power can penetrate  
The mysteries of all ruling fate  
Fragile life is but a moment's breath  
The world alas ! is full of death.

How many wept that fair one, gone so soon !  
 How many wept o'er that departed moon ! —  
 How many mourned with broken hearts for her !  
 How many bathed with tears her sepulchre !  
 Round her pure dust assembled old and young,  
 And on the sod their fragrant offerings flung ,  
 Hallowed the spot where amorous youth and maid  
 In after-times their duteous homage paid

Again it was the task of faithful Zyd,  
 Through far-extending plain and forest wide,  
 To seek the man of many woes, and tell  
 The fate of her, alas ! he loved so well,  
 Loved, doted on, until his mind, o'erwrought  
 Was crushed beneath intolerable thought

— With bleeding heart he found his lone abode,  
 Watering with tears the path on which he rode,  
 And beating his sad breast, Majnun perceived  
 His friend approach, and asked him why he grieved,  
 What withering sorrow on his cheek had preyed,  
 And why in melancholy black <sup>1</sup> arrayed  
 “ Alas ! ” he cried, “ the hail has crushed my bowers ,  
 A sudden storm has blighted all my flowers ,  
 Thy cypress tree o'erthrown, the leaves are sear ,  
 The moon has fallen from her lucid sphere ,  
 Laili is dead ! ” No sooner was the word  
 Uttered, no sooner the dread tidings heard,

<sup>1</sup> Literally, Why hast thou put on a black upper-garment ? The usual mourning of Mohammedans is green

Than Majnun sudden as the lightning's stroke  
Sank on the ground unconscious, with the shock,  
And there lay motionless, as if his life  
Had been extinguished in that mortal strife  
But soon recovering he prepared to rise  
Kewakened frenzy glaring in his eyes,  
And starting on his feet a hollow groan  
Burst from his heart. Now now I am alone!  
Why hast thou harrowing words like these expressed?  
Why hast thou plunged a dagger in my breast?  
Away! away! The savage beasts around  
In a wide circle crouched upon the ground  
Wondering looked on whilst furiously he rent  
His tattered garments and his loud lament  
Rang through the echoing forest. Now he threads  
The mazes of the shadowy wood which spreads  
Perpetual gloom and now emerges where  
Nor bower nor grove obstructs the fiery air  
Climbs to the mountain's brow o'er hill and plain  
Urged quicker onward by his burning brain,  
Across the desert's arid boundary hies  
Zyd like his shadow following where he flies;  
And when the tomb of Laili meets his view  
Prostrate he falls, the ground his tears bedew,  
Rolling distraught, he spreads his arm to clasp  
The sacred temple, writhing like an asp  
Despair and horror swell his ceaseless moan,  
And still he clasps the monumental stone  
"Alas!" he cries — No more shall I behold  
That angel face, that form of heavenly mould.

She was the rose I cherished — but a gust  
Of blighting wind has laid her in the dust  
She was my favorite cypress, full of grace,  
But death has snatched her from her bidding-place  
The tyrant has deprived me of the flower  
I planted in my own sequestered bower ,  
The basil sweet, the choicest ever seen,  
Cruelly torn and scattered o'er the green  
O beauteous flower ! nipped by the winter's cold,  
Gone from a world thou never didst behold  
O bower of joy ! with blossoms fresh and fair,  
But doomed, alas ! no ripened fruit to bear  
Where shall I find thee now, in darkness shrouded !  
Those eyes of liquid light forever clouded !  
Where those carnation lips, that musky mole  
Upon thy cheek, that treasure of the soul !  
Though hidden from my view those charms of thine,  
Still do they bloom in this fond heart of mine ,  
Though far removed from all I held so dear,  
Though all I loved on earth be buried here,  
Remembrance to the past enchantment gives,  
Memory, blest memory, in my heart still lives  
Yes ! thou hast quitted this contentious life,  
This scene of endless treachery and strife ,  
And I like thee shall soon my fetters burst,  
And quench in draughts of heavenly love my thirst  
There, where angelic bliss can never cloy,  
We soon shall meet in everlasting joy ,  
The taper of our souls, more clear and bright,  
Will then be lustrous with immortal light ! ”

He ceased and from the tomb to which he clung  
Suddenly to a distance wildly sprung,  
And seated on his camel took the way  
Leading to where his father's mansion lay;  
His troop of vassal beasts as usual, near  
With still unchanged devotion front and rear  
Yet all unconscious reckless where he went  
The sport of passion on no purpose bent  
He sped along or stopped the woods and plains  
Resounding with his melancholy strains  
Such strains as from a broken spirit flow  
The wailings of unmitigable woe  
But the same frenzy which had fired his mind  
Strangely to leave his Laila's grave behind  
Now drove him back, and with augmented grief  
All sighs and tears and hopeless of relief,  
He flings himself upon the tomb again  
As if he there forever would remain  
Fatally mingled with the dust beneath,  
The young the pure the beautiful in death  
Closely he strained the marble to his breast,  
A thousand kisses eagerly impressed  
And knocked his forehead in such desperate mood  
The place around him was distained with blood

Alone unseen his vassals keep remote  
Curious intruders from that sacred spot  
Alone with wasted form and sombre eyes,  
Groaning in anguish he exhausted lies  
No more life's joys or miseries will he meet  
Nothing to rouse him from this last retreat,

Upon a sinking gravestone he is laid,  
The gates already opening for the dead !

Selim, the generous, who had twice before  
Sought his romantic refuge, to implore  
The wanderer to renounce the life he led,  
And shun the ruin bursting o'er his head,  
Again explored the wilderness, again  
Crossed craggy rock, deep glen, and dusty plain,  
To find his new abode    A month had passed  
Mid mountain wild, when, turning back, at last  
He spied the wretched sufferer alone,  
Stretched on the ground, his head upon a stone  
Majnun, up-gazing, recognized his face,  
And bade his growling followers give him place ,  
Then said    " Why art thou here again, since thou  
Left me in wrath ?    What are thy wishes now ?  
I am a wretch bowed down with bitterest woe,  
Doomed the extremes of misery to know,  
Whilst thou, in affluence born, in pleasure nursed,  
Stranger to ills the direst and the worst,  
Can never join, unless in mockery,  
With one so lost to all the world as me ! "

Selim replied    " Fain would I change thy will,  
And bear thee hence, — be thy companion still  
Wealth shall be thine, and peace and social joy,  
And tranquil days, no sorrow to annoy ,  
And she for whom thy soul has yearned so long  
May yet be gained, and none shall do thee wrong " —  
Deeply he groaned, and wept    " No more, no more !  
Speak not of her whose memory I adore ,

She whom I loved than life itself more dear  
My friend, my angel bride is buried here !  
Dead I — but her spirit is now in heaven, whilst I  
Live and am dead with grief — yet do not die.  
This is the fatal spot my Laili's tomb, —  
This the lamented place of martyrdom  
Here lies my life's sole treasure life's sole trust  
All that was bright in beauty gone to dust !"

Selim before him in amazement stood  
Stricken with anguish weeping tears of blood ;  
And consolation blandly tried to give  
What consolation ? Wake his Laili live ?  
His gentle words and looks were only found  
To aggravate the agonizing wound  
And weeks in fruitless sympathy had passed,  
But, patient still he lingered to the last  
Then with an anxious heart of hope bereft,  
The melancholy spot, reluctant, left.

The life of Majnun had received its blight ;  
His troubled day was closing fast in night.  
Still weeping bitter bitter tears he shed  
As grovelling in the dust his hands he spread  
In holy prayer "O God ! Thy servant hear !

And in Thy gracious mercy set him free  
From the afflictions which oppress him here.

That, in the Prophet's name, he may return to Thee !  
Thus murmuring on the tomb he laid his head,  
And with a sigh his wearied spirit fled

• • • • •

And he, too, has performed his pilgrimage.

And who, existing on this earthly stage,  
But follows the same path? whate'er his claim  
To virtue, honor, — worthy praise, or blame,  
So will he answer at the judgment throne,  
Where secrets are unveiled, and all things known,  
Where felon deeds of darkness meet the light,  
And goodness wears its crown with glory bright  
Majnun, removed from this tumultuous scene,  
Which had to him unceasing misery been,  
At length slept on the couch his bride possessed,  
And, wakening, saw her mingled with the blessed  
There still lay stretched his body, many a day,  
Protected by his faithful beasts of prey,  
Whose presence filled with terror all around,  
Who sought to know where Majnun might be found  
Listening they heard low murmurs on the breeze,  
Now loud and mournful, like the hum of bees,  
But still supposed him seated in his place,  
Watched by those sentinels of the savage race  
— A year had passed, and still their watch they  
kept,  
As if their sovereign was not dead, but slept  
Some had been called away, and some had died —  
At last the smouldering relics were descried,  
And when the truth had caught the breath of fame,  
Assembled friends from every quarter came,  
Weeping, they washed his bones, now silvery white,  
With ceaseless tears performed the funeral rite,  
And, opening the incumbent tablet wide,  
Mournfully laid him by his Laili's side.

One promise bound their faithful hearts — one bed  
Of cold cold earth united them when dead  
Severed in life how cruel was their doom !  
Ne'er to be joined but in the silent tomb !

The minstrel's legend chronicle  
Which on their woes delights to dwell,  
Their matchless purity and faith  
And how their dust was mixed in death,  
Tells how the sorrow stricken Zyd  
Saw in a dream the beauteous bride,  
With Majnun seated side by side  
In meditation deep one night,  
The other world flashed on his sight  
With endless vistas of delight —  
The world of spirits — as he lay  
Angels appeared in bright array  
Circles of glory round them gleaming,  
Their eyes with holy rapture beaming,  
He saw the ever verdant bowers,  
With golden fruit and blooming flowers,  
The bulbul heard their sweets among,  
Warbling his rich mellifluous song  
The ring-dove's murmuring, and the swell  
Of melody from harp and shell  
He saw within a rosy glade,  
Beneath a palm's extensive shade  
A throne, amazing to behold  
Studded with glittering gems and gold ;  
Celestial carpets near it spread

Close where a lucid streamlet strayed ;  
Upon that throne, in blissful state,  
The long-divided lovers sate,  
Resplendent with seraphic light —  
They held a cup, with diamonds bright ,  
Their lips, by turns, with nectar wet,  
In pure ambrosial kisses met ,  
Sometimes to each their thoughts revealing,  
Each clasping each with tenderest feeling  
— The dreamer who this vision saw  
Demanded, with becoming awe,  
What sacred names the happy pair  
In Irem-bowers were wont to bear  
A voice replied “ That sparkling moon  
Is Laili still — her friend, Majnun ,  
Deprived in your frail world of bliss,  
They reap their great reward in this ! ”

Zyd, wakening from his wondrous dream,  
Now dwelt upon the mystic theme,  
And told to all how faithful love  
Receives its recompense above

O ye, who thoughtlessly repose  
On what this flattering world bestows,  
Reflect how transient is your stay !  
How soon e'en sorrows fade away !  
The pangs of grief the heart may wring  
In life, but Heaven removes the sting ,  
The world to come makes bliss secure, —  
The world to come, eternal, pure

What other solace for the human soul,  
But everlasting rest — virtue's unvarying goal !

SAKI ! Nizami's strain is sung  
The Persian poet's pearls are strung ,  
Then fill again the goblet high !  
Thou wouldst not ask the reveller why ?  
Fill to the love that changes never !  
Fill to the love that lives forever !  
That, purified by earthly woes  
At last with bliss seraphic glows.

## RUMI.

JELALU D-DIN the greatest mystical poet of any age, was born at Balkh, in 1207 A.D., and was of an illustrious descent. His mother was of a princely house, his father, Bahau'-d-Din Veled, was a descendant of the Kalif Abu Bekr, and excited the jealousy of the Sultan,<sup>1</sup> who made it so unpleasant for him that he left the city, taking with him his family, the youngest of whom was Jelalu'-d-Din then five years old. At Nishapur they met the Sufi saint, Attar, who predicted the child's future greatness. "He would," he said, "kindle the fire of divine enthusiasm throughout the world," - for even as a child Rumi had visions and religious ecstasies.

For years these fugitives travelled extensively through the East, and while in Larender in Asia Minor, then called Rum, Jelalu married. This was in 1226 A.D., and after visiting Samarcand and Constantinople, the family finally settled in Qonia, or Konia (the ancient Iconium of the New Testament). Konia is in the old Roman province of Galatia, hence Jelalu's name of Rumi, or the "Roman." Here the poet's father founded a college and here he died in 1231. After his father's death, Rumi, already a great student under his father's careful tuition, studied at Aleppo and Damascus, where he acquired a well-deserved reputation for learning. On his return to Konia he was professor of four different colleges, and received the title of Sultan-al-Ulema, or "Chief and Ruler of the Learned."

Among his spiritual advisers was Shamsi'-d-Din of

<sup>1</sup> Sultan Muhammad, surnamed Kutb-ud-Din of Kharezm

<sup>2</sup> Ouseley's *Persian Poets*

Tabriz, who gained such an influence over the poet that Rumi adopted his name as his *takhallus*, or poetical nom de plume, under which he wrote his *Diwan* or lyrical odes. The people of Konia, disliking the somewhat aggressive characteristics of Shamsi, rose up against him, and in the riot which followed Rumi's eldest son was killed and Shamsi must have been executed, for he was never seen again. These tragic events caused Rumi such melancholy that he renounced the world and founded the famous order of Dervishes called the "Maulavis." This order was noted for its plety mystic dances, and its music and songs, making use of such instruments as the flute, drum tambourine and its members also wore a peculiar mourning costume. The *Masnavi* Rumi's great mystic poem is said to have been written by him at the suggestion of an admiring disciple for the spiritual benefit of his order whose cloisters are found throughout the Turkish Empire.

Rumi died at Konia, December 17 1273, and was buried in his father's mausoleum at Konia. His son succeeded him as the head of the "Maulavis," the leadership of which has been kept in the poet's family for six hundred years. The dying instructions of Rumi to his son were as follows —

"My testament is this that ye be pious toward God, in private and in public that ye eat little, sleep little, speak little — that ye depart from wickedness and sin that ye continue instant in fasting, and steadfast in vigilance that ye flee from carnal lusts with all your might that ye endure patiently the contumely of the world that ye shun the company of the base and foolish, and consort with the noble-hearted and the pious. Verily the best man is he who doeth good to men, and the best speech is that which is short and guideth men aright. Praise be to God who is the Only God."

These precepts were the basis of Rumi's life, judging by

the nature of the work he left behind him His *Masnavi*, upon which his literary fame rests, is composed of twenty-six thousand couplets arranged in six parts, or books, dealing with Sufi philosophy in a series of stories having spiritual maxims and interpretations, certain parts of these have been compared to the Books of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Songs of Solomon As Dante's poem has been called the *Divina*, so in India the *Masnavi* is called the *Ma'navi*, or "Spiritual", for it seems to have for its main object the teaching of the "fatherhood of God" and the explanation of the origin of evil These subjects are approached on the moral side through the principle of love, believing that the more a man loves the more able he is to understand the divine purposes

The "song of the reed" is thought to signify the soul's love for God, and its longing to be reunited with Him At all events it is the keynote of the celebrated *Masnavi* Among the numerous forms to describe this union of God and man Rumi uses the following exquisite apologue "There came one and knocked at the door of the Beloved And a voice answered and said, 'Who is there?' The lover replied, 'It is I' 'Go hence,' returned the voice, 'there is no room within for thee and me' Then came the lover a second time and knocked, and again the voice demanded, 'Who is there?' He answered, 'It is thou' 'Enter,' said the voice, 'for I am within' "

THE MASNAVI<sup>1</sup>

## BOOK I

"SONG OF THE REED"<sup>2</sup>

HEARKEN to the reed flute, how it discourses  
When complaining of the pains of separation —

"Ever since they tore me from my owner bed,  
My plaintive notes have moved men and women to tears.  
I burst my breast striving to give vent to sighs,  
And to express the pangs of my yearning for my home.  
He who abides far away from his home  
Is ever longing for the day he shall return.  
My wailing is heard in every throng  
In concert with them that rejoice and them that weep  
Each interprets my notes in harmony with his own  
feelings,

But not one fathoms the secrets of my heart.  
My secrets are not alien from my plaintive notes,  
Yet they are not manifest to the sensual ear  
Body is not veiled from soul, neither soul from body  
Yet no man hath ever seen a soul"

This plaint of the flute is fire not mere air  
Let him who lacks this fire be accounted dead !  
'Tis the fire of love that inspires the flute,<sup>3</sup>  
'Tis the ferment of love that possesses the wine

<sup>1</sup> Translated by Mr E. H. Whinfield.

<sup>2</sup> The late Professor Palmer so called it.

<sup>3</sup> Love signifies the strong attraction that draws all creatures back to reunion with their creator.

The flute is the confidant of all unhappy lovers ,  
 Yea, its strains lay bare my inmost secrets  
 Who hath seen a poison and an antidote like the flute?  
 Who hath seen a sympathetic consoler like the flute?  
 The flute tells the tale of love's blood-stained path,  
 It recounts the story of Majnun's love toils  
 None is privy to these feelings save one distracted,  
 As ear inclines to the whispers of the tongue  
 Through grief my days are as labor and sorrow,  
 My days move on, hand in hand with anguish  
 Yet, though my days vanish thus, 'tis no matter,  
 Do thou abide, O Incomparable Pure One !<sup>1</sup>

But all who are not fishes are soon tired of water ,  
 And they who lack daily bread find the day very long ,  
 So the "Raw" comprehend not the state of the  
 "Ripe , " <sup>2</sup>

Therefore it behooves me to shorten my discourse  
 Arise, O son ! burst thy bonds and be free !  
 How long wilt thou be captive to silver and gold?  
 Though thou pour the ocean into thy pitcher,  
 It can hold no more than one day's store  
 The pitcher of the desire of the covetous never fills,  
 The oyster-shell fills not with pearls till it is content ,  
 Only he whose garment is rent by the violence of love  
 Is wholly pure from covetousness and sin  
 Hail to thee, then, O LOVE, sweet madness !

<sup>1</sup> Self-annihilation leads to eternal life in God — the universal Noumenon, by whom all phenomena subsist

<sup>2</sup> "Raw" and "Ripe" are terms for "Men of Externals" and "Men of heart" or Mystics

Thou who healest all our infirmities !  
 Who art the physician of our pride and self-conceit !  
 Who art our Plato and our Galen !  
 Love exalts our earthly bodies to heaven,  
 And makes the very hills to dance with joy !  
 O lover 'twas love that gave life to Mount Sinai,  
 When it quaked and Moses fell down in a swoon "1  
 Did my Beloved only touch me with his lips,  
 I too like the flute would burst out in melody  
 But he who is parted from them that speak his tongue,  
 Though he possess a hundred voices, is perforce dumb  
 When the rose has faded and the garden is withered  
 The song of the nightingale is no longer to be heard  
 The BELOVED is all in all, the lover only veils Him "2  
 The BELOVED is all that lives, the lover a dead thing  
 When the lover feels no longer LOVE's quickening,  
 He becomes like a bird who has lost its wings. Alas !  
 How can I retain my senses about me,  
 When the BELOVED shows not the light of His counte-  
 nance ?

LOVE desires that this secret should be revealed  
 For if a mirror reflects not of what use is it ?  
 Knowest thou why thy mirror reflects not ?  
 Because the rust has not been scoured from its face  
 If it were purified from all rust and defilement,  
 It would reflect the shining of the SON of GOD.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the giving of the law on Mount Sinai. Koran vii, 139.

<sup>2</sup> All phenomenal existences (men included) are but veils obscuring the face of the *DI* *ine* *Noumenon*, the only real existence, and the moment His sustaining presence is withdrawn they once relapse into their original nothingness.

O friends, ye have now heard this tale,  
Which sets forth the very essence of my case

### LAILI AND THE KHALIFA

The Khalifa said to Laili, "Art thou really she  
For whom Majnun lost his head and went distracted?  
Thou art not fairer than many other fair ones"  
She replied, "Be silent, thou art no Majnun!"

If thou hadst Majnun's eyes,  
The two worlds would be within thy view  
Thou art in thy senses, but Majnun is beside himself  
In love to be wide awake is treason  
The more a man is awake, the more he sleeps (to love),  
His (critical) wakefulness is worse than slumbering

Our wakefulness fetters our spirits,  
Then our souls are a prey to divers whims,  
Thoughts of loss and gain and fears of misery  
They retain not purity, nor dignity, nor lustre,  
Nor aspiration to soar heavenward  
That one is really sleeping who hankers after each whim  
And holds parley with each fancy

### OMAR AND THE AMBASSADOR<sup>1</sup>

The hare, having delivered his companions from the  
tyranny of the lion, in the manner just described, pro-  
ceeds to improve the occasion by exhorting them to  
engage in a greater and more arduous warfare, viz, \*  
the struggle against their inward enemy, the lusts of

<sup>1</sup>Story vi, Book i

the flesh. He illustrates his meaning by the story of an ambassador who was sent by the Emperor of Rum to the Khalifa Omar. On approaching Medina this ambassador inquired for Omar's palace and learned that Omar dwelt in no material palace, but in a spiritual tabernacle only visible to purified hearts. At last he discerned Omar lying under a palm tree and drew near to him in fear and awe. Omar received him kindly and instructed him in the doctrine of the mystical union with God. The ambassador heard him gladly and asked him two questions, first, How can souls descend from heaven to earth? and secondly With what object are souls imprisoned in the bonds of flesh and blood? Omar responded and the ambassador accepted his teaching, and became a pure-hearted Sâfi. The hare urged his companions to abjure lust and pride and to go and do likewise.

#### GOD'S AGENCY RECONCILED WITH MAN'S FREEWILL.

The ambassador said "O Commander of the faithful,  
How comes the soul down from above to earth?  
How can so noble a bird be confined in a cage?

He said God speaks words of power to souls, —  
To things of naught, without eyes or ears,  
And at these words they all spring into motion  
At His words of power these nothings arise quickly  
And strong impulse urges them into existence.  
Again, he speaks other spells to these creatures,  
And swiftly drives them back again into not being

He speaks to the rose's ear, and causes it to bloom,  
 He speaks to the tulip, and makes it blossom  
 He speaks a spell to body, and it becomes a soul,  
 He speaks to the sun, and it becomes a fount of light  
 Again, in its ear He whispers a word of power,  
 And its face is darkened as by a hundred eclipses  
 What is it that God says to the ear of earth,  
 That it attends thereto and rests steadfast?  
 What is it that Speaker says to the cloud,  
 That it pours forth rain-water like a water-skin?

Whosoever is bewildered by wavering will,  
 In his ear hath God whispered His riddle,  
 That He may bind him on the horns of a dilemma,  
 For he says, "Shall I do this or its reverse?"  
 Also from God comes the preference of one alternative,  
 'Tis from God's impulsion that man chooses one of the  
                   two

If you desire sanity in this embarrassment,  
 Stuff not the ear of your mind with cotton  
 Take the cotton of evil suggestions from the mind's  
                   ear,  
 That the heavenly voice from above may enter it,  
 That you may understand that riddle of His,  
 That you may be cognizant of that open secret  
 Then the mind's ear becomes the sensorium of  
                   inspiration,  
 For what is this Divine voice but the inward voice?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The leading principle of all mysticism is that, independently of sense and reason, man possesses an inward sense, or intuition, which conveys to him a knowledge of God by direct apprehension.

The spirit's eye and ear possess this sense  
The eye and ear of reason and sense lack it.  
The word compulsion makes me impatient for love's  
sake

'Tis he who loves not who is fettered by compulsion.  
This is close communion with God not compulsion  
The shining of the sun and not a dark cloud  
Or if it be compulsion 'tis not common compulsion,  
It is not the domination of wanton wilfulness.  
O son they understand this compulsion  
For whom God opens the eyes of the inner man.  
Things hidden and things future are plain to them  
To speak of the past seems to them despicable  
They possess freewill and compulsion besides,  
As in oyster shells raindrops become pearls.  
Outside the shell they are raindrops, great and small  
Inside they are precious pearls, big and little.  
These men also resemble the musk-deer's bag,  
Outside it is blood, but inside pure musk  
Yet, say not that outside 'twas mere blood  
Which on entering the bag becomes musk.  
Nor say that outside the alembic 'twas mere copper  
And becomes gold inside when mixed with elixir  
In your freewill and compulsion are vain fancies  
But in them they are the light of Almighty power  
On the table bread is a mere lifeless thing,  
When taken into the body it is a life-giving spirit.  
This transmutation occurs not in the table's heart,  
'Tis soul effects this transmutation with water of life.  
Such is the power of the soul O man of right views!

Then what is the power of the Soul of souls? (God).  
 Bread is the food of the body, yet consider  
 How can it be the food of the soul, O son?  
 Flesh-born man by force of soul  
 Cleaves mountains with tunnels and mines  
 The might of Ferhad's soul cleft a hill,  
 The might of the Soul's soul cleaves the moon <sup>1</sup>  
 If the heart opens the mouth of mystery's store,  
 The soul springs up swiftly to highest heaven  
 If tongue discourses of hidden mysteries,  
 It kindles a fire that consumes the world

Behold, then, God's action and man's action,  
 Know, action does belong to us, this is evident  
 If no action proceeded from men,  
 How could you say, "Why act ye thus?"  
 The agency of God is the cause of our action,  
 Our actions are the signs of God's agency,  
 Nevertheless our actions are freely willed by us,  
 Whence our recompense is either hell or "The Friend"

### THE VAKIL OF THE PRINCE OF BOKHARA <sup>2</sup>

The prince of Bokhara had a Vakil who, through fear of punishment for an offence he had committed, ran away and remained concealed in Kuhistan and the desert for the space of ten years. At the end of that time, being unable to endure absence from his lord and his home any longer, he determined to return to

<sup>1</sup> As a sign of the last day Koran liv, 1

<sup>2</sup> Story xvii, Book iii

Bokhara and throw himself at his lord's feet, and endure whatever punishment his lord might be pleased to inflict upon him. His friends did all they could to dissuade him, assuring him that the Prince's wrath was still hot against him, and that if he appeared at Bokhara he would be put to death, or at least imprisoned for the rest of his life. He replied, "O advisers, be silent, for the force of the love which is drawing me to Bokhara is stronger than the force of prudent counsels. When love pulls one way all the wisdom of Abu Hanifa and Ash Shafi'i is impotent to withstand it. If it shall please my lord to slay me I will yield up my life without reluctance, for this life of estrangement from him which I am now leading is the same as death, and release from it will be eternal happiness. I will return to Bokhara and throw myself at my lord's feet, and say to him, 'Deal with me as thou wilt, for I can no longer bear absence from thee and life or death at thy hands is all the same to me!' Accordingly he journeyed back to Bokhara, counting the very toils and discomforts of the road sweet and delightful, because they were steps in his homeward course. When he reached Bokhara his friends and relations all warned him not to show himself, as the Prince was still mindful of his offence and bent on punishing him; but he replied to them as to his other advisers, that he was utterly regardless of his life, and was resolved to commit himself to his lord's good pleasure. He then went to the court and threw himself at his lord's feet and swooned away. The Prince

seeing the strong affection borne to him by his repentant servant, conceived a similar affection toward him, and descended from his throne and graciously raised him from the ground, and pardoned his offence. Thus it is that eternal life is gained by utter abandonment of one's own life. When God appears to His ardent lover the lover is absorbed in Him, and not so much as a hair of the lover remains. True lovers are as shadows, and when the sun shines in glory the shadows vanish away. He is a true lover of God to whom God says, "I am thine, and thou art mine!"

In the course of this story, which is narrated at great length, are introduced anecdotes of a lover and his mistress, of the Virgin Mary being visited by the "Blessed Spirit" or Angel Gabriel,<sup>1</sup> of the fatal mosque, of Galen's devotion to carnal learning, of Satan's treachery to the men of Mecca at the battle of Bedr,<sup>2</sup> and of Solomon and the gnat. There also occur comments on various texts, and a curious comparison of the trials and wholesome afflictions of the righteous to the boiling of pot-herbs in a saucepan by the cook.

THE REPLY OF THE LOVER WHEN ASKED BY HIS MISTRESS WHICH CITY OF ALL THOSE HE HAD SEEN WAS MOST PLEASING IN HIS SIGHT

A damsel said to her lover, "O fond youth,  
You have visited many cities in your travels,  
Which of those cities seems most delightful to you?"

<sup>1</sup> Koran xix., 18.

<sup>2</sup> Koran viii., 10

He made answer    The city wherein my love dwells.  
In whatever nook my queen alights,  
Though it be as the eye of a needle    tis a wide plain  
Wherever her Yusuf like face shines as a moon  
Though it be the bottom of a well    tis Paradise.  
With thee, my love, hell itself were heaven  
With thee a prison would be a rose-garden.  
With thee hell would be a mansion of delight  
Without thee lilies and roses would be as flames of  
    fire !

THE ANSWER OF THE VAKIL TO THOSE WHO ADVISED  
HIM NOT TO COURT DEATH BY YIELDING HIMSELF  
UP TO HIS LORD

He said "I am a drawer of water    water attracts me  
Even though I know water may be my death.  
No drawer of water flees from water  
Even though it may cause him a hundred deaths.  
Though it may make my hand and belly dropsical,  
My love for water will never be lessened  
I should say when they asked me about my belly  
'Would that the ocean might flow into it !  
Though the bottle of my belly were burst with water  
And though I should die my death would be acceptable.  
Wheresoever I see one seeking water I envy him,  
And cry    Would I were in his place !  
My hand is a tabor and my belly a drum  
Like the rose I beat the drum of love of water

Like the earth or like a foetus I devour blood,  
 Since I became a lover this is my occupation  
 If that 'Faithful Spirit' should shed my blood,  
 I would drink it up drop by drop like the earth  
 At night I boil on the fire like a cooking-pot,  
 From morn till eve I drink blood like the sand  
 It repents me that I planned a stratagem,  
 And that I fled from before his wrath  
 Tell him to sate his wrath on my poor life,  
 He is the 'Feast of Sacrifice,' and I his loving cow <sup>1</sup>  
 The cow, whether it eats or sleeps,  
 Thinks of naught but sacrificing itself  
 Know me to be that cow of Moses which gave its life,  
 Each part of me gives life to the righteous  
 That cow of Moses was made a sacrifice,  
 And its least part became a source of life  
 That murdered man leapt up from his deadness  
 At the words, 'Strike the corpse with part of her' <sup>2</sup>  
 O pious ones, slay the cow (of lust),  
 If ye desire true life of soul and spirit <sup>1</sup>  
 I died as a mineral and arose a plant,  
 I died as a plant and rose again an animal <sup>3</sup>  
 I died as an animal and arose a man  
 Why then should I fear to become less by dying?

<sup>1</sup> The Id ul Azha, or the Feast of Sacrifices, held on the tenth day of the month Zul Hijja. It is also called "The Cow Festival"

<sup>2</sup> This refers to Koran 11, 63. The cow was to be sacrificed in order that a murderer might be discovered by striking the corpse with a piece of her flesh

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.*, Earth losing its own form becomes vegetable, vegetable again perishes to feed and be transmuted into animal, and in like manner animal becomes man

I shall die once again as a man  
 To rise an angel perfect from head to foot !  
 Again when I suffer dissolution as an angel,  
 I shall become what passes the conception of man !  
 Let me then become non-existent, for non-existence  
 Sings to me in organ tones To him shall we return. <sup>1</sup>  
 Know death to be the gathering together of the people,  
 The water of life is hidden in the land of darkness.  
 Like a water lily seek life there !

Yea, like that drawer of water at the risk of life,  
 Water will be his death yet he still seeks water  
 And still drinks on — and God knows what is right.  
 O lover cold hearted and void of loyalty  
 Who from fear for your life shun the beloved !  
 O base one, behold a hundred thousand souls  
 Dancing toward the deadly sword of his love  
 Behold water in a pitcher pour it out  
 Will that water run away from the stream?  
 When that water joins the water of the stream  
 It is lost therein and becomes itself the stream.  
 Its individuality is lost, but its essence remains,  
 And hereby it becomes not less nor inferior  
 I will hang myself upon my lord's palm tree  
 In excuse for having fled away from him ! "

Even as a ball rolling along on head and face  
 He fell at the feet of the Prince with streaming eyes.  
 The people were all on the alert, expecting  
 That the Prince would burn him or hang him

<sup>1</sup> Koran II, 153 Verily we are God's, and to Him shall we return.

Saying, "Moth-like he has seen the blaze of the light,  
 And fool-like has plunged therein and lost his life "  
 But the torch of love is not like that torch,  
 'Tis light, light in the midst of light,  
 'Tis the reverse of torches of fire,  
 It appears to be fire, but is all sweetness

LOVE GENERATES LOVE "IF YE LOVE GOD, GOD WILL  
 LOVE YOU " <sup>1</sup>

That Bokharian then cast himself into the flame,  
 But his love made the pain endurable ,  
 And as his burning sighs ascended to heaven,  
 The love of the Prince was kindled toward him

\* \* \* \* \*

The heart of man is like the root of a tree,  
 Therefrom grow the leaves on firm branches <sup>2</sup>  
 Corresponding to that root grow up branches  
 As well on the tree as on souls and intellects  
 The tops of the perfect trees reach the heavens,  
 The roots firm, and the branches in the sky  
 Since then the tree of love has grown up to heaven,  
 How shall it not also grow in the heart of the Prince?  
 A wave washes away the remembrance of the sin from  
 his heart,  
 For from each heart is a window to other hearts ,  
 Since in each heart there is a window to other hearts,

<sup>1</sup> Koran III , 29

<sup>2</sup> "Seest thou not to what God likeneth a good word? To a good tree, its root firmly fixed, and its branches in the heaven"  
 Koran XIV , 29

They are not separated and shnt off like two bodies.  
 Thus even though two lamp-dishes be not joined  
 Yet their light is united in a single ray  
 No lover ever seeks union with his beloved,  
 But his beloved is also seeking union with him.  
 But the lover's love makes his body lean,  
 While the beloved's love makes hers fair and lusty  
 When in *that* heart the lightning spark of love arises,  
 Be sure this love is reciprocated in *that* heart.  
 When the love of God arises in thy heart,  
 Without doubt God also feels love for thee.

The noise of clapping of hands is never heard  
 From one of thy hands unaided by the other hand  
 The man athirst cries, "Where is delicious water?  
 Water too cries, "Where is the water-drinker?  
 This thirst in my soul is the attraction of the water  
 I am the water's and the water is mine.  
 God's wisdom in His eternal foreknowledge and  
 decree

Made us to be lovers one of the other  
 Nay more all the parts of the world by this decree  
 Are arranged in pairs, and each loves its mate  
 Every part of the world desires its mate  
 Just as amber attracts blades of straw  
 Heaven says to earth All hail to thee!  
 We are related to one another as iron and magnet.  
 Heaven is man and earth woman in character  
 Whatever heaven sends it, earth cherishes.  
 When earth lacks heat, heaven sends heat  
 When it lacks moisture and dew beaven sends them.

The earthy sign <sup>1</sup> succors the terrestrial earth,  
 The watery sign (Aquarius) sends moisture to it,  
 The windy sign sends the clouds to it,  
 To draw off unwholesome exhalations  
 The fiery sign (Leo) sends forth the heat of the sun,  
 Like a dish heated red-hot in front and behind  
 The heaven is busily toiling through ages,  
 Just as men labor to provide food for women  
 And the earth does the woman's work, and toils  
 In bearing offspring and suckling them  
 Know then earth and heaven are endued with sense,  
 Since they act like persons endued with sense  
 If these two lovers did not suck nutriment from each  
 other,

Why should they creep together like man and wife?  
 Without the earth how could roses and saffron grow?  
 For naught can grow from the sole heat and rain of  
 heaven

This is the cause of the female seeking the male,  
 That the work of each may be accomplished  
 God has instilled mutual love into man and woman,  
 That the world may be perpetuated by their union

\* \* \* \* \*

Earth says to the earth of the body, "Come away,  
 Quit the soul and come to me as dust  
 Thou art of my *genus*, and wilt be better with me,  
 Thou hadst better quit the soul and fly to me!"  
 Body replies, "True, but my feet are fast bound,  
 Though like thee I suffer from separation."

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* of the Zodiac.

Water calls out to the moisture of the body

"O moisture return to me from your foreign abode!"

Fire also calls out to the heat of the body

Thou art of fire, return to thy root!

In the body there are seventy and two diseases;

It is ill compacted owing to the struggle of its elements.

Disease comes to rend the body asunder

And to drag apart its constituent elements.

The four elements are as birds tied together by the feet,

Death, sickness, and disease loose their feet asunder

The moment their feet are loosed from the others,

The bird of each element flies off by itself

The repulsion of each of these principles and causes

Inflicts every moment a fresh pang on our bodies.

That it may dissolve these composite bodies of ours,

The bird of each part tries to fly away to its origin

But the wisdom of God prevents this speedy end,

And preserves their union till the appointed day

He says, "O parts, the appointed time is not yet

It is useless for you to take wing before that day

But as each part desires reunion with its original,

How is it with the soul who is a stranger in exile?

It says, O parts of my habitation here below

My absence is sadder than yours, as I am heaven born.

The body loves green pastures and running water

For this cause that its origin is from them.

The love of the soul is for life and the living one

Because its origin is the Soul not bound to place.

The love of the soul is for wisdom and knowledge,

That of the body for houses, gardens, and vineyards ,  
 The love of the soul is for things exalted on high,  
 That of the body for acquisition of goods and food  
 The love too of Him on high is directed to the soul  
 Know this for 'He loves them that love Him ' " <sup>1</sup>  
 The sum is this, that whoso seeks another,  
 The soul of that other who is sought inclines to him

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us quit the subject — Love for that soul athirst  
 Was kindled in the breast of the Prince of Bokhara  
 The smoke of that love and the grief of that burning  
 heart  
 Ascended to his master and excited his compassion

### THE PRAISES ADDRESSED TO THE PRINCE BY THE VAKIL.

He said, "O phoenix of God and goal of the spirit,  
 I thank thee that thou hast come back from Mount  
 Qaf <sup>1</sup>

O Israfil of the resurrection-day of love,  
 O love, love, and heart's desire of love <sup>1</sup>  
 Let thy first boon to me be this,  
 To lend thine ear to my orisons  
 Though thou knowest my condition clearly,  
 O protector of slaves, listen to my speech  
 A thousand times, O prince incomparable,  
 Has my reason taken flight in desire to see thee,  
 And to hear thee and to listen to thy words,

<sup>1</sup> Koran v. , 59.

And to behold thy life giving smiles.  
Thy inclining thine ear to my supplications  
Is as a caress to my misguided soul.  
The baseness of my heart & coin is known to thee  
But thou hast accepted it as genuine coin.  
Thou art proud toward the arrogant and proud  
All clemencies are as naught to thy clemency  
First hear this that while I remained in absence  
First and last alike escaped me  
Secondly hear this, O prince beloved  
That I searched much but found no second to thee.  
Thirdly that when I had departed outside thee,  
I said it was like the Christian Trinity<sup>1</sup>  
Fourthly when my harvest was burned up  
I knew not the fourth from the fifth.  
Wheresoever thou findest blood on the roads,  
Trace it, and tis tears of blood from my eyes.  
My words are thunder and these sighs and tears  
Are drawn by it as rain from the clouds.  
I am distracted between speaking and weeping  
Shall I weep or shall I speak, or what shall I do?  
If I speak, my weeping ceases  
If I weep I cease to praise and magnify thee."

He spoke thus and then fell to weeping,  
So that high and low wept with him.  
So many "Ahs" and "Alases" proceeded from his  
heart,  
That the people of Bokhara formed a circle round him

<sup>1</sup> They surely are infidels who say God is the third of three,  
for there is no God but one God. Koran v 77

Talking sadly, weeping sadly, smiling sadly,  
Men and women, small and great, were all assembled  
The whole city wept in concert with him,  
Men and women mingled together as on the last day  
Then Heaven said to Earth,  
“If you never saw a resurrection-day, see it here!”  
Reason was amazed, saying, “What love, what ecstasy!  
Is his separation more wondrous, or his reunion?”

### THE THREE FISHES<sup>1</sup>

This story, which is taken from the book of Kalila and Damnah,<sup>2</sup> is as follows. There was in a secluded place a lake, which was fed by a running stream, and in this lake were three fishes, one very wise, the second half wise, and the third foolish. One day some fishermen passed by that lake, and having espied the fish, hastened home to fetch their nets. The fish also saw the fishermen and were sorely disquieted. The very wise fish, without a minute's delay, quitted the lake and took refuge in the running stream which communicated with it, and thus escaped the impending danger. The half wise fish delayed doing anything till the fishermen actually made their appearance with their nets. He then floated upon the surface of the water, pretending to be dead, and the fishermen took him up and threw him into the stream, and by this device he saved his life. But the foolish fish did noth-

<sup>1</sup> Book iv, Story v

<sup>2</sup> Anvar i Suhaili, Book i, Story xv

ing but swim wildly about, and was taken and killed by the fishermen

THE MARKS OF THE WISE MAN OF THE HALF WISE,  
AND OF THE FOOL.

The wise man is he who possesses a torch of his own  
He is the guide and leader of the caravan.  
That leader is his own director and light  
That illuminated one follows his own lead.  
He is his own protector do ye also seek protection  
From that light whereon his soul is nurtured  
The second he namely who is half wise  
Knows the wise man to be the light of his eyes.  
He clings to the wise man like a blind man to his  
guide,  
So as to become possessed of the wise man's sight.  
But the fool who has no particle of wisdom,  
Has no wisdom of his own, and quits the wise man.  
He knows nothing of the way great or small,  
And is ashamed to follow the footsteps of the guide  
He wanders into the boundless desert,  
Sometimes halting and despairing sometimes running  
He has no lamp wherewith to light himself on his way  
Nor half a lamp which might recognize and seek light.  
He lacks wisdom so as to boast of being alive  
And also half wisdom, so as to assume to be dead.  
That half wise one became as one utterly dead  
In order to rise up out of his degradation.  
If you lack perfect wisdom, make yourself as dead

Under the shadow of the wise, whose words give life  
The fool is neither alive so as to companion with 'Isa,  
Nor yet dead so as to feel the power of 'Isa's breath  
His blind soul wanders in every direction,  
And at last makes a spring, but springs not upward

### THE COUNSELS OF THE BIRD

A man captured a bird by wiles and snares ,  
The bird said to him, " O noble sir,  
In your time you have eaten many oxen and sheep,  
And likewise sacrificed many camels ,  
You have never become satisfied with their meat,  
So you will not be satisfied with my flesh  
Let me go, that I may give you three counsels,  
Whence you will see whether I am wise or foolish  
The first of my counsels shall be given on your wrist,  
The second on your well-plastered roof,  
And the third I will give you from the top of a tree  
On hearing all three you will deem yourself happy  
As regards the counsel on your wrist, 'tis this, —  
' Believe not foolish assertions of any one ' " "  
When he had spoken this counsel on his wrist, he flew  
Up to the top of the roof, entirely free  
Then he said, " Do not grieve for what is past ,  
When a thing is done, vex not yourself about it " "  
He continued, " Hidden inside this body of mine  
Is a precious pearl, ten drachms in weight  
That jewel of right belonged to you, —  
Wealth for yourself and prosperity for your children

You have lost it, as it was not fated you should get it,  
That pearl whose like can nowhere be found."

Thereupon the man like a woman in her travail,  
Gave vent to lamentations and weeping

The bird said to him Did I not counsel you saying  
Beware of grieving over what is past and gone ?

When tis past and gone why sorrow for it?

Either you understood not my counsel or are deaf.

The first counsel I gave you was this namely

Be not misguided enough to believe foolish assertions.

O fool, altogether I do not weigh three drachms,

How can a pearl of ten drachms be within me?"

The man recovered himself and said, " Well then,

Tell me now your third good counsel !

The bird replied, You have made a fine use of the  
others

That I should waste my third counsel upon you !

To give counsel to a sleepy ignoramus

Is to sow seeds upon salt land

Torn garments of folly and ignorance cannot be  
patched

O counsellors, waste not the seed of counsel on them ! "

POEMS<sup>1</sup>

## I

HE comes, a moon whose like the sky ne'er saw, awake  
or dreaming,  
Crowned with eternal flame no flood can lay  
Lo, from the flagon of thy love, O Lord, my soul is  
swimming,  
And ruined all my body's house of clay<sup>1</sup>

When first the Giver of the grape my lonely heart be-  
friended,  
Wine fired my bosom and my veins filled up,  
But when his image all mine eye possessed, a voice  
descended  
"Well done, O sovereign Wine and peerless Cup!"

Love's mighty arm from roof to base each dark abode  
is hewing  
Where chinks reluctant catch a golden ray  
My heart, when Love's sea of a sudden burst into its  
viewing,  
Leaped headlong in, with "Find me now who may!"

As, the sun moving, clouds behind him run,  
All hearts attend thee, O Tabriz's Sun!

<sup>1</sup> From the *Divan-i Shams-i Tabriz* translated by Mr. Reynold A. Nicholson

## II.

The man of God <sup>1</sup> is drunken without wine,  
The man of God is full without meat.  
The man of God is distraught and bewildered  
The man of God has no food or sleep  
The man of God is a king neath dervish-cloak  
The man of God is a treasure in a ruin.<sup>2</sup>  
The man of God is not of air and earth  
The man of God is not of fire and water  
The man of God is a boundless sea,  
The man of God rains pearls without a cloud.  
The man of God hath hundred moons and skies,  
The man of God hath hundred suns.  
The man of God is made wise by the Truth,  
The man of God is not learned from book.  
The man of God is beyond infidelity and religion  
To the man of God right and wrong are alike.  
The man of God has ridden away from Not being,  
The man of God is gloriously attended.  
The man of God is concealed, Shamsi Din  
The man of God do thou seek and find !

<sup>1</sup> The perfect Sufi.

<sup>2</sup> Oriental's fancy that treasures guarded by inviolable talismans lie buried in the ruins of Persepolis.

III<sup>1</sup>

Every moment the voice of Love is coming from left  
and right

We are bound for heaven who has a mind to sight-  
seeing?

We have been in heaven, we have been friends of the  
angels,

Thither, sire, let us return, for that is our country

We are even higher than heaven and more than the  
angels,

Why pass we not beyond these twain? Our goal is  
majesty supreme

How different a source have the world of dust and the  
pure substance<sup>1</sup>

Though we came down, let us haste back — what place  
is this?

Young fortune is our friend, yielding up soul our  
business,

The leader of our caravan is Mustafa, glory of the  
world

This gale's sweet scent is from the curl of his tresses,  
This thought's radiance is from a cheek like "*by the  
morning bright*"

By his cheek the moon was split she endured not  
the sight of him,

<sup>1</sup> This ghazel was sent by Sa'di to Shamsu'ddin Hindi, prince of Shiraz, who asked him "to select the best ode, with the most sublime thoughts, that he knew of as existing in Persian, and to send it to him for presentation to the great Khan of the Moguls" Redhouse's *Masnawi*

Sach fortune the moon found— she that is an humble  
beggar  
Behold a continual 'cleaving of the moon in our  
hearts,  
For why should the vision of that vision transcend  
thine eye?  
Came the billow of "*Am I not?*" and wrecked the  
body's ship  
When the ship wrecks once more is the time of union's  
attainment.  
Mankind, like waterfowl, are sprung from the sea—  
the sea of soul,  
Risen from that sea, why should the bird make here  
his home?  
Nay, we are pearls in that sea, therein we all abide  
Else why does wave follow wave from the sea of soul?  
Tis the time of union's attainment, tis the time of  
eternity's beauty  
Tis the time of favor and largesse, tis the ocean of  
perfect purity  
The billow of largesse hath appeared the thunder of  
the sea hath arrived  
The morn of blessedness hath dawned Morn? No,  
tis the light of God.  
Who is this pictured form, who is this monarch and  
this prince?  
Who is this aged wisdom? They are all veils  
The remedy against veils is ecstasies like these,  
The fountain of these draughts is in your own head  
and eyes.

In the head itself is nought, but ye have two heads,  
This head of clay is from earth, and that pure head  
from heaven

O the many pure heads scattered beneath the clay,  
That thou mayst know the head depends on that other  
head !

That original head hidden, and this derived head  
manifest,

Forasmuch as behind this world lies the infinite  
universe

Tie up the skin, O cup-bearer, fetch wine from our  
jar

The vessel of perceptions is straiter than a strait pass  
From Tabriz-ward shone the Sun of Truth, and I said  
to him

“Thy light is at once joined with all things and apart  
from all ”

#### IV.

What pearl art thou that none possesseth the price of  
thee?

What does the world possess that is not thy gift?

Is there a worse punishment than his who lives away  
from thy face?

Punish not thy servant though he is unworthy of thee

He that is fallen amid the surge of accidents

Escapes not by swimming, since he is no friend of  
thine

The world has no permanence, and if it have,

Deem it perishable because it is unfamiliar with thy  
permanence.

How happy the king that is mated by thy rook !  
How fair company hath he who lacks not thine !  
I desire continually to fling heart and soul at thy feet  
Dust on the head of the soul which is not the dust of  
thy feet !

Blessed to all birds is desire of thee  
How unblessed the bird that desires thee not !  
I will not shun thy blow for very crude  
Is the heart ne'er burned in the fire of thy affliction.  
To thy praise and praises there is no end,  
What atom but is reeling with thy praise ?  
Like that one of whom Nizami<sup>1</sup> tells in verse  
Tyrannize not for I cannot endure thy tyranny  
O Shams Tabriz, beauty and glory of the horizons,  
What king but is a beggar of thee with heart and soul ?

# VI.

Poor copies out of heaven's original  
Pale earthly pictures mouldering to decay,  
What care although your beauties break and fall,  
When that which gave them life endures for aye ?

O never vex thine heart with idle woes  
All high discourse enchanting the rapt ear  
All gilded landscapes and brave glistening shows,  
Fade — perish but it is not as we fear

<sup>1</sup> Probably Lalih.

While far away the living fountains ply,  
Each petty brook goes brimful to the main.  
Since brook nor fountain can forever die,  
Thy fears how foolish, thy lament how vain !

What is this fountain, wouldst thou rightly know?  
The Soul whence issue all created things  
Doubtless the rivers shall not cease to flow,  
Till silenced are the everlasting springs

Farewell to sorrow, and with quiet mind  
Drink long and deep let others fondly deem  
The channel empty they perchance may find,  
Or fathom that unfathomable stream

The moment thou to this low world wast given,  
A ladder stood whereby thou might'st aspire ,  
And first thy steps, which upward still have striven,  
From mineral mounted to the plant then higher

To animal existence next, the Man,  
With knowledge, reason, faith O wondrous goal !  
This body, which a crumb of dust began —  
How fairly fashioned the consummate whole !

Yet stay not here thy journey thou shalt grow  
An angel bright and home far off in heaven  
Plod on, plunge last in the great Sea, that so  
Thy little drop make oceans seven times seven

“ The Son of God ! ” Nay, leave that word unsaid  
Say, “ God is one, the pure, the single Truth ”

What though thy frame be withered old and dead,  
If the soul save her fresh immortal youth?

## VI.

Lo for I to myself am unknown now in God's name  
what must I do?  
I adore not the Cross nor the Crescent, I am not a  
Glaour nor a Jew  
East nor West land nor sea is my home I have kin  
nor with angel nor gnome  
I am wrought not of fire nor of foam, I am shaped  
not of dust nor of dew  
I was born not in China afar not in Sagsin And not in  
Balghar  
Not in India, where five rivers are nor Iraq nor  
Khorasan I grew  
Not in this world nor that world I dwell, not in Para  
dise neither in Hell  
Not from Eden and Rirwan I fell, not from Adam my  
lineage I drew  
In a place beyond uttermost Place, in a tract without  
shadow of trace,  
Soul and body transcending, I live in the soul of my  
Loved One anew I

## VII.

Up O ye lovers, and away! 'Tis time to leave the  
world for aye  
Hark, loud and clear from heaven the drum of part  
ing calls — let none delay I

The cameleer hath risen amain, made ready all the  
camel-train,  
And quittance now desires to gain why sleep ye, travellers, I pray?  
Behind us and before there swells the din of parting  
and of bells,  
To shoreless Space each moment sails a disembodied  
spirit away  
From yonder starry lights and through those curtain  
awnings darkly blue  
Mysterious figures float in view, all strange and secret  
things display  
From this orb, wheeling round its pole, a wondrous  
slumber o'er thee stole  
O weary life that weighest naught, O sleep that on my  
soul dost weigh!  
O heart, toward thy heart's love wend, and O friend,  
fly toward the Friend,  
Be wakeful, watchman, to the end drowse seemingly  
no watchman may

## VIII

Why wilt thou dwell in mouldy cell, a captive, O my  
heart?  
Speed, speed the flight! a nursling bright of yonder  
world thou art  
He bids thee rest upon his breast, he flings the veil  
away  
Thy home wherefore make evermore this mansion of  
decay?

O contemplate thy true estate, enlarge thyself and  
• rove

From this dark world thy prison, whirled to that  
celestial grove.

O honored guest in Love's high feast, O bird of the  
angel sphere

'Tis cause to weep if thou wilt keep thy habitation  
here.

A voice at morn to thee is borne — God whispers to  
the soul —

If on the way the dust thou lay thou soon wilt gain  
the goal "

That road be thine toward the Shrine ! and lo in bush  
and brier

The many slain by love and pain in flower of young  
desire

Who on the track fell wounded back and saw not ere  
the end,

A ray of bliss, a touch, a kiss, a token of the Friend !

## IX.

When my bier moveth on the day of death,

Think not my heart is in this world.

Do not weep for me and cry "Woe woe !

Thou wilt fall in the devil's snare that is woe.

When thou seest my hearse, cry not, "Parted  
parted !

Union and meeting are mine in that hour

If thou commit me to the grave, say not, "Farewell,  
farewell !

For the grave is a curtain hiding the communion of  
Paradise

After beholding descent, consider resurrection,  
Why should setting be injurious to the sun and moon?  
'To thee it seems a setting, but 'tis a rising,  
Though the vault seems a prison, 'tis the release of the  
soul

What seed went down into the earth but it grew?  
Why this doubt of thine as regards the seed of man?  
What bucket was lowered but it came out brimful?  
Why should the Joseph of the spirit complain of the  
well?

Shut thy mouth on this side and open it beyond,  
For in placeless air will be thy triumphal song

x.

From the bosom of Self I catch continually a scent of  
the Beloved

How should I not, every night, take Self to my bosom?  
Yestereve I was in Love's garden this desire came  
into my head

His sun peeped forth from mine eye the river (of  
tears) began to flow

Each laughing rose that springs from his laughing lip  
Had escaped the thorn of being, had avoided Dhu  
'lfiqar<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Famous sword given by Mohammed to Ali, used here as death,  
corruption

Every tree and blade of grass was dancing in the  
meadow,  
But in the view of the vulgar they were bound and at  
rest.

Suddenly on one side our Cypress appeared  
So that the garden became senseless and the plane  
clapped its hands.

A face like fire, wine like fire Love afire -- all three  
delectable ,

The soul, by reason of the mingled fires was wailing,  
"Where shall I flee ?

In the world of Divine Unity is no room for Number  
But Number necessarily exists in the world of Five and  
Four

You may count a hundred thousand sweet apples in  
your hand

If you wish to make One, crush them all together  
Behold, without regarding the letters, what is this lan-  
guage in the heart

Pureness of color is a quality derived from the Source  
of Action.

Shamsî Tabriz is seated in royal state, and before him  
My rhymes are ranked like willing servants.

## XL

Thee I choose, of all the world, alone ;  
Wilt thou suffer me to sit in grief ?  
My heart is as a pen in thy hand,  
Thou art the cause if I am glad or melancholy

Save what thou wilt, what will have I?  
Save what thou showest, what do I see?  
Thou mak'st grow out of me now a thorn and now a rose ,  
Now I smell roses and now pull thorns  
If thou keep'st me that, that I am ,  
If thou would'st have me this, I am this  
In the vessel where thou givest color to the soul  
Who am I, what is my love and hate?

## XII

I am a painter, a maker of pictures , every moment I  
    shape a beauteous form,  
And then in thy presence I melt them all away  
I call up a hundred phantoms and indue them with a  
    spirit ,  
When I behold thy phantom, I cast them in the fire  
Art thou the Vintner's cup-bearer or the enemy of him  
    who is sober,  
Or is it thou who mak'st a ruin of every house I build?  
In thee the soul is dissolved, with thee it is mingled ,  
Lo ! I will cherish the soul, because it has a perfume  
    of thee  
Every drop of blood which proceeds from me is saying  
    to thy dust  
" I am one color with thy love, I am the partner of thy  
    affection "  
In the house of water and clay this heart is desolate  
    without thee ,  
O Beloved, enter the house, or I will leave it.

## XIII.

This is Love to fly heavenward.  
To rend every instant, a hundred veils.  
The first moment, to renounce life  
The last step to fare without feet.  
To regard this world as invisible,  
Not to see what appears to one's self  
"O heart, I said may it bless thee  
To have entered the circle of lovers,  
To look beyond the range of the eye  
To penetrate the windings of the bosom !  
Whence did this breath come to thee O my soul  
Whence this throbbing, O my heart ?  
O bird speak the language of birds  
I can understand thy hidden meaning  
The soul answered "I was in the (divine) Factory  
While the house of water and clay was a baking.  
I was a flying away from the (material) workshop  
While the workshop was being created  
When I could resist no more they dragged me  
To mould me into shape like a ball."

## XIV

Happy the moment when we are seated in the palace  
thou and I  
With two forms and with two figures but with one  
soul thou and I

The colors of the grove and the voice of the birds  
will bestow immortality

At the time when we come into the garden, thou and  
I

The stars of heaven will come to gaze upon us,

We shall show them the moon itself, thou and I

Thou and I, individuals no more, shall be mingled in  
ecstasy,

Joyful, and secure from foolish babble, thou and I

All the bright-plumed birds of heaven will devour their  
hearts with envy

In the place where we shall laugh in such a fashion,  
thou and I

This is the greatest wonder, that thou and I, sitting  
here in the same nook,

Are at this moment both in 'Iraq and Khorasan, thou  
and I

# xv

O my soul, who is this, stationed in the house of the  
heart?

Who may occupy the royal seat save the King and the  
Prince?

He beckoned with his hand "Say, what do you desire  
of me?"

What does a drunken man desire except sweetmeats  
and a cup of wine?

Sweetmeats derived from the soul, a cup of the Abso-  
lute Light,

An eternal banquet laid in the privacy of "*He is the Truth*"

How many deceivers are there at the wine drinkers feast !

Take heed lest thou fall O easy simple man !

Beware ! do not keep, in a circle of reprobates,

Thine eye shut like a bud thy mouth open like the rose

The world resembles a mirror thy Love is the perfect image,

O people who has ever seen a part greater than the whole ?

Go on foot, like the grass because in this garden

The Beloved, like the rose is riding, all the rest are on foot.

He is both the sword and the swordsman both the slain and the slayer

He is at once all Reason and brings Reason to nought.

That King is Salahn ddin<sup>1</sup> — may he endure forever

May his bounteous hand perpetually be a necklace on my neck !

#### XVI.

At last thou hast departed and gone to the Unseen

'Tis marvellous by what way thou wentest from the world.

Thou didst strongly shake thy wings and feathers, and having broken thy cage

<sup>1</sup> Salahr'ddin Zarkub (Goldsmith) See Redhouse's *Alamut* p. 110.

Didst take to the air and journey toward the world of  
soul

'Thou wert a favorite falcon, kept in captivity by an  
old woman

When thou heard'st the falcon drum thou didst fly away  
into the Void

I thou wert a love lorn nightingale among owls

The scent of the rose-garden reached thee, and thou  
didst go to the rose garden

Thou didst suffer sore headache from this bitter fer-  
ment,

At last thou wentest to the tavern of Eternity

Straight as an arrow thou didst make for the mark of  
bliss,

Thou didst speed like an arrow to that mark from this  
bow

The world gave thee false clews, like a ghoul

Thou took'st no heed of the clew, but wentest to that  
which is without a clew

Since thou art now the sun, why dost thou wear a tiara,  
Why seek a girdle, since thou art gone from the  
middle?

I have heard that thou art gazing with distorted eyes  
upon thy soul

Why dost thou gaze on thy soul, since thou art gone  
to the soul of Soul?

O heart, what a wondrous bird art thou, that in chase  
of divine rewards

Thou didst fly with two wings to the spear point, like  
a shield !

The rose flees from autumn— O what a fearless rose  
art thou

Who didst go loitering along in the presence of the  
autumn wind !

Falling like rain from heaven upon the roof of the ter  
restrial world

Thou didst run in every direction till thou didst escape  
by the conduit.

Be silent and free from the pain of speech do not  
slumber

Since thou hast taken refuge with so loving a Friend

## ESSEDI.

THIS poet is said to have had the distinction of being Firdausi's teacher. He was one of the bright particular stars at the court of the great Mahmud of Ghazni, but later his famous pupil completely outshone him.

The Sultan, it seems, had frequently urged Essedi to write the *Shah-Nameli*, but the poet always refused, pleading his old age as an excuse. However in spite of his age he outlived Firdausi, and wrote, for his dying pupil, the last four thousand couplets of the *Shah-Nameli*.

The story goes that when Firdausi was on his death-bed at Tus, he sent for his old master and told him that he feared that he would never live to complete the *Shah-Nameli*. And if he did not finish it who would? Essedi answered, "My son, be not grieved, if I live, I will finish it." Firdausi rejoined, "You are old, and can scarcely do so." But Essedi in two days' time composed the four thousand couplets, and Firdausi saw them before he died.

That Essedi did help Firdausi there can be no doubt, but exactly to what extent has never been satisfactorily proved.

His most celebrated poem is the dispute between Day and Night.

### DAY AND NIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

Day and Night, who each can yield  
Joy and solace to the earth,  
Thus contended for the field,

<sup>1</sup> Taken from Miss Costello's *Rose Garden of Persia*.

Claiming both the highest birth —  
Night spoke frowningly: " 'Twas I  
Who from all eternity  
Ruled the chaos of the world  
When in dim confusion hurled.  
The fervent prayer is heard at night,  
Devotion flies day's glaring light.

'Twas night, the Mount when Moses left,  
At night was Lot avenged by fire  
At night the moon our prophet cleft,  
And saw Heaven's might revealed entire.  
The lovely moon for thirty days  
Spreads radiant glory from afar  
Her charms forever night displays,

Crowned like a queen with many a star;  
Her seal bearer is Heav'n, a band  
Of planets wait on her command.  
Day can but paint the skies with blue,  
Night's starry hosts amaze the view  
Man measures time but by the moon  
Night shrouds what day reveals too soon.  
Day is with toil and care oppressed,  
Night comes, and with her gentle rest.  
Day busy still, no praise can bring,  
All night the saints their anthems sing,  
Her shade is cast by Gabriel's wing!  
The moon is pure the sun's broad face  
Dark and unsightly spots deface  
The sun shines on with changeless glare,  
The moon is ever new and fair "

Day rose, and smiled in high disdain —  
“Cease all this boasting, void and vain ,  
The Lord of Heaven, and earth, and thee  
    Gave me a place more proud than thine,  
And men with joy my rising see,  
    And hail the beams that round me shine.  
The holy pilgrim takes by day  
To many a sacred shrine his way ,  
By day the pious fast and pray ,  
And solemn feasts are held by day  
On the *Last Day* the world’s career is run,  
As on the *First* its being was begun  
Thou, Night, art friendly, it may be,  
For lovers fly for help to thee  
When do the sick thy healing see?  
Thieves, by thy aid, may scathless prowl ;  
Sacred to thee the bat and owl ,  
And, led by thee, pale spectres grimly howl !  
I sprang from Heaven, from dust thou art,  
    Light crowns my head with many a gem ,  
The collier’s cap is on thy brow —  
    For thee a fitting diadem  
My presence fills the world with joy ,  
Thou com’st all comfort to annoy  
I am a Moslem — white my vest  
Thou a vile thief, in sable drest  
Out negro-face ! — dar’st thou compare  
Thy cheeks with mine, so purely fair ?  
Those ‘hosts of stars,’ thy boast and pride,  
How do they rush their sparks to hide,

How to their native darkness run  
When, in his glory comes the sun !  
True, death was *first* but, tell me, who  
Thinks life least worthy of the two?  
'Tis by the moon the Arab counts

The lordly Persian tells his year  
By the bright sun that proudly mounts

The yielding heavens so wide and clear  
The sun is ruddy strong, and hale  
The moon is sickly wan and pale.  
Methinks twas ne'er in story told  
That silver had the worth of gold !  
The moon, a slave is bowed and bent,  
She knows her light is only lent  
She hurries on, the way to clear  
Till the great Shah himself appear  
What canst thou idle boaster say  
To prove the night excels the day?  
If stubborn still, let Him decide  
With whom all truth and law abide  
Let Nasir Ahmed wise as great,  
Pronounce, and give to each his state



## SA'DI.

SHAIKH SA'DI, the nightingale of Shiraz, as Jami poetically calls this gifted poet, was born at Shiraz, the capital of Persia, near the end of the twelfth century. All biographers agree that he lived to be over a hundred years old, Danlat Shah even crediting him with a hundred and twenty years. Shaikh Muslih-ud-Din, for that is Sa'di's real name, was patronized by Atabak Sad-bn Zangi, the Viceroy of Persia, hence his *takhallus* Sa'di; to which was added as a great honor the title of Shaikh. At this time the college at Baghdad was the great educational centre of the East, and there Sa'di was educated. He was of a religious temperament and is said to have made fourteen pilgrimages to Mecca. These journeys took place during the second period of his life, for most writers divide Sa'di's life into three parts: the first devoted to study, the second to travel, and the third to seclusion, for at Shiraz he built himself a hermitage and there, when over sixty he devoted himself to his great literary career. Emerson, commenting on his varied experience, says "By turns, a student, a water-carrier, a traveller, a soldier fighting against the Christians in the Crusades, a prisoner employed to dig trenches before Tripoli, and an honored poet in his protracted old age at home, — his varied and severe experience took away all provincial tone, and gave him a facility of speaking to all conditions. But the commanding reason of his wider popularity is his deeper sense, which in his treatment, expands the local forms and tints to a cosmopolitan breadth. Through his Persian dialect he speaks to all



book of roses, which will delight the beholders, and gratify those who are present whose leaves the tyrannic arm of the autumnal blasts can never affect, nor injure the blossoms of its spring. What benefit will you derive from a basket of flowers? Carry a leaf from my garden a rose may continue in bloom for five or six days but this rose garden will flourish forever. As soon as I had uttered these words, he flung the flowers from his lap, and, laying hold of the skirt of my garment, exclaimed, When the beneficent promise they faithfully discharge their engagements. In the course of a few days, two chapters (one on the comforts of society and the other containing rules for conversation) were written out in my note-book, in a style that may be useful to orators, and improve the skill of letter writers. In short, whilst the rose was yet in bloom, the book entitled the Rose Garden was finished.<sup>1</sup>

The *Bustan* Sa di's other famous work, is also used as a text book in military and civil examinations, and consists of ten chapters of didactic verse. The remarkable fact about his writings is the extremely simple way in which they are expressed. He took his lessons from the world. Indeed he went so far in his zeal to experience all things personally that he at one time assumed the religion of the worshippers of Vishnu, a sect for which he really had no sympathy. The story of this assumed conversion is told in his *Bustan*.<sup>2</sup>

Sa'di became a confirmed woman-hater owing probably to his two unfortunate marriages. He himself has given us a graphic account of his first marriage in the *Gulistan*<sup>3</sup> as well as a most lovely lament on the death of his only son.<sup>4</sup> His daughter lived to marry the famous Hafiz.

Taking his writings as a whole, one may say that Sa di's creed was cheerfulness and contentment. In fact he himself tells us that he was never discontented but once in his

<sup>1</sup> Gladwin's translation.

<sup>2</sup> See page 332.

<sup>3</sup> See page 280.

<sup>4</sup> See page 325.

life, when he grumbled because he had no shoes. But shortly after he met a man who had no feet. His grumbling ceased.

This dervish wit and linguist the Mohammedans worshipped as a saint, even attributing miracles to him. His body now lies entombed in the valley of Shiraz, and is daily visited by devout pilgrims who say of him, in true Oriental fashion that he " perforated with the diamond of his soul the precious stones of his experiences and, after gathering them on the string of eloquence, hung them for a talisman round the neck of posterity."

## GULISTAN, OR, ROSE GARDEN<sup>1</sup>

### PREFACE

*The Glorious Qualities of the Monarch of the True Faith (May God make clear its Demonstration)*  
*Abu-Baki-bin-Sad-bin-Zangi*<sup>2</sup>

The fair report of Sa'di, which is celebrated by the general voice, and the fame of his sayings, which has travelled the whole surface of the earth, and the loved reed,<sup>3</sup> which imparts his discourse, and which they devour like honey, and the manner in which men carry off the scraps of his writing, as though they were

<sup>1</sup> Selections from Edward B Eastwick's translation

<sup>2</sup> *Bin, ben, or ibn* signifies "son of"

<sup>3</sup> The Oriental *kalam* (calamus) or pen is, as every one knows, a reed. This leads to various poetical fantasies. Thus Maulavi Rumi,

"Hear the reed's complaining wail!  
Hear it tell its mournful tale!  
Torn from the spot it loved so well,  
Its grief, its sighs, our tears compel!"

gold leaf—are not to be ascribed to the perfection of his own excellence or eloquence, but [to this, that] the Lord of the Earth the Axis of the Revolution of Time the Successor of Sulman the Defender of the People of the True Faith the Puissant King of Kings the Great Atabak <sup>1</sup> Muzaffaru d-din Abu Bakr bin Sad bin-Zangi God's shadow on earth (*O God! approve him and his desires!*) has regarded him with extreme condescension and bestowed on him lavish commendation and evinced a sincere regard for him. Of a verity from attachment to him all people both high and low have become favorably inclined toward me *since men adapt the sentiments of their kings* <sup>2</sup>

### Quatrain

Since to my lowliness thou didst with favor turn  
My track is clearer than the sun's bright beam.  
Though in thy servant all might every fault-discern,  
When kings approve e'en vices virtues seem.

### Verse

'Twas in the bath a piece of perfumed clay  
Came from my loved one's hands to mine, one day  
Art thou then musk or ambergris?" I said,

<sup>1</sup> *Atabak* is a Turkish word signifying father of the prince. It was originally applied to a prime minister or great noble of state. It afterward became the title of a dynasty of Persian kings, originally Turkomans, who reigned from 1143 to 1364 A.D. To the sixth of these, Sad-bin-Zangi, Sadî dedicates his *Gulistan*. He reigned thirty-five years, and died A.D. 1259.

<sup>2</sup> A quotation from the Koran.

"That by thy scent my soul is ravished?"

"Not so," it answered, "worthless earth was I,  
But long I kept the rose's company,  
Thus near, its perfect fragrance to me came,  
Else I'm but earth, the worthless and the same"<sup>1</sup>

### STORY.

A king was seated in a vessel with a Persian slave. The slave had never before beheld the sea, nor experienced the inconvenience of a ship. He began to weep and bemoan himself, and a tremor pervaded his frame. In spite of their endeavors to soothe him, he would not be quieted. The comfort of the king was disturbed by him, but they could not devise a remedy. In the ship there was a philosopher, who said, "If you command, I will silence him." The king answered, "It would be the greatest favor." The philosopher directed them to cast the slave into the sea. He underwent several submersions, and they then took him by the hair and dragged him toward the ship. He clung to the rudder of the vessel with both hands, and they then pulled him on board again. When he had come on board, he seated himself in a corner and kept quiet. The king approved, and asked, "What was the secret of this expedient?" The philosopher replied, "At first he had not tasted the agony of drown-

<sup>1</sup> By this simile, which in the original is of exquisite beauty, Sa'di would express his own unworthiness, and the estimation imparted to him by the king's favor.

ing, and knew not the value of the safety of a vessel.  
In the same manner a person who is overtaken by  
calamity learns to value a state of freedom from ill.

*Stanza*

Sated, thou wilt my barley loaf repel.  
She whom I love ill favored seems to thee.  
To Eden's Houri Iraf would seem hell  
Hell's inmates ask — they'll call it heavenly

*Couplet.*

Wide is the space twixt him who clasps his love  
And him whose eyes watch for the door to move.<sup>1</sup>

## STORY

In a certain year I was engaged in devotion at the tomb of the Prophet Yahya,<sup>2</sup> in the principal mosque of Damascus. It happened that one of the Arabian princes, who was notorious for his injustice, came as a pilgrim thither performed his prayers, and asked [of God] what he stood in need of.

*Couplet*

The poor the rich, alike must here adore  
The wealthier they their need is here the more.

<sup>1</sup> In expectation of seeing his loved one come in.

<sup>2</sup> St. John the Baptist, whose remains were said to be interred in a church at Damascus. After the conquest of Syria by the Mussulman this church was converted into a mosque, and called the mosque of the tribe of Ummyyah.

He then turned toward me and said, "On account of the generous character of dervishes, and the sincerity of their dealings, I ask you to give me the aid of your spirit, for I stand in dread of a powerful enemy" I replied, "Show mercy to thy weak subjects, that thou mayst not experience annoyance from a puissant foe"

*Verse*

With the strong arm and giant grasp 'tis wrong  
To crush the feeble, unresisting throng  
Who pities not the fallen, let him fear,  
Lest, if he fall, no friendly hand be near  
Who sows ill actions and of blessing dreams,  
Fosters vain fantasies and idly schemes  
Unstop thy ears, thy people's wants relieve,  
If not, a day<sup>1</sup> shall come when all their rights receive.

*Distichs.*

All Adam's race are members of one frame,  
Since all, at first, from the same essence came  
When by hard fortune one limb is oppressed,  
The other members lose their wonted rest  
If thou feel'st not for others' misery,  
A son of Adam is no name for thee.

STORY

One of my companions came to me with complaints of his ill-fortune, saying, "I have but little means of

<sup>1</sup> That is, the day of resurrection

subsistence, and a large family and I cannot support the burden of poverty, It has frequently entered my head that I would go to another country in order that live how I may no one may know of my welfare or the reverse.

*Couplet*

Full many a starving wight has slept <sup>1</sup> unknown  
Full many a spirit fled that none bemoan

Again, I am in dread of the rejoicing of my enemies, lest they should laugh scoffingly at me behind my back and impute my exertions in behalf of my family to a want of humanity and say

*Stanza*

See now that wretch devoid of shame ! for him  
Fair fortune's face will smile not nor has smiled,  
Himself he pampers in each selfish whim  
And leaves his hardships to his wife and child.

"And I know something as you are aware of the science of accounts if by your interest a means [of subsistence] could be afforded me which might put me at ease I should not be able to express my gratitude sufficiently to the end of my life I replied, "O my friend ! the king's service has two sides to it, —hope of a livelihood, and terror for one's life and it is contrary to the opinion of the wise, through such a hope to expose oneself to such a fear

<sup>1</sup> Here used for "died.

*Stanza*

None in the poor man's hut demand  
 Tax on his garden or his land  
 Be thou content with toil and woe,  
 Or with thy entrails feed the crow "

He replied, "These words that thou hast spoken do not apply to my case, nor hast thou returned an answer to my question Hast thou not heard what they have said, 'that the hand of every one who chooses to act dishonestly trembles in rendering the account'?"

*Couplet*

God favors those who follow the right way,  
 From a straight road I ne'er saw mortal stray

"And the sages have said, 'Four kinds of persons are in deadly fear of four others the brigand of the Sultan, and the thief of the watchman, and the adulterer of the informer, and the harlot of the superintendent of police,' and what fear have those of the settling, whose accounts are clear?"

*Stanza*

Wouldst thou confine thy rival's power to harm  
 Thee at discharge? then while thy trust remains,  
 Be not too free, none shall thee then alarm  
 'Tis the soiled raiment which, to cleanse from stains,  
 Is struck on stones and asks the washer's pains.

I answered "Applicable to thy case is the story of that fox which people saw running away in violent trepidation<sup>1</sup> Some one said to him 'What calamity has happened to cause thee so much alarm? He replied I have heard they are going to impress the camel They rejoined O Shatter brain! what connection has a camel with thee and what resemblance hast thou to it? He answered 'Peace! for if the envious should to serve their own ends, say This is a camel and I should be taken who would care about my release so as to inquire into my condition? and before the antidote is brought from Irak, the person who is bitten by the snake may be dead<sup>2</sup> And in the same way thou possessest merit, and good faith and piety, and uprightness but the envious are in ambush and the accusers are lurking in corners. If they should misrepresent thy fair qualities, and thou shouldst incur the king's displeasure and fall into disgrace, who would have power in that situation of affairs, to speak for thee? I look upon it as thy best course to secure the kingdom of contentment, and to abandon the idea of preferment, since the wise have said,

*Couplet*

'Upon the sea tis true is boondless gain  
Wouldst thou be safe upon the shore remain

<sup>1</sup> Literally "falling and rising.

<sup>2</sup> The *hryas* is an antidote against poison. Some think it is treacle and others the bezoar-stone. This sentence is a proverb in common use.

When my friend heard these words he was displeased, and his countenance was overcast, and he began to utter words which bore marks of his vexation, saying, "What judgment, and profit, and understanding, and knowledge is this? and the saying of the sages has turned out correct, in that they have said, 'Those are useful friends who continue so when we are in prison, for at our table all our enemies appear friends'

### Stanza

Think not thy friend one who in fortune's hour  
 Boasts of his friendship and fraternity  
 Him I call friend who sums up all his power  
 To aid thee in distress and misery "

I saw that he was troubled, and that my advice was taken in bad part. I went to the president of finance, and, in accordance with our former intimacy, I told him the case, in consequence of which he appointed my friend to some trifling office. Some time passed away, they saw the amenity of his disposition, and approved his excellent judgment. His affairs prospered, and he was appointed to a superior post, and in the same manner the star of his prosperity continued to ascend until he reached the summit of his desires, and became a confidential servant of his Majesty the Sultan, *and the pointed-at by men's fingers, and one in whom the ministers of State placed their confidence*. I rejoiced at his secure position and said,

*Couplet*

"Have no doubts because of trouble nor be thou dis-  
comfited

For the water of life a fountain<sup>1</sup> springeth from a  
gloomy bed

*Couplet*

"*Ah! ye brothers of misfortune! be not ye with grief  
oppressed*

*Many are the secret mercies which with the All  
bounteous rest*

*Couplet*

'Sit not sad because that Time a fitful aspect weareth  
Patience is most bitter yet most sweet the fruit it  
beareth.

During this interval I happened to accompany a number of my friends on a journey to Hijaz.<sup>2</sup> When I returned from the pilgrimage to Mecca he came out two stages to meet me. I saw that his outward appearance was one of distress, and that he wore the garb of a dervish. I said, "What is thy condition?" He replied, "Just as thou saidst a party became envious of me, and accused me of disloyal conduct and the

<sup>1</sup> Mohammedans believe in a fountain of life, to taste one drop of which bestows immortality. They say that *Akbar* or *Elias*, who they suppose, was the general of the first Alexander discovered this fountain, and drank of it, and hence he can never die.

<sup>2</sup> Arabia Petrea.

king did not deign to inquire minutely into the explanation of the circumstances, and my former companions, and even my sincere friends, forbore to utter the truth, and forgot their long intimacy

*Stanza*

When one has fallen from high heaven's decree,  
 The banded world will trample on his head,  
 Then fawn and fold their hands respectfully,  
 When they behold his steps by fortune led

In short, I was subjected to all kinds of tortures till within this week that the good tidings of the safety of the pilgrims<sup>1</sup> arrived, when they granted me release from grievous durance, with the confiscation of my hereditary estate " I said " At that time thou wouldst not receive my suggestion, that the service of the king is like a sea-voyage, at once profitable and fraught with peril, where thou either wilt acquire a treasure, or perish amid the billows

*Couplet*

Or with both hands the merchant shall one day embrace  
 the gold,  
 Or by the waves his lifeless form shall on the strand be  
 rolled "

I did not think it right to lacerate his mental wounds further, or to sprinkle them with salt I confined myself to these two couplets and said,

<sup>1</sup> The pilgrims to Mecca.

*Stanza*

"Knewest thou not that thou wouldst see the chains  
upon thy feet,  
When a deaf ear thou turnedst on the counsels of the  
wise?  
If the torture of the sting thou canst not with courage  
meet,  
Place not thy finger in the hole where the sullen  
scorpion lies"

## STORY

A person had reached perfection in the art of wrestling. He knew three hundred and sixty precious sleights in this art, and every day he wrestled with a different device. However his heart was inclined toward the beauty of one of his pupils. He taught him three hundred and fifty nine throws all he knew save one the teaching of which he deferred. The youth was perfect in skill and strength and no one could withstand him till he at length boasted before the Sultan that he allowed the superiority of his master over him only out of respect to his years, and what was due to him as an instructor and that but for that he was not inferior in strength and on a par with him in skill. The king was displeased at his breach of respect, and he commanded them to wrestle. A vast arena was selected. The great nobles and ministers of the king attended. The youth entered like a furious elephant,

with a shock that had his adversary been a mountain of iron would have upturned it from its base. The master perceived that the young man was his superior in strength. He fastened on him with that curious grip which he had kept concealed from him. The youth knew not how to foil it. The preceptor lifted him with both hands from the ground, and raised him above his head, and dashed him on the ground. A shout of applause arose from the multitude. The king commanded them to bestow a robe of honor and reward on the master, and heaped reproaches on the youth, saying, "Thou hast presumed to encounter him who educated thee, and thou hast failed." He replied, "Sire ! my master overcame me, not by strength or power, but a small point was left in the art of wrestling which he withheld from me, and by this trifle he has to-day gotten the victory over me." The preceptor said, "I reserved it for such a day as this, for the sages have said, 'Give not thy friend so much power that if one day he should become a foe, thou mayst not be able to resist him.' Hast thou not heard what once was said by one who had suffered wrong from a pupil of his own?"

*Stanza*

' On earth there is no gratitude, I trow ,  
Or none, perhaps, to use it now pretend  
None learn of me the science of the bow,  
Who make me not their target in the end ' "

## STORY

A king gave an order to put an innocent person to death. He said, "O king! for the anger which thou feelst against me seek not thine own injury!" The king asked, "How so?" He replied, "I shall suffer this pang but for a moment, and the guilt of it will attach to thee forever."

*Quatrain*

Circling on, life's years have fled, as flies the breeze of  
morn,  
Sadness and mirth and foul and fair for aye have  
passed away  
Dreamst thou tyrant! thou hast wreaked on me thy  
rage and scorn?  
The burthen from my neck has passed on thine  
must ever stay

The king laughed and said, "In thy life thou never saidst a truer word than this." He then commanded the usual allowance for descendants of the Prophet to be got ready for him.

## STORY

Abdu'l Kadir Gilani<sup>1</sup> laid his face on the pebbles in the sanctuary of the Kaba, and said "O Lord! pardon me, but if I am deserving of punishment, raise

<sup>1</sup> This saintly personage was a celebrated Sufi of Baghdad under whom Sadi embraced the doctrine of the Mystics.

me up at the resurrection blind, that I may not be ashamed in the sight of the righteous "

*Stanza*

Humbly in dust I bow each day  
 My face, with wakening memory,  
 O Thou ! whom I forget not, say,  
 Dost thou bethink Thee e'er of me?

STORY

A thief entered the house of a recluse    However much he searched, he found nothing    He turned back sadly and in despair, and was observed by the holy man, who cast the blanket on which he slept in the way of the thief, that he might not be disappointed

*Stanza*

The men of God's true faith, I've heard,  
 Grieve not the hearts e'en of their foes  
 When will this station be conferred  
 On thee who dost thy friends oppose?

The friendship of the pure-minded, whether in presence or absence, is not such that they will find fault with thee behind thy back, and die for thee in thy presence

*Couplet*

Before thee like the lamb they gentle are  
 Absent, than savage wolves more ruthless far

*Complet.*

They who the faults of others bring to you,  
Be sure they'll bear to others your faults too

## STORY

Certain travellers had agreed to journey together, and to share their pains and pleasures. I wished to join them. They withheld their consent. I said "It is inconsistent with the benevolent habits of the eminent to avert the countenance from the society of the lowly, and to decline to be of service to them and I feel in myself such power of exertion and energy that in the service of men I should be an active friend not a weight on their minds.

*Complet*

*What though I'm borne<sup>1</sup> not in the camel throng  
Yet will I strive to bear your loads along*

One of them said Let not thy heart be grieved at the answer thou hast received, for within the last few days a thief came in the guise of a dervish, and linked himself in the chain of our society

*Complet.*

What know men of the wearer though they know the  
dress full well?  
The letter writer only can the letter's purport tell

<sup>1</sup> There is an attempt here at a pun.

Inasmuch as the state of dervishes is one of security, they had no suspicion of his meddling propensities, and admitted him into companionship

### *Distichs*

Rags are the external sign of holiness ,  
 Sufficient—for men judge by outward dress  
 Strive to do well, and what thou pleasest, wear ,  
 Thy head a crown, thine arm a flag may bear  
 Virtue lies not in sackcloth coarse and sad ,  
 Be purely pious, and in satin clad  
 True holiness consists in quitting vice,  
 The world and lust, — not dress , — let this suffice  
 Let valiant men their breasts with iron plate  
 Weapons of war ill suit the effeminate

“In short, one day, we had journeyed till dusk, and slept for the night under a castle’s walls The graceless thief took up the water-pot of one of his comrades, saying that he was going for a necessary purpose, and went, in truth, to plunder

### *Couplet*

He’d fain with tattered garment for a dervish pass,  
 And makes the Kaba’s<sup>1</sup> pall the housings of an ass

<sup>1</sup> First the Khalifahs, then the Sultans of Egypt, and lastly those of Constantinople, have been in the habit of sending annually to Mecca a rich covering of brocade for the temple there, called the Kaba.

As soon as he had got out of sight of the dervishes he scaled a bastion, and stole a casket. Before the day dawned that dark hearted one had got to a considerable distance, and his innocent companions were still asleep. In the morning they carried them all to the fortress and imprisoned them. From that day we have abjured society and kept to the path of retirement, for *in solitude there is safety*.

### STORY

When but one member of a tribe has done  
A foolish act, all bear alike disgrace  
Seest thou how in the mead one ox alone  
Will lead astray the whole herd of a place?

I said "I thank God (may He be honored and glorified!) that I have not remained excluded from the beneficial influences of the dervishes, although I have been deprived of their society and I have derived profit from this story, and this advice will be useful to such as I am through the whole of life."

### Disticks

Be there but one rough person in their train  
For his misdeeds the wise will suffer pain.  
Should you a cistern with rose water fill  
A dog dropped in it would defile it still

### STORY

A religious recluse became the guest of a king. When they sat down to their meals, he ate less than

his wont, and when they rose up to pray, he prayed longer than he was accustomed to, that they might have a greater opinion of his piety

*Couplet*

O Arab<sup>1</sup> much I fear thou at Mecca's shrine wilt  
never be,  
For the road that thou art going is the road to Tartary

When he returned to his own abode he ordered the cloth to be laid that they might eat. He had a son possessed of a ready wit, who said, "O my father<sup>1</sup> didst thou eat nothing at the entertainment of the Sultan?" He replied, "I ate nothing in their sight to serve a purpose." The son rejoined, "Repeat thy prayers again, and make up for their omission, since thou hast done nothing that can serve any purpose."

*Stanza*

Thy merits in thy palm thou dost display,  
Thy faults beneath thy arm from sight withhold  
What wilt thou purchase, vain one<sup>1</sup> in that day,  
The day of anguish, with thy feigned gold?<sup>1</sup>

STORY.

I remember that, in the time of my childhood, I was devout, and in the habit of keeping vigils, and eager to practise mortification and austerities. One night I

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "Base silver or coin"

sat up in attendance on my father and did not close my eyes the whole night, and held the precious Koran in my lap while the people around me slept. I said to my father, 'Not one of these lifts up his head to perform a prayer' They are so profoundly asleep that you would say they were dead. He replied 'Life of thy father! it were better if thou, too wert asleep, rather than thou shouldst be backbiting people

### Stanza

Naught but themselves can vain pretenders mark  
 For conceit's curtain intercepts their view  
 Did God illumine that which in them is dark  
 Naught than themselves would wear a darker hue

### STORY

In a certain assembly they were extolling a person of eminence and going to an extreme in praising his excellent qualities. He raised his head and said I am that which I know myself to be

### Complet

*Thou who wouldst sum my virtues up enough thou'll  
 find  
 In outward semblance to my secret failings blind*

<sup>1</sup> Literally A double prayer—blame precatious, as M. Sémollet remarks, like *deux Pater et deux Ave*.

*Stanza*

My person, in men's eyes, is fair to view ;  
 But, for my inward faults, shame bows my head  
 The peacock, lauded for his brilliant hue,  
 Is by his ugly feet discomfited

## STORY.

They asked Lukman, "Of whom didst thou learn manners?" He replied, "From the unmannerly. Whatever I saw them do which I disapproved of, that I abstained from doing."

*Stanza*

Not e'en in jest a playful word is said,  
 But to the wise, 'twill prove a fruitful theme  
 To fools, a hundred chapters may be read  
 Of grave import, to them they'll jesting seem.

## STORY

They asked one of the Shaikhs of Damascus, "What is the true state of Sufism?"<sup>1</sup> He replied, "Formerly they were a sect outwardly disturbed, but inwardly collected, and at this day they are a tribe outwardly collected and inwardly disturbed."

<sup>1</sup> The Sufis are a sect of Mohammedan Mystics, whose opinions, with regard to the soul, the Deity, and creation, very much resemble the esoteric doctrines of the Brahmans. They look upon the soul as an emanation from the Deity, to be reabsorbed into its source, and regard that absorption as attainable by contemplation.

*Stanza*

While ever roams from place to place thy heart,  
No peacefulness in solitude thou'lt see  
Hast thou estates, wealth rank the trader's mart?  
Be thy heart God's — this solitude may be

## STORY

A king had reached the close of his life and had no heir to succeed him. He made a will, that they should place the royal crown on the head of the first person who might enter the gates of the city in the morning, and should confide the government to him. It happened that the first person who entered the city gate was a beggar who throughout his whole life had collected scrap after scrap and sewn rag upon rag. The Pillars of the State, and ministers of the late king executed his will, and bestowed on him the country and the treasure. The dervish carried on the government for a time, when some of the great nobles turned their necks from obeying him and the princes of the surrounding countries rose up on every side to oppose him, and arrayed their armies against him. In short, his troops and his subjects were thrown into confusion, and a portion of his territory departed from his possession. The dervish was in a state of dejection at this circumstance, when one of his old friends, who was intimate with him in the time of his poverty, returned from a journey and, finding him in this exalted pos-

tion, said, "Thanks be to God (may He be honored and glorified ! ) that thy lofty destiny has aided thee, and thy auspicious fortune has led thee on, so that thy rose has come forth from the thorn, and the thorn from thy foot, and thou hast arrived at this rank, '*surely with calamity comes rejoicing*'<sup>1</sup>

### Couplet

The bud now blossoms, withered now is found  
The tree now naked, now with leaves is crowned "

He replied, " O brother ! condole with me, for there is no room for felicitation When thou sawest me, I was distressed for bread, and now I have the troubles of a world upon me "

### Distichs.

Have we no wordly gear — 'tis grief and pain  
Have we it — then its charms our feet enchain  
Can we than this a plague more troublous find,  
Which absent, present, still afflicts the mind?

### Stanza

Wouldst thou be rich, seek but content to gain,  
For this a treasure is that ne'er will harm  
If in thy lap some Dives riches rain,  
Let not thy heart with gratitude grow warm,  
For, by the wisest, I have oft been told, —  
The poor man's patience better is than gold

<sup>1</sup> "After pain comes pleasure, " "Après la peine le plaisir "

*Couplet.*

A locust's leg the poor ant's gift, is more  
Than the wild ass dressed whole from Bahram's<sup>1</sup> store.

## STORY

Having become weary of the society of my friends at Damascus, I set out for the wilderness of Jerusalem and associated with the brutes, until I was made prisoner by the Franks who set me to work along with Jews at digging in the fosse of Tripolis, till one of the principal men of Aleppo between whom and myself a former intimacy had subsisted passed that way and recognized me, and said "What state is this? and how are you living?" I replied,

*Stanza*

"From men to mountain and to wild I fled  
Myself to heavenly converse to betake  
Conjecture now my state, that in a shed  
Of savages I must my dwelling make.

*Couplet*

Better to live in chains with those we love  
Than with the strange mid flow'rets gay to move.

<sup>1</sup> Bahram, the sixth of that name, was a king of Persia, called Go from his fondness for hunting the wild ass. This couplet is a sort of Oriental version of the widow's snuff.

He took compassion on my state, and with ten dinars redeemed me from the bondage of the Franks, and took me along with him to Aleppo. He had a daughter, whom he united to me in the marriage-knot, with a portion of a hundred dinars. As time went on, the girl turned out of a bad temper, quarrelsome and unruly. She began to give a loose to her tongue, and to disturb my happiness, as they have said,

*Distichs*

"In a good man's house an evil wife  
Is his hell above in this present life  
From a vixen wife protect us well,  
*Save us, O God ! from the pains of hell."*

At length she gave vent to reproaches, and said, "Art thou not he whom my father purchased from the Franks' prison for ten dinars?" I replied, "Yes ! he redeemed me with ten dinars, and sold me into thy hands for a hundred "

*Distichs.*

- I've heard that once a man of high degree  
From a wolf's teeth and claws a lamb set free  
That night its throat he severed with a knife,  
When thus complained the lamb's departing life,  
"Thou from the wolf didst save me then, but now,  
Too plainly I perceive the wolf art thou "

## STORY

One of the Syrian recluses had for years worshipped in the desert, and sustained life by feeding on the leaves of trees. The king of that region made a pilgrimage to visit him and said, "If thou thinkest fit, I will prepare a place for thee in the city that thou mayest have greater conveniences for devotion than here and that others may be benefited by the blessing of thy prayers, and may imitate thy virtuous acts." The devotee did not assent to these words. The nobles said, "To oblige the king the proper course is for thee to come into the city for a few days and learn the nature of the place after which if the serenity of thy precious time suffers disturbance from the society of others, thou wilt be still free to choose." They relate that the devotee entered the city and that they prepared for him the garden of the king's own palace a place delightful to the mind, and suited to tranquillize the spirit.

*Disticks*

Like beauty's cheek, bright shone its roses red,  
Its hyacinths — like fair ones ringlets spread —  
Seemed babes, which from their mother milk ne'er  
drew  
In winter's cold so shrinkingly they grew

*Couplet.*

*And the branches — on them grew pomegranate flowers  
Like fire suspended there, mid verdant bowers*

The king forthwith despatched a beautiful damsel to him

*Verse*

A young moon that e'en saints might lead astray,  
 Angel in form, a peacock in display,  
 When once beheld, not hermits could retain  
 Their holy state, nor undisturbed remain

In like manner, after her, the king sent a slave, a youth of rare beauty and of graceful proportions.

*Stanza*

*Round him, who seems cupbearer, people sink,  
 Of thirst they die, he gives them not to drink*

The eyes that see him, still unsated crave,  
 As dropsy thirsts amid the Euphrates' wave

The holy man began to feed on dainties and wear soft raiment, and to find gratification and enjoyment in fruits and perfumes, as well as to survey the beauty of the youth and of the damsel, and the wise have said, "The ringlets of the beautiful are the fetters of reason and a snare to the bird of intelligence "

*Couplet*

In thy behoof, my heart, my faith, my intellect, I vow,  
 In truth, a subtle bird am I, the snare this day art thou

In short, the bliss of his tranquil state began to decline, as they have said,

*Stanza*

‘All that exist — disciples, doctors, saints,  
The pure and eloquent alike, all fail  
When once this world’s base gear their minds attains,  
As flies their legs in honey vainly trail.

At length the king felt a desire to visit him. He found the recluse altered in appearance from what he was before with a florid complexion, and waxen fat pillowed on a cushion of brocade and the fairy faced slave standing at his head with a fan of peacock’s feathers. The monarch was pleased at his felicitous state and the conversation turned on a variety of subjects, till at the close of it the king said — Of all the people in the world I value these two sorts most — the learned and the devout. A philosophical and experienced vizir was present. He said, O king! friendship requires that thou shouldst do good to both these two orders of men — to the wise give gold that they may study the more and to the devout give nothing, that they may remain devout.

*Couplet*

To the devout, nor pence nor gold divide,  
If one receive it, seek another guide

*Stanza*

Kind manners, and a heart on God bestowed  
 Make up the saint, without alms begged or bread  
 That piety bequeathes    What though no load  
 Of turquoise-rings on Beauty's fingers shed  
 Their ray, nor from her ear the shimmering gem  
 Depends, 'tis Beauty still, and needs not them

*Stanza*

O gentle dervish ! blest with mind serene,  
 Thou hast no need of alms or hermit's fare  
 Lady of beauteous face and graceful mien !  
 Thou well the turquoise-ring and gauds canst spare.

*Couplet*

Seek I for goods which not to me belong ,  
 Then if men call me worldly they're not wrong

## STORY.

In conformity with the preceding story, an affair of importance occurred to the king    He said, "If the termination of this matter be in accordance with my wishes, I will distribute so many dirams to holy men "    When his desire was accomplished, it became incumbent on him to fulfil his vow according to the conditions    He gave a bag of dirams to one of his favorite servants, and told him to distribute them among devout personages    They say that the servant was

shrewd and intelligent. He went about the whole day, and returned at night and kissing the dirams, laid them before the king saying "However much I searched for the holy men I could not find them." The king replied "What tale is this? I know that in this city there are four hundred saints. He answered "O Lord of the earth! the devout accept them not, and he who accepts them is not devout." The king laughed and said to his courtiers "Strong as my good intentions are toward this body of godly men and much as I wish to express my favor toward them I am thwarted by a proportionate enmity and rejection of them on the part of this saucy fellow and he has reason on his side."

*Couplet*

When holy men accept of coin from thee,  
Leave them, and seek some better devotee.

## STORY

They asked a profoundly learned man his opinion as to pious bequests. He said "If the allowance is received in order to tranquillize the mind and obtain more leisure for devotion it is lawful but when people congregate for the sake of the endowment it is unlawful."

*Couplet*

For sacred leisure saints receive their bread,  
Not to gain food that ease is furnished

## STORY

A disciple said to his spiritual guide, "What shall I do, for I am harassed by people through the frequency of their visits to me, and my precious moments are disturbed by their coming and going" He replied, "Lend to all who are poor, and demand a loan of all who are rich, and they will not come about thee again "

*Couplet*

If Islam's van a beggar should precede,  
To China infidels would fly his greed

## STORY.

A band of dissolute fellows came to find fault with a dervish, and used unwarrantable language, and wounded his feelings. He carried his complaint before the chief of his order, and said, "I have undergone such and such" His chief replied, "O son ! the patched robe of dervishes is the garment of resignation. Every one who in this garb endures not disappointment patiently is a pretender, and it is unlawful for him to wear the robe of the dervish

*Couplet*

A stone makes not great rivers turbid grow  
When saints are vexed their shallowness they show.

*Stanza*

Hast thou been injured? suffer it and clear  
Thyself from guilt in pardoning other's sin.  
O brother! since the end of all things here  
Is into dust to moulder be thou in  
Like humble mould ere yet the change begin.'

## STORY

(IN VERSE)

List to my tale! In Baghdad once dispute  
Between a flag and curtain rose Its suit  
The banner, dusty and with toil oppressed  
Urged and the curtain, angry thus addressed  
"Myself and thou were comrades at one school;  
Both now are slaves neath the same monarch's rule  
I in his service ne'er have rested — still,  
Whate'er the time, I journey at his will  
My foot is ever foremost in emprise  
Then why hast thou more honor in men's eyes?  
With moon-faced slaves thy moments pass away,  
With jasmine-scented girls thou mak'st thy stay  
I lie neglected still in servile hands  
Tossed by the winds my head my feet in bands."  
The threshold is my couch the curtain said  
"And ne'er like thee to heaven raise I my head  
He who exalts his neck with vain conceit,  
Hurls himself headlong from his boasted seat.'

## STORY

A pious man saw an athlete who was exasperated, and infuriated, foaming at the mouth. He said, "What is the matter with this man?" Some one answered, "Such a one has abused him." "What!" said the holy man, "this contemptible fellow can lift a stone of a thousand mans'<sup>1</sup> weight, yet has not the power to support a word

*Stanza*

Boast not thy strength or manhood while thy heart  
Is swayed by impulse base, — if man thou art,  
Or woman, matters naught, — but rather aim  
All mouths to sweeten, — thus deserve the name  
Of man, for manliness doth not consist  
In stopping others' voices with thy fist

*Stanza*

Though one could brain an elephant, yet he  
Is not a man without humanity.  
In earth the source of Adam's sons began,  
Art thou not humble? then thou art not man "

## STORY.

A king was regarding a company of dervishes contemptuously. One of them, acute enough to divine his feelings, said, "O king! we, in this world, are inferior

<sup>1</sup> A *man* or *mann* of Tabriz is ten pounds

to thee in military pomp but enjoy more pleasure and are equal with thee in death, and superior to thee in the day of resurrection—

*Distichs*

The conqueror may in every wish succeed  
Of bread the dervish daily stands in need  
But in that hour when both return to clay  
Naught but their winding-sheet they take away  
When man makes up his load this realm to leave,  
The beggar finds less cause than kings to grieve.

The outward mark of a dervish is a patched garment and shaven head but his essential qualities are a living heart and mortified passions

*Stanza*

Not at strife's door sits he when thwarted ne'er  
Starts up to contest all unmoved his soul.  
He is no saint who from the path would stir  
Though a huge stone should from a mountain roll.

The dervish's course of life is spent in commemorating, and thanking, and serving, and obeying God and in beneficence and contentment and in the acknowledgment of one God and in reliance on Him, and in resignation and patience. Every one who is endued with these qualities is, in fact, a dervish though dressed in a tunic. But a babblers who neglects prayer, and is given to sensuality and the gratification

of his appetite, who spends his days till night-fall in the pursuit of licentiousness, and passes his night till day returns in careless slumber, eats whatever is set before him, and says whatever comes uppermost, is a profligate, though he wear the habit of a dervish

*Stanza*

O thou ! whose outer robe is falsehood, pride,  
 While inwardly thou art to virtue dead,  
 Thy curtain<sup>1</sup> of seven colors put aside,  
 While th' inner house with mats is poorly spread."

STORY

(IN ALFAR)

I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,  
 With bands of grass suspended from a dome  
 I said, "What means this worthless grass, that it  
 Should in the roses' fairy circle sit?"  
 Then wept the grass and said, "Be still ! and know  
 The kind their old associates ne'er forego  
 Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, true !  
 But in the garden of the Lord I grew "

His ancient servant I,  
 Reared by His bounty from the dust,  
 Whate'er my quality,

<sup>1</sup> It is customary in Persia to have a curtain at the portal of the house, the richness of which depends on the circumstances of the owner

I'll in His favoring mercy trust.  
No stock of worth is mine,  
Nor fund of worship yet He will  
A means of help divine  
When aid is past He'll save me still.  
Those who have power to free,  
Let their old slaves to freedom live,  
Thou Glorious Majesty !  
Me too Thy ancient slave forgive.  
Said I move thou to resignation's shrine  
O man of God ! the path of God be thine.  
Hapless is he who from this haven turns,  
All doors shall spurn him who this portal spurns.

### STORY

I never complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor suffered my face to be overcast at the revolution of the heavens, except once when my feet were bare and I had not the means of obtaining shoes. I came to the chief mosque of Kufah in a state of much dejection, and saw there a man who had no feet. I returned thanks to God and acknowledged his mercies, and endured my want of shoes with patience, and exclaimed,

### Stanza

"Roast fowl to him that's sated will seem less  
Upon the board than leaves of garden cress.  
While in the sight of helpless poverty,  
Boiled turnip will a roasted pullet be.

## STORY

A merchant met with the loss of a thousand dinars, and said to his son, "Thou must not tell any one of this matter" The son replied, "O father! it is thy command, I will not tell, acquaint me, however, with the advantage to be derived from keeping the affair secret" The father answered, "In order that we may not have two misfortunes to encounter — first, the loss of our money, and secondly, the malignant rejoicings of our neighbors"

*Couplet*

Do not to foes thy sufferings impart,  
Lest, while they seem to grieve, they joy at heart<sup>1</sup>

## STORY.

An intelligent young man, who possessed an ample stock of admirable accomplishments and a rare intellect, notwithstanding, uttered not a word whenever he was seated in the company of the wise At length, his father said, "O son! why dost not thou also say somewhat of that thou knowest?" He replied, "I fear lest they should ask me something of which I am ignorant, and I should bring on myself disgrace"

*Stanza*

One day a Sufi (hast thou heard it told?)

By chance was hammering nails into his shoe

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "While they repeat the deprecatory formula, There is no power or strength but in God"

Then of his sleeve an officer caught hold

And said "Come thou I and shoe my charger too!"

*Couplet*

Art silent? none can meddle with thee    When

Thou once hast spoken thou must prove it then

STORY

A man with a harsh voice was reading the Koran in a loud tone. A sage passed by and asked "What is thy monthly stipend?" He replied "Nothing." "Wherefore then, asked the sage dost thou give thyself this trouble?" He replied "I read for the sake of God." Then said the sage, "for God's sake I read not.

*Couplet.*

If in this fashion the Koran you read

You'll mar the loveliness of Islam's creed.

STORY

They asked Hasan Maimandi, 'How is it that, although Sultan Mahmud has so many handsome slaves, every one of whom is the wonder of the world and the marvel of the age, he has not such a regard or affection for any one as for Ayaz who is not remarkable for beauty?' He replied "Whatever pleases the heart appears fair to the eye

*Distichs*

The man for whom the Sultan shows esteem,  
 Though bad in every act, will virtuous seem  
 But whom the monarch pleases to reject,  
 None of his retinue will e'er affect

*Stanza*

When with antipathy we eye a man,  
 We see in Joseph's beauty, want of grace  
 And, prepossessed, should we a demon scan,  
 He'd seem a cherub with an angel's face.

## STORY

They shut up a parrot in a cage with a crow The parrot was distressed at the ugly appearance of the other, and said, "What hateful form is this, and detested shape, and accursed face and unpolished manners? *O crow of the desert! would that between me and thee were the space 'twixt east and west!'*"

*Stanza*

Should one at dawn arising thy face see,  
 'Twould change to twilight gloom that morning's  
 mirth  
 Such wretch as thou art should thy comrade be,  
 But where could such a one be found on earth!

But still more strangely the crow, too, was harassed to death by the society of the parrot, and was utterly

chagrined by it. Reciting the deprecatory formula, "There is no power nor strength but in God,"<sup>1</sup> it complained of its fate, and rubbing one upon the other the hands of vexation, it said "What evil fate is this, and unlucky destiny and fickleness of fortune! It would have been commensurate with my deserts to have walked proudly along with another crow on the wall of a garden.

*Couplet*

'Twill for a prison to the good suffice,  
To herd them with the worthless sons of vice.

What crime have I committed in punishment for which my fate has involved me in such a calamity and imprisoned me with a conceited fool like this, at once worthless and fatuous?"

*~                      Stanza*

All would that wall with loathing fly  
Which bore impressed thy effigy  
And if thy lot in Eden fell,  
All others would make choice of Hell.

I have brought this example to show that, how strong soever the disgust a wise man may feel for a fool a fool regards with a hundred times more aversion a wise man.

<sup>1</sup>This means, There is no striving against fate.

*Couplets.*

A pious man, mid dance and song, was seated with  
 the gay ,  
 One of Balkh's beauties saw him there, and marked the  
 mirth decay  
 "Do we, then, weary thee?" he said, "at least, un-  
 cloud thy brow ,  
 For we, too, feel thy presence here is bitterness enow

*Quatrain*

This social band like roses is and lilies joined in one,  
 And mid them thou, a withered stick, upspringest all  
 alone ,  
 Like winter's cruel cold art thou, or like an adverse  
 blast, —  
 Thou sittest there like fallen snow, ice-bound and  
 frozen fast "

## STORY.

A man had a beautiful wife, who died, and his wife's mother, a decrepit old woman, on account of the marriage-settlement,<sup>1</sup> took up her abode, and fixed herself in his house. The man was vexed to death by her propinquity, yet he did not see how to get rid of her by reason of the settlement. Some of his friends came to inquire after him, and one of them said, "How dost

<sup>1</sup> As he could not pay what he had covenanted to pay, when he married, his wife's relations indemnified themselves by saddling him with the old lady, his wife's mother

thou bear the loss of thy beloved one? He replied,  
"The not seeing my wife is not so intolerable to me  
as the seeing her mother

*Distichs*

The tree has lost its roses, but retains  
Its thorn. The treasure's gone, the snake<sup>1</sup> remains.  
'Tis better on the lance-point fixed to see  
One's eye, than to behold an enemy  
'Tis well a thousand friendships to erase  
Could we thereby avoid our foeman's face

## STORY

I remember that in my youth I was passing along a street when I beheld a moon-faced beauty. The season was that of the month of July when the fierce heat dried up the moisture of the mouth and the scorching wind consumed the marrow of the bones. Through the weakness of human nature I was unable to support the power of the sun and involuntarily took shelter under the shade of a wall, waiting to see if any one would relieve me from the pain I suffered owing to the ardor of the sun's rays, and cool my flame with water. All of a sudden from the dark portico of a house, I beheld a bright form appear of such beauty that the tongue of eloquence would fail in narrating

<sup>1</sup> It is a popular Oriental notion that treasures are guarded by serpents.

her charms She came forth as morn succeeding a dark night, or as the waters of life issuing from the gloom She held in her hand a cup of snow-water, in which she had mixed sugar and the juice of the grape I know not whether she had perfumed it with her own roses, or distilled into it some drops from the bloom of her countenance In short, I took the cup from her fair hand, and drained its contents, and received new life “*The thirst of my heart cannot be slaked with a drop of water, nor if I should drink rivers would it be lessened.*”

### Stanza

Most blest that happy one whose gaze intense  
Rests on such face at each successive morn ,  
The drunk with wine at midnight may his sense  
Regain , but not till the last day shall dawn  
Will love's intoxication reach its bourne

### STORY

They told to one of the Arabian kings the story of Laili and Majnun, and of the insanity which happened to him, so that, although possessed of high qualities and perfect eloquence, he betook himself to the desert and abandoned the reins of choice After commanding them to bring him into his presence, the king began to rebuke him, saying, “What defect hast thou seen in the nobleness of man's nature that thou hast

taken up the habits of an animal and bidden adieu to the happiness of human society?" Majnun wept and said,

*Verse*

*'Oft have my friends reproached me for my love  
The day will come they'll see her and approve*

*Stanza*

Would that those who seek to blame me  
Could thy face, O fairest I see  
Theirs would then the loss and shame be  
While amazed intent on thee  
They would wound their hands while they  
Careless with the orange<sup>1</sup> play

'That the truth of the reality might testify to the appearance I claim for her!" The king was inspired with a desire to behold her beauty in order to know what sort of person it was who was the cause of such mischief. He commanded and they sought for her and, searching through the Arab families, found her and brought her before the king, in the court of the royal pavilion. The king surveyed her countenance, and beheld a person of a dark complexion and weak form. She appeared to him so contemptible that he thought the meanest of the servants of his harem superior to her in beauty and grace. Majnun acutely discerned

<sup>1</sup> See poem, *Yusef and Zulaikha*, page 504.

his thoughts and, said "O king ! it is requisite to survey the beauty of Laili from the window of the eye of Majnun, in order that the mystery of the spectacle may be revealed to you "

### *Distichs*

Unmoved with pity thou me hear'st complain ,  
I need a comrade who can share my pain  
The livelong day I'd then my woes recite ,  
Wood with wood joined will ever burn more bright.

### *Verse*

*" What passed within my hearing of the grove,  
O forest leaves ! did ye but learn,  
Ye'd mourn with me My friends ! tell him whom love  
Has spared, I would he did but burn  
With lover's flames , he'd then my grief discern "*

### *Verse*

Scars may be laughed at by the sound,  
But to a fellow-sufferer reveal  
Thy anguish Of the hornet's wound  
What reck they who did never feel  
Its sting? Till fortune shall bring round  
Thy woes to thee, they will but seem  
The weak illusions of a dream  
Do not my sufferings confound  
With those of others Canst thou deem

One holding salt<sup>1</sup> can tell the pain of him  
Who has salt rubbed upon his wounded limb?

## STORY

(IN VERSE.)

A gallant youth there was and fair  
Pledged to a maid beyond compare ,  
They on the sea, as poets tell  
Together in a whirlpool fell.  
The boatman came the youth to save —  
To snatch him from his watery grave  
But, mid those billows of despair  
He cried, " My love ! my love is there !  
Save her oh save ! " he said and died  
But with his parting breath he cried,  
Not from that wretch love's story hear  
Who love forgets when peril's near "  
Together thus these lovers died.  
Be told by him who love has tried  
For Sa di knows each whim and freak  
Of love, — as well its ways can speak  
As Baghdad's dwellers Arabic.  
Hast thou a mistress? her then prize,  
And on all others close thine eyes.  
Could Majnun and his Laili back return  
They might love's story from this volume learn.

<sup>1</sup> This is a favorite comparison of Oriental poets. Rubbing salt on a wound is a proverbial expression with them.

## STORY

A king handed over his son to a teacher, and said, "This is my son, educate him as one of thine own sons" The preceptor spent some years in endeavoring to teach him without success, while his own sons were made perfect in learning and eloquence The king took the preceptor to task, and said, "Thou hast acted contrary to thy agreement, and hast not been faithful to thy promise" He replied, "O King! education is the same, but capacities differ."

*Stanza*

Silver and gold 'tis true in stones are found,  
 Yet not all stones the precious metals bear  
 Canopus shines to earth's most distant bound,  
 But here gives leather — scented leather there <sup>1</sup>

## STORY

I have heard of an old doctor who said to a pupil, "If the minds of the children of men were as much fixed on the Giver of subsistence as they are on the subsistence itself, they would rise above the angels"

*Stanza*

Thou wast by God then not forgotten when  
 Thou wast a seed — thy nature in suspense,

<sup>1</sup> That is, the light of Canopus in one place causes the leather to be perfumed (a strange notion!), in another leaves it in its common state

He gave thee soul and reason wisdom, ken  
Beauty and speech reflection judgment, sense,  
He on thy hand arrayed thy fingers ten,  
And thy arms fastened to thy shoulders. Whence  
Canst thou then think, O thou most weak of men!  
He d be unmindful of thy subsistence?

## STORY

I saw the son of a rich man seated at the head of his father's sepulchre, and engaged in a dispute with the son of a poor man, and saying, My father's sarcophagus is of stone, and the inscription colored with a pavement of alabaster and turquoise bricks. What resemblance has it to that of thy father? which consists of a brick or two huddled together with a few handfuls of dust sprinkled over it. The son of the poor man heard him, and answered Peace! for before thy father can have moved himself under this heavy stone my sire will have arrived in paradise. This is a saying of the Prophet *The death of the poor is repose*

## Couplet

Doubtless the ass, on which they do impose  
The lightest burthen also easiest goes.

## Stanza

The poor man, who the agony has borne  
Of famine & pangs, treads lightly to the door

Of death    While one from blessings torn —  
     From luxury and ease — will grieve the more  
 To lose them    This is certain    Happier he  
 Whom, like a captive, death from bonds sets free,  
 Than great men, whom it hurries to captivity ”

### MAXIMS ON THE DUTIES OF SOCIETY.

#### MAXIM

Riches are for the sake of making life comfortable,  
 not life for the sake of amassing riches    I asked a  
 wise man, “ Who is fortunate and who unfortunate ? ”  
 He replied, “ The fortunate is he who sowed and  
 reaped , the unfortunate he who died and abandoned ”

#### *Couplet*

Not for that worthless one a prayer afford,  
 Who life in hoarding spent — ne'er spent his hoard.

#### MAXIM

Two men have labored fruitlessly and exerted  
 themselves to no purpose    One is the man who has  
 gained wealth without enjoying it, the other he who  
 has acquired knowledge but has failed to practise it

#### *Distichs*

How much soe'er thou learn'st, 'tis all vain ,  
 Who practised not, still ignorant remain

A quadruped, with volumes laden, is  
No whit the wiser or more sage for this  
How can the witless animal discern  
If books be piled on it? or wood to burn?

## MAXIM.

Science is for the cultivation of religion, not for  
worldly enjoyments.

*Couplet*

Who makes a gain of virtue science lore,  
Is one who garners up then burns his store.

## MAXIM

Three things lack permanency uncombined with  
three other things wealth without trading learning  
without instruction, and empire without a strict ad-  
ministration of justice.

*Stanza*

By courteous speech, politeness, gentleness,  
Sometimes thou mayest direct the human will  
Anon by threats for it oft profits less  
With sugar twice a hundred cups to fill  
Than from one colocynth its bitters to distil.

## MAXIM.

To show pity to the bad is to oppress the good, and  
to pardon oppressors is to tyrannize over the oppressed

*Couplet.*

When thou to base men giv'st encouragement,  
Thou shar'st their sins, since thou them aid hast lent.

## MAXIM

No reliance can be placed on the friendship of  
princes, nor must we plume ourselves on the sweet  
voices of children, since that is changed by a caprice,  
and these by a single slumber

*Couplet*

On the mistress of a thousand hearts, do not thy love  
bestow,  
But if thou wilt, prepare eftsoons her friendship to  
forego

## MAXIM

Reveal not to a friend every secret that thou pos-  
sessest How knowest thou whether at some time he  
may not become an enemy? Nor inflict on thy enemy  
every injury that is in thy power, perchance he  
may some day become thy friend Tell not the  
secret that thou wouldst have continue hidden to any  
person, although he may be worthy of confidence, for  
no one will be so careful of thy secret as thyself.

*Stanza*

Better be silent, than thy purpose tell  
To others, and enjoin them secrecy.

O dolt ! keep back the water at the well  
For the swollen stream to stop thou'lt vainly try  
In private, utter not a single word  
Which thou in public wouldst regret were heard.

## MAXIM.

Let thy words between two foes be such that if they  
were to become friends thou wouldst not be ashamed.

*Distichs*

Like fire is strife betwixt two enemies  
The luckless mischief maker wood supplies.  
Struck with confusion and ashamed is he,  
If e'er the two belligerents agree  
Can we in this aught rational discern —  
To light a fire which will ourselves first burn?

*Stanza*

In talk with friends speak soft and low  
Lest thy bloodthirsty foeman thee should hear  
A wall may front thee — true ! but dost thou know  
If there be not behind a listening ear?

## MAXIM.

Whoever comes to an agreement with the enemies  
of his friends, does so with the intention of injuring  
the latter

*Couplet*

Eschew that friend, if thou art wise,  
Who consorts with thy enemies.

MAXIM.

When, in transacting business, thou art in doubt,  
make choice of that side from which the least injury  
will result.

*Couplet*

Reply not roughly to smooth language, nor  
Contend with him who knocks at peace's door

MAXIM

Anger that has no limit causes terror, and unseasonable kindness does away with respect Be not so severe as to cause disgust, nor so lenient as to make people presume

*Distichs*

Sternness and gentleness are best combined  
The leech both salves and scarifies, you find.  
The sage is not too rigorous, nor yet  
Too mild, lest men their awe of him forget :  
He seeks not for himself too high a place ,  
Nor will himself too suddenly abase.

*Disticks*

Once to his sire a shepherd said ' O Sage !  
Teach me one maxim worthy of thy age  
" Use gentleness, he said, yet not so much,  
That the wolf be emboldened thee to clutch

## MAXIM

Two persons are the foes of a state and of religion :  
a king without clemency and a religious man without  
learning

*Couplet*

Ne'er to that king may states allegiance own  
Who bows not humbly at th' Almighty's throne.

## MAXIM.

When an enemy has tried every expedient in vain,  
he will pretend friendship and then by this pretext,  
execute designs which no enemy could have effected

## MAXIM.

When thou knowest tidings that will pain the heart  
of any one be silent, so that another may be the first  
to convey them.

*Couplet*

O nightingale ! spring's tidings breathe,  
Ill rumors to the owls bequeath

## MAXIM

Do not acquaint a king with the treason of any one unless when thou art assured that the disclosure will meet with his full approval, else thou art but laboring for thy own destruction

*Couplet*

Then, only then, to speak intend  
When speaking can effect thy end

## MAXIM

He who gives advice to a conceited man is himself in need of counsel

## MAXIM

Be not caught by the artifice of a foe, nor purchase pride of a flatterer, for the one has set the snare of hypocrisy, and the other has opened the mouth of greediness. The fool is puffed up with flattery, like a corpse whose inflated heels appear plump

*Stanza*

Heed not the flatterer's fulsome talk,  
He from thee hopes some trifle to obtain;  
Thou wilt, shouldst thou his wishes balk,  
Two hundred times as much of censure gain.

## MAXIM.

Until some one points out to an orator his defects, his discourse will never be amended.

*Couplet*

To vaunt of one's own speaking is not meet,  
At fools' approval and one's own conceit.

## MAXIM

Every one thinks his own judgment perfect, and his own son beautiful

*Verse*

A Jew and Mussulman once so contended  
That laughter seized me as their contest grew  
The true believer thus his cause defended  
Is this bond false then may I die a Jew !  
The Jew replied By Moses' books I vow that  
'Tis true or else a Mussulman am I !"  
So from earth's face were Wisdom's self to fly,  
Not one could be amongst us found to allow that  
He judgment lacked or himself stultify

## MAXIM

Whosoever does no good when he has the ability to do it, in the time of inability to aid others will himself suffer distress.

*Couplet*

Ill-starred, indeed, is he who injures men •  
Is fortune adverse, he is friendless then

## MAXIM

Affairs succeed by patience, and he that is hasty  
falleth headlong

*Distichs*

I've in the desert with these eyes beheld  
The hurrying pilgrim to the slow-stepped yield  
The rapid courser in the rear remains,  
While the slow camel still its step maintains

## MAXIM

There is no better ornament for the ignorant than  
silence, and did he but know this he would not be  
ignorant

*Stanza*

Hast thou not perfect excellence, 'tis best  
To keep thy tongue in silence, for 'tis this  
Which shames a man, as lightness does attest  
The nut is empty, nor of value is

*Stanza*

Once, in these words, a fool rebuked an ass, —  
“Go, thou who all thy life hast lived in vain !”

A sage said to him "Blockhead I why dost pass  
Thy time in this? Gibes will be all thy gain.  
To learn of thee a brute no power has  
Learn thou of brutes in silence to remain."

• • • • •

MAXIM

Whoso sits with bad men will not see aught good.

*Dutch*

With demons did an angel take his seat,  
He d learn but terror treason and deceit  
Thou from the bad wilt nothing learn but ill  
The wolf will ne er the fumer's office fill.

**MAXIM.**

Divulge not the secret faults of men, for at the same time that thou disgracest them thou wilt destroy thy own credit.

MAXIM

He that has acquired learning and not practised what he has learnt, is like a man who ploughs but sows no seed.

**MAXIM**

Worship cannot be performed by the body without the mind, and a shell without a kernel will not do for merchandise.

## MAXIM

Not every one who is ready at wrangling is correct  
in his dealings

*Couplet*

Forms enow beneath the mantle wear the outward  
signs of grace ,  
But if thou shouldst them unwimple, thou wouldst  
find a grandam's face

## MAXIM

Not every one whose outward form is graceful pos-  
sesses the graces of the mind , for action depends on  
the heart, not on the exterior

*Stanza*

From a man's qualities a day's enough  
To make us of his learning's limit sure  
Plume not thyself as though the hidden stuff  
Thou of his heart hast reached , nor be secure,  
For not e'en long revolving years can tell  
The foul things which in man unnoticed dwell

## MAXIM

A weak man, who has the foolhardiness to contend  
with a strong one, assists his adversary in destroying  
himself.

*Stanza*

He who was nursed in soft repose  
Cannot with warriors to the battle go,  
Vain with his weakly arm to close,  
And struggle with an iron wristed foe.

## MAXIM

Whoso will not listen to advice aims at hearing himself reproached.

*Couplet*

He who will not to friends advice attend  
Must not complain when they him reprehend

## MAXIM.

Persons devoid of virtue cannot endure the sight of the virtuous, just as market cures, when they see dogs of the chase bark at them, but dare not approach them

## MAXIM

When a base fellow cannot vie with another in merit, he will attack him with malicious slander

*Couplet*

Weak envy absent virtue slanders, — Why?  
Since it is dumb, perforce, when it is by

## MAXIM.

Wise men eat late, devout men but half satisfy  
 their appetites, and hermits take only enough to  
 support life, the young eat till the dishes are removed,  
 and the old till they sweat, but the Kalandars<sup>1</sup> stuff  
 till they have no room in their stomachs to breathe,  
 and not a morsel is left on the table for any one

*Couplet*

The glutton for two nights no sleep can get,  
 The first from surfeit, the next from regret

## MAXIM.

Whoso slays not his enemy when he is in his power  
 is his own enemy

*Couplet*

When a stone is in the hand; on a stone the serpent's  
 pate,  
 He is not a man of sense who to strike should hesitate

There are, however, persons who think the opposite  
 of this advisable, and have said, "It is better to pause  
 in the execution of prisoners, inasmuch as the option  
 [of slaying or pardoning them] is retained Whereas,  
 if a prisoner be put to death without deliberation, it is

<sup>1</sup> A sort of fakir

probable that the best course will be let slip, since the step is irremediable.

*Couplets*

'Tis very easy one alive to slay ,  
Not so to give back life thou tak'st away  
Reason demands that archers' patience show  
For shafts once shot return not to the bow

## MAXIM.

The sage who engages in controversy with ignorant people must not expect to be treated with honor, and if a fool should overpower a philosopher by his loquacity it is not to be wondered at, for a common stone will break a jewel.

*Couplet*

What marvel is it if his spirits droop?  
A nightingale — and with him crows to coop !

*Couplets*

What if a vagabond on merit rail?  
Let not the spirits of the worthy fail  
A common stone may break a golden cup ,  
Its value goes not down the stone's not up.

## MAXIM.

It is not right to estrange in a moment a friend whom it takes a lifetime to secure

*Triplet.*

'Tis years before the pebble can put on  
The ruby's nature — Wilt thou on a stone  
In one short moment mar what time has done?

## MAXIM

Purpose without power is mere weakness and deception, and power without purpose is fatuity and insanity

*Couplet*

Have judgment, counsel, sense, and then bear rule,  
Wealth, empire, are self-murder to the fool

The liberal man, who enjoys and bestows, is better than the devotee, who fasts and lays by. Whoso abandons lust in order to gain acceptance with the world has fallen from venial desires into those which are unpardonable

*Couplet*

Hermits, who are not so through piety,  
Darken a glass and then attempt to see.

*Couplet.*

Little to little added much will grow  
The barn's store, grain by grain, is gathered so.  
Many littles make a mickle, many drops a flood.

## MAXIM

It is not right for a learned man to pass over leniently the foolish impertinences of the vulgar for this is detrimental to both parties the awe which the former ought to inspire is diminished, and the folly of the latter augmented.

*Complet*

Art thou with fools too courteous and too free,  
Their pride and folly will augmented be.

## MAXIM

People forget the name of him whose bread they have not tasted during his lifetime. Joseph the just (Peace be on him!), during the famine in Egypt, would not eat so as to satisfy his appetite that he might not forget the hungry. It is the poor widow that relishes the grapes, not the owner of the vineyard<sup>1</sup>

*Complets*

He who in pleasure and abundance lives,  
What knows he of the pang that hunger gives?  
He can affliction best appreciate,  
Who has himself experienced the same state.

<sup>1</sup> That is, We estimate blessings when we are deprived of them and value highly what is beyond our reach.

*Stanza*

O thou ! who rid'st a mettled courser, see  
 How toils, mid mire, the poor thorn-loaded ass !  
 From poor men's houses, let no fire for thee  
 Be brought    The wreaths which from their chimney  
           pass  
 Are sighs wrung from their hearts by destiny.<sup>1</sup>

## MAXIM

Two things are impossible    to obtain more food  
 than what Providence destines for us , and to die before  
 the time known to God

*Stanza*

Fate is not altered by a thousand sighs ,  
 Complain or render thanks — arrive it will  
 The angel at whose bidding winds arise  
       Cares little for the widow's lamp, if still  
 It burns, or by the storm extinguished dies.

## MAXIM

The envious man begrudgeth God's blessings, and  
 is the foe of the innocent

*Stanza*

-A wretched crack-brained fellow once I saw,  
 Who slandered one of lofty dignity ,

<sup>1</sup> That is, do not wring from the poor the smallest trifle    The comparison between smoke and a sigh is a simile in which Orientals delight, inept as it appears to us

I said ' Good sir ! I grant thee that a flaw  
May in thy fortunes be observed, — but why  
Impute it to the man who lives more happily ?

*Second Stanza*

Oh ! on the envious man invoke no curse  
For of himself, poor wretch ! accursed is he ,  
On him no hatred can inflict aught worse  
Than his self fed, self torturing enmity

MAXIM

A student without the inclination to learn is a lover  
without money and a pilgrim without spirituality is a  
bird without wings ; and a devotee without learning is  
a house without a door



## SELECTIONS FROM THE BUSTAN

### THE MOTH AND THE FLAME,<sup>1</sup>

ONE night—I do remember—when mine eyes  
Closed not. I heard a talking in this wise

Moth said to Lamp-flame Ah, my Well beloved !  
I am a Lover this is no surprise

‘ If I do weep and burn but thou ! but thou !  
Why do I see thee weeping burning now ?

The Lamp replied “ *Skirin : man !* Soft Lover !  
The honey of my life melts from my brow !

It said “ Oh, tearful Lover ! cease to sigh  
Passion’s worst pangs thou knowest not, as I

Leave claiming, leave lamenting or come boldly !  
Nor power nor patience of Love’s mystery

Hast thou, who fleest from my naked fire,  
Desiring yet afraid of thy Desire !

Hither and thither dost thou flutter fearful,  
But I consume, exhale, glow and expire.

‘ If flame of Love thy silver feathers scorch,  
Look upon me, who am Love’s kindled Torch !

<sup>1</sup>Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold. This celebrated poem is usually called *The Moth and the Candle*.

Think on the blaze and torrent of my burning,  
Forget my splendor, lighting court and porch ! ”

There lingered some little of the night,  
When one of Pari-face put out that light ,  
The smoke rose like a parting soul it whispered,  
“ Look, Lover ! now, indeed, Love endeth right

“ This is the Road ! *Rah in ast'* learn of me,  
Dying thou gainest Love's best ecstasy ! ”

\* \* \* \* \*

Make over Lover slain no lamentation ,  
Cry *Shukur* ! thanks ! — He is accepted , he

Oh, if thou be'st true Lover, wash not hand  
From that dear stain of Love ! from worldly brand  
Of wealth and self-love wash it ! At the last  
Those win, who spite of Fortune's tempests, stand,

Glad to wreck all for Love I say to thee —  
I, Sa'di — launch not on that boundless Sea !

But, if thou puttest forth, hoist sail, quit anchor !  
To storm and wave trust thyself hardly !

### STORY OF THE PEARL <sup>1</sup>

From a cloud there descended a droplet of rain ,  
'Twas ashamed when it saw the expanse of the main,  
Saying, “ Who may I be, where the sea has its run ?  
If the sea has existence, I truly have none ! ”

<sup>1</sup> Translations by G S Davie

Since in its own eyes the drop humble appeared  
 In its bosom a shell with its life the drop reared,  
 The sky brought the work with success to a close,  
 And a famed royal pearl from the rain-drop arose.  
 Because it was humble its excellence gained,  
 Patiently waiting till success was obtained

### THE DEATH OF SA DI'S SON

At Sana<sup>1</sup> a young child of mine melted away,  
 Of all that occurred to me what shall I say?  
 A Joseph-like picture the Fates never gave  
 But was Jonah like gulped by the fish of the grave  
 In this garden a cypress ne'er reached any height,  
 But the tempests of fate pulled its roots from their site.  
 No wonder that roses will blow on the ground,  
 When, beneath it so many rose bodies sleep sound I  
 To my heart, I said, Die thou disgrace to mankind I  
 The child goes off pure the old man, vile in mind I"

Out of love and distress, for his stature alone  
 From his tomb I extracted a panel of stone  
 On account of my dread in that dark, narrow place  
 My disconsolate state changed the hue of my face  
 When I came to myself from that horrible fear  
 From my darling loved child, this arrived at my ear

If this region of darkness produced in you fright,  
 Take care, when you enter to carry a light I  
 If you wish that the light of the tomb should appear

<sup>1</sup> Sana, the capital of Arabia Felix, where Sa di's second marriage occurred.

Bright as day, light the lamp of your actions while here !  
 Shakes the husbandman's body from fever and care,  
 Peradventure the palm should not luscious dates bear  
 Some covetous men the opinion maintain,  
 'That, without sowing wheat it they'll a harvest obtain !  
 He who planted the root, Sa'di, on the fruit feeds !  
 He will gather the harvest, who scattered the seeds !

#### PATIENCE AND CONTENTMENT

In a generous man's spirit perfection is bred ,  
 If no money he owns, what's the harm or the dread ?  
 Were a miser with Croesus in riches to ringe,  
 Do not think that his miserly spirit would change !  
 If a liberal person obtain not his bread,  
 His spirit is rich, just as if he were fed  
 'The giving's the ground and the means, the sown field ,  
 Bestow ! that the root fertile branches may yield  
 I would wonder where God, who makes man out of  
 clay,  
 To make his humanity vanish away,  
 In holding up wealth, do not strive to excel !  
 For water when stagnant emits a bad smell  
 In munificence labor ! for water that flows,  
 By the favor of Heaven to a mighty flood grows !  
 If a miser should fall from his wealth and estate,  
 Very rarely again will his riches be great  
 If you are a jewel of worth, do not fret !  
 For time will not cause your existence to set  
 A clod may be lying exposed on the way ,

Yet I do not see any one heed to it pay  
 If a clipping of gold should escape from the shears,  
 With a candle they search for it, till it appears.  
 From the heart of a stone they can crystal obtain  
 Where under the rust does a mirror remain?  
 The manners must please and exhibit much grace  
 For coming and going are Fortune and Place.

### THE SUFI AND THE SLANDERER.

Said a man to a Sufi with sanctity blest,  
 You know not what some one behind you expressed."  
 He said Silence ! O brother ! and sleep it away !  
 It is best not to know what your enemies say !  
 Those people who carry the words of a foe  
 Than enemies, truly more enmity show  
 The remarks of a foe to a friend no one bears,  
 Excepting the man who his enmity shares.  
 A foe cannot speak with such hardness to me,  
 That from hearing, my body should shivering be !  
 You are worse than a foe ! with your lips you unfold  
 The same that the foe to you privately told !"  
 A talebearer gives to old war a fresh life  
 And urges a good, gentle person to strife.  
 Fly away from that comrade while strength in you lies !  
 Who says unto sleeping sedition, Arise !  
 A man in a pit, with his feet firmly bound,  
 Is better than spreading disturbance around.  
 Between two an encounter resembles a fire  
 And the ill-omened tell tales the fuel supplier

## SYMPATHY FOR ORPHANS

A shade o'er the head of the orphan boy put !  
Disperse all his sighs and his sorrows uproot !  
You know not why he has this helplessness seen !  
Does a tree without root ever show itself green ?  
When you see the sad head of an orphan bent low,  
On the face of your son, do not kisses bestow !  
If an orphan should weep, who will purchase relief ?  
And should he be vexed, who will share in his grief ?  
Take care ! lest he weeps, for the great throne on high  
Will tremble and shake, should an orphan child cry !  
By kindness, the tears from his pure eyes displace !  
By compassion, disperse all the dust from his face !  
If his own sheltering shadow has gone from his head,  
Take him under your own fostering shadow instead !  
I at that time the head of a monarch possessed,  
When I let it recline on my own father's breast ,  
If a fly on my body made bold to alight,  
The hearts of a number were grieved at the sight  
If now to a dungeon they captive me bear,  
Not one of my friends to assist me would care  
The sufferings of poor orphan children I know ,  
In my childhood, my father to God had to go

## DEALING WITH ENEMIES

Until your diplomacy terminates right,  
It is better to flatter your foe, than to fight  
When, by force, you're unable to vanquish your foes,  
By favors, the portal of strife you must close !

If you fear lest you be by an enemy stung  
 With the charm of munificence, tie up his tongue !  
 Give your enemy money? — not thorns from a hedge !  
 For munificence blunts all the teeth that have edge  
 By skill, you can coax and enjoy earthly bliss;  
 The hand you can't hate it is proper to kiss !  
 By management, Rustem will come to the noose,  
 From whose coil Asfandiyar<sup>1</sup> could not cast himself  
     loose

You can find the occasion your foe's skin to rend  
 Take care of him ! then as you would of a friend.  
 Be cautious in fighting with one you despise !  
 From a drop I have oft seen a torrent arise  
 While you can let not knots on your eyebrows be  
     seen !

An opponent is best as a friend although mean.  
 His foe shows delight, and his friend shows distress,  
 Whose friends are in count than his enemies less.  
 With an army exceeding your own do not fight !  
 For you can't with your finger a lancet's point smite  
 And should you be stronger in war than your foe  
 To the weak, 'tis unmanly oppression to show !  
 Though you've lion like hands and an elephant's force  
 Peace is better than war as a matter of course  
 When the hand has by every deception been torn,  
 The hand to the sword may be lawfully borne  
 Should your foe wish for peace his request do not  
     spurn !

<sup>1</sup> Asfandiyar a Persian king, son of Darius-Hystaspes, lassoed by Rustem.

And should he seek battle, the reins do not turn !  
 For should he resolve to retreat in the field,  
 The strength and the awe of a thousand you'll wield  
 If his foot he has placed in the stirrup of war,  
 You won't be arraigned at the Great Judgement Bar  
 Be prepared, too, for war, should sedition awake !  
 For kindness to black guards is quite a mistake  
 If you tell in an affable way to a wretch,  
 His presumption and arrogance higher will stretch  
 When your enemy, vanquished, approaches your gate,  
 Cast revenge from your heart and cast ire from your  
 pate !

You should kindness bestow when he asks for your  
 cure .

Be gracious ! and of his deceptions, beware !  
 From an aged man's counselling turn not away !  
 For he knows his work well who has lived to be gray !  
 And should they remove from its site the stronghold—  
 The youth with the sword and with wisdom the old—  
 In the thick of the fight bear a refuge in mind !  
 What know you which side will the victory find ?  
 When you see that your army has lost in the strife,  
 Alone, do not cast to the wind your sweet life !  
 Should your place be the border, make running your  
 care !

And if in the middle, the foe's raiment wear !  
 If you number two thousand—two hundred your foe,—  
 When night has arrived from his clime you should go !  
 At night, Fifty horsemen from lying in wait,  
 Like Five Hundred, a noise on the ground will create

When you wish to accomplish some marches by night  
 First, look for the ambushes hidden from sight !  
 When one of two armies has marched for a day  
 The strength from his hands will have dwindled away  
 At your leisure the army exhausted attack !  
 For the fool has himself placed a load on his back.  
 When you've vanquished your foe, do not lower your  
 flag !

Lest again he should gather his forces and brag,  
 In pursuit of the fugitives go not too far !  
 For you should not lose sight of your comrades in war  
 When the air from war's dust, like a cloud to you shows,  
 Around you with spears and with swords, they will  
 close.

From searching for plunder the soldier refrains  
 Who alone at the back of the monarch remains.  
 To an army the duty of guarding the king,  
 Is better than fight in the battle field's ring

#### OF SADI'S JOURNEY TO HINDUSTAN AND THE DEPRAVITY OF IDOLATRY

An ivory idol I saw at Somnat,<sup>1</sup>  
 Begemmed as in paganish times was Monat.<sup>2</sup>  
 So well had the sculptor its features designed,  
 That an image more perfect no mortal could find.  
 Caravans from each district were moving along

<sup>1</sup> Somnat, a famous Hindu temple in Guzerat, destroyed by Mahmud of Ghazni.

<sup>2</sup> Monat, one of the chief idols of pagan Arabia.

To look at that spiritless image they throng  
Kings of China and Chighil, like Sa'di, forsooth !  
From that hard-hearted idol were longing for truth  
Men of eloquence, gathered from every place,  
Were beseeching in front of that dumb idol's face  
I was helpless to clear up the circumstance, how  
The Animate should to the inanimate bow ?  
To a pagan with whom I had something to do —  
A companion well spoken, a chum of mine, too —  
I remarked in a whisper, " O Brahmin, so wise !  
At the scenes in this place I experience surprise !  
About this helpless form they are crazed in their mind,  
And in error's deep pit are as captives confined  
Its hands have no strength, and its feet have no pace ,  
And if thrown on the ground 'twould not rise from its  
place

Don't you see that its eyes are but amber, let in ?  
To seek for good faith in the blind is a sin ! "  
That friend at my speech to an enemy turned ,  
He seized me, and, fire-like, from anger he burned  
He told all the pagans and temple old men ,  
I saw not my welfare in that meeting then  
Since the crookèd road seemed unto them to be right,  
The straight road very crooked appeared in their sight ,  
For although a good man may be pious and wise,  
He's an ignorant fool in the ignorant's eyes  
I was helpless to aid as a man being drowned ,  
Except in abasement no method I found  
When you see that a fool has malevolence shown,  
Resignation and meekness give safety alone

The chief of the Brahmins I praised to the skies  
"Of the Zend and Asta<sup>1</sup> oh expounder most wise !  
With this idol's appearance I'm satisfied too  
For the face and the features are charming to view  
Its figure appears very choice in my sight  
But regarding the truth I am ignorant quite.  
I am here as a traveller a very short while  
And a stranger knows seldom the good from the vile.  
You're the queen of the chess-board and therefore aware,  
And the monarch's adviser of this temple fair  
To worship by mimicking doubtless is wrong,  
Oh, happy the pilgrim whose knowledge is strong !  
What truths in the figure of this idol lie?  
For the chief of its worshippers, truly am I !  
The face of the old Brahmin glowed with delight  
He was pleased and said, Oh thou whose statements  
are right !  
Your question is proper your action is wise —  
Whoever seeks truth will to happiness rise  
Like yourself too on many a journey I've been  
And idols not knowing themselves I have seen  
Save this, which each morning just where it now stands,  
To the great God of Justice praises its hands !  
And if you are willing, remain the night here !  
And to-morrow the secret to you will be clear"  
At the chief Brahmin's bidding I tarried all night  
In the well of misfortune like Buzhan's<sup>2</sup> my plight.

<sup>1</sup> Zend and Asta, religious books of the Magi.

<sup>2</sup> Buzhan, grandson of Ruxtem confined in a well by Afrasiab for being caught in his palace in company with his daughter

The night seemed as long as the last Judgment  
Day ,

The pagans, unwashed, round me feigning to pray

The priests very carefully water did shun ,

Their armpits like carrion exposed in the sun <sup>1</sup>

Perhaps a great sin I had done, long before,

That I on that night so much punishment bore

All the night I was racked in this prison of grief,

With one hand on my heart, one in prayer for relief ,

When the drummer, with suddenness, beat his loud  
drum,

And the cock crowed the fate of the Brahmin to  
come

Unresisted, the black-coated preacher, the night,

Drew forth from his scabbard the sword of daylight

On this tinder, the morning fire happened to fall,

And the world in a moment was brilliant to all

You'd have said that all over the country of Zang, <sup>1</sup>

From a corner, the Tartars had suddenly sprung !

The pagans depraved, with unpurified face,

Came from door, street, and plain to the worshipping-  
place

The city and lanes were of people bereft ,

In the temple, no room for a needle was left

I was troubled from rage and from sleeplessness dazed,

When the idol its hands upward, suddenly, raised

All at once, from the people, there rose such a shout,

You'd have said that the sea in a rage had boiled  
out

<sup>1</sup> Zang, Zanzibar, in Africa

When the temple became from the multitude free  
The Brahmin all smiles gazed intently at me  
"I am sure that your scruples have vanished," he said,  
"Truth has made itself manifest falsehood has fled  
When I saw he was slave to an ignorant whim,  
And that fancies absurd were established in him  
Respecting the truth I no more could reveal  
For from scoffers 'tis proper the truth to conceal.  
When you find yourself under a tyrant's command  
It would scarcely be manly to break your own hand.  
I wept for a time that he might be deceived  
And said 'At the statement I made, I am grieved!'  
At my weeping, the pagans hearts merciful proved —  
Is it strange that a stone by the torrent is moved?  
In attendance they ran to me very much pleased  
And in doing me honor my hands they all seized.  
Asking pardon I went to the image of bone —  
In a chair made of gold on a teak timber throne —  
A kiss to the hand of the idol I gave  
Saying "Curse it and every idolatrous slave!  
A pagan I was for a little in name  
In discussing the Zend I a Brahmin became!  
When myself *one of trust* in the temple I found,  
I could scarcely from joy keep myself on the ground.  
I fastened the door of the temple one night,  
And scorpion like ran to the left and the right.  
All under and over the throne I then pried  
And a curtain embroidered with gold I espied,  
A fire temple prelate in rear of the screen  
With the end of a rope in his hands, could be seen

The state of affairs I at once saw aright —  
Like David<sup>1</sup> when steel grew like wax in his sight  
For, of course, he has only the rope to depress,  
When the idol upraises its hands for redress !  
Ashamed was the Brahmin at seeing my face —  
For to have any secret exposed 's a disgrace  
He bolted, and I in pursuit of him fell,  
And speedily tumbled him into a well ,  
For I knew that the Brahmin escaping alive,  
To compass my death would incessantly strive  
And were I despatched he would happiness feel,  
Lest, living, I might his base secret reveal  
When you know of the business a villain has planned,  
Put it out of his power, when he falls to your hand  
For if to that blackguard reprieve you should give,  
He will not desire that you longer should live  
When at service he places his head at your gate,  
If he can, he will surely your head amputate !  
Your feet, in the track of a cheat do not place !  
If you do, and discover him, show him no grace !  
I despatched the impostor with stones, without dread,  
For tales are not told by a man when he 's dead  
When I found that I caused a disturbance to spread,  
I abandoned that country and hastily fled  
If a fire in a cane-brake you cause to rise,  
Look out for the tigers therein, if you're wise !  
'The young of a man-biting snake do not slay !  
If you do, in the same dwelling-place do not stay !

<sup>1</sup> David was supposed to be able to make iron as soft as wax by his touch

When you've managed a hive full of bees, to excite  
 Run away from the spot! or you'll suffer their spite  
 At one sharper than you don't an arrow despatch!  
 When you've done it your skirt<sup>1</sup> in your teeth you  
 should catch!

No better advice Sa-di's pages contain

"When a wall's undermined do not near it re-  
 main!

I travelled to Sind after that Judgment Day  
 By Yemen and Mecca I thence took my way  
 From the whole of the bitterness, Fate made me meet,  
 My mouth till to-day has not shown itself sweet.  
 By the siding of Bu Bakar-Sad's fortune fair—  
 Whose like not a mother has borne nor will bear—  
 From the sky's cruel hardness, for justice I sought  
 In this shadow diffuser a refuge I got.

Like a slave for the empire I fervently pray

"O God, cause this shadow forever to stay!"

He applied not the salve to my wound's need alone

But becoming the bounty and favor his own.

Meet thanks for his favors when could I repeat?

Even if in his service my head changed to feet!

When these miseries past I experienced joy

Yet some of the subjects my conscience annoy

One is, when the hand of petition and praise

To the shrine of the Knower of Secrets I raise,

The thoughts of that puppet of China arise

<sup>1</sup> To be better able to run away by catching up the skirt in the teeth. It is a common custom to tuck up the skirt and fasten it in the girdle round the loins.

And cover with dust my self-valuing eyes ,  
I know that the hand I stretched forth to the shrine  
Was not lifted by any exertion of mine !  
Men of sanctity do not their hands upward bring,  
But the powers unseen pull the end of the string  
Ope's the doors of devotion and well-doing, still,  
Every man has not power a good work to fulfil  
This same is a bar , for to court to repair,  
Is improper, except the king's order you bear  
No man can the great key of destiny own,  
For absolute power is the Maker's alone  
Hence, oh travelling man on the straight path Divine !  
The favor is God the Creator's, not thine  
Since, unseen, He created your mind pure and wise,  
From your nature no action depraved can arise  
The same who has poison produced in the snake,  
The sweetness produced by the bee, too, did make  
When He wishes to change to a desert your land,  
He first makes the people distressed at your hand ,  
And should His compassion upon you descend,  
To the people through you He will comfort extend  
That you walk the right road do not boast, I advise !  
For the Fates took your hand, and you managed to rise.  
By these words you will benefit if you attend ,  
You will reach pious men if their pathway you wend  
You will get a good place if the Fates are your guide ,  
On the table of honor rich fare they'll provide  
And yet 'tis not right that you eat all alone,  
For the poor, helpless Dervish some thought should  
be shown

## HAFIZ.

DURING the golden age of Persian poetry there was no poet more popular than Hafiz, the greatest lyric writer of Persia. The exact dates of his birth and death are unknown, but he was born in his beloved city of Shiraz, in the first part of the fourteenth century and died, according to the inscription or chronogram on his tomb, in 1388<sup>1</sup> A.D. His biographers say that he did not live later than 1391 thus making him an exact contemporary of Chaucer.

Hafiz, from the Arabic word for memory was his poetical name and signified that he knew by heart the Koran, his real name being Shams-ud Din Mohammad, which means Son of Faith. There is very little accurate knowledge of his early or domestic life, but there is a tradition that he was the son of a baker in Shiraz. At all events he seems to have lived a life of self-imposed poverty, for he regarded it as necessary to genius.

In the following story we find the first evidence of his gift for song. His uncle began a poem on Sufism and could not get beyond the first line. Hafiz, during his uncle's absence, finished the verse, and when this was discovered, his uncle, although annoyed ordered Hafiz to finish the poem, at the same time cursing him and his works, exclaiming "They shall bring the curse of insanity on all who read them!" and some people believe that this curse actually clings round his verses. Indeed, he has been compared to Anacreon "with his maddening spell," and even is said to have quaffed the cup of immortality. The legend is this —

<sup>1</sup> Sir Gore Ouseley's statement.

"About four leagues from the city of Shiraz is a place called Pir-i-sabz, or the 'Green Old Man,' and a popular superstition prevailed that whoever watched there forty nights without sleep would become a great poet. Hafiz, when a youth, resolved to try the adventure, he was at this time in love with a beautiful 'fair one,' whose name of Shakhī Nebat, expressed a 'branch of sugar cane,' but he had a powerful rival in the Prince of Shiraz. Like Ferhad, the lover of Shirin, he was not to be daunted by the rank of him who pretended to the smiles of his charming favorite. Every morning he walked before the house of his coy mistress, anxiously watching for some sign of recognition which might give him hope, at noon he rested, and at night repaired to the place of the 'green old man,' and there took up his watchful station.

"This he continued for thirty-nine nights, and on the fortieth morning was charmed to observe that his mistress beckoned to him from the balcony, and invited him to enter. She received him with enthusiasm, declaring her preference of a bright genius to the son of a king. On the approach of night he hurried away, bent on finishing the adventure. Early on the morning, after his agitated fortieth night, the young poet perceived an aged man approaching. He could not see from whence he came, and could scarcely define his figure, which was wrapt in a green mantle, in his hand he bore a cup containing a crystal liquor, which sparkled and foamed as if it would overleap its narrow bounds. The aged man held out the vase to Hafiz, who, seizing it with avidity, drank an inspiring draught, and found in it the gift of immortal poesy."

At one time Hafiz became a teacher of the Koran in a college in Baghdad, and here the poet read from his own verses, the fame of which drew great numbers of pupils to him. Indeed he himself says, "O Hafiz! the fame of thine enchanting witchery hath reached the bounds of Egypt and China, and the extremities of Kai and Rum."

On one occasion he started to visit India at the invitation of the Sultan Mahmud Shah Ben Meni, but fell among robbers and was stripped of everything. He was rescued by two merchants who knew of his fame. In their company he embarked for India at Hormaz on the Persian Gulf; but the ship was wrecked and Hafiz, escaping returned to Shiraz. Hafiz wrote during turbulent times. Shiraz, which he seems to have loved no less than Dante loved Florence, was conquered five or six times. Kings came and went and the bloody drama moved on yet there is hardly a reference to it in his poems. His first patron, Abu Ishak, was beheaded in front of the ruins of Persepolis, a tragedy evidently seen by the poet. In 1388 the great Timur<sup>1</sup> (Tamerlane) overran ancient Persia, and, it is said, emphasized his victory by a tower of 90,000 human heads. And this terrible conqueror ordered Hafiz to be brought before him because of the following line in his famous ode:—

For the black mole on thy cheek, I would give the cities of Samarkand and Bokhara.

"Art thou the man," Timur cried, "who has been bold enough to offer my two great cities, Samarkand and Bokhara, for the black mole on the cheek of thy mistress?"

"Yes, sir" replied the undaunted poet, "and by such acts of generosity have I been reduced to my present state of destitution, and compelled to solicit your assistance." This reply so pleased the astonished ruler that he dismissed the poet with a princely gift.

Hafiz was married, and in an ode laments his wife's death<sup>2</sup> as he does that also of an unmarried son<sup>3</sup>. Of his wife he writes, "Then said my heart, I will rest me in this city which is illuminated by her presence already her feet were bent upon a longer journey and my poor heart

<sup>1</sup> A descendant of Genghis Khan the Mongol warrior

<sup>2</sup> See page 346.

<sup>3</sup> See page 378.

<sup>4</sup> See page 372.

knew it not " And in the following expression of his love for her he has been compared to Shakespeare "Open my grave when I am dead, and thou shalt see a cloud of smoke rising out from it, then shalt thou know that the fire still burns in my dead heart — yea, it has set my very winding sheet alight " <sup>1</sup>

Unlike Sa'di, Hafiz, with one or two unfortunate exceptions,<sup>2</sup> could not be persuaded to leave Shiraz, of which he sings —

" May every blessing be the lot  
O fair Shiraz, earth's loveliest spot!  
O Heaven I bid Time its beauties spare,  
Nor print his wasteful traces there

" Still be thou blest of Him that gave  
Thy stream, sweet Ruknabad, whose wave  
Can every human ill assuage,  
And life prolong to Chizer's age

" And oh! the gale that wings its way  
'T'wixt Jaffrabad and Mosecalla,  
How sweet a perfume does it bear!  
How grateful is its amber air!

" Ye who mysterious joys would taste,  
Come to this sacred city — haste,  
Its sultans, its sages, seek to know,  
Whose breasts with heavenly rapture glow

" And say, sweet gale — for thou canst tell —  
With lovely Laili was it well,  
When last you passed the maiden by,  
Of wayward will and witching eye?

" Why, Hafiz, when you feared the day  
That tore you from her arms away,  
Oh! why so thankless for the hours  
You passed in Laili's lovely bowers?"

<sup>1</sup> See page 384, Ode XXXVI.

<sup>2</sup> See page 356, Ode VIII.

When Hafiz died in 1389 his enemies refused his body the customary religious rites of burial, because of his fearless writings, and his early manner of living which scandalized the orthodox. But the matter was settled by drawing lots from his own works. A child drew a slip of paper from a bowl, containing other slips, upon which was written —

Withdraw not your steps from the beequies of Hafiz,  
Though immersed in sin he will rise into Paradise.

And so Hafiz was buried in consecrated ground in Moscow on the banks of the Ruknabad, about two miles from Sadik's tomb. Sixty years later Sultan Baber erected over his grave a monument of white marble. On the oblong marble slab which marks the poet's grave are inscribed two odes from his *Divan*. One is in the centre, and the other around the margin, sculptured in beautiful characters.<sup>1</sup>

Hafiz's *Divan* has been consulted just as if it were an oracle. Kings have travelled to the poet's tomb to read their fate in the beautiful volume which is kept there, and a certain formula is said to be used. The questioner first breathes over the book, and says —

"O Hafiz of Shiraz, impart  
Foreknowledge to my anxious heart.

Then with closed eyes the book is opened at random, and the first couplet he sees is read as an answer to his question. At Hafiz's grave are sometimes seen a merry carousing party who look upon Hafiz as their leader who, Emerson says, "tears off his turban and throws it at the head of the meddling dervish and throws his glass after the turban." Again, penitent pilgrims seek his grave to beseech this Sufi saint to intercede for them. Assuredly he does "float luxuriously between Heaven and Earth, and this World and the Next, on the wings of a poetical expression, that might serve indifferently for either."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See page 364.

<sup>2</sup> Fitzgerald.

Hafiz left no complete volume of his works, like Shakespeare's, they were collected after his death. There are five hundred and seventy-three ghazels or odes, forty-two aphorisms, seventy-nine quatrains and several kasidas and other forms. The principal themes of his odes are love, wine, and roses, — but these themes all have a secondary interpretation and a moral significance.

Although "not so learned as Sa'di or so scientific as Jami, he is the most natural and least egotistical poet of Persia" <sup>1</sup> "Persian of the Persians" <sup>2</sup>. Eastern critics say of him that he "may be condemned but he cannot be compared."

### A PERSIAN SONG <sup>3</sup>

SWIFT maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,  
And bid those arms my neck enfold,  
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,  
Would give thy poet more delight  
Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,  
Than all the gems of Samarkand  
Boy, let yon liquid ruby <sup>4</sup> flow,  
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,  
Whate'er the frowning zealots say,  
Tell them their Eden cannot show  
A stream so clear as Ruknabad,  
A bower so sweet as Moscalla  
Oh <sup>1</sup> when these fair, perfidious maids,  
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,

<sup>1</sup> *Calcutta Review*, Vol. 26

<sup>2</sup> Fitzgerald

<sup>3</sup> Sir William Jones's celebrated translation of the first ode. He is said to have been the first to introduce Hafiz to the West

<sup>4</sup> A melted ruby is a common expression for wine in Persian poetry

Their dear destructive charms display,  
Each glance my tender breast invades,  
And robs my wounded soul of rest,  
As Tartars seize their destined prey

In vain with love our bosoms glow,  
Can all our tears, can all our sighs  
New lustre to those charms impart?—  
Can cheeks where living roses blow  
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes  
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate — ah I change the theme,  
And talk of odors, talk of wine  
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom,  
'Tis all a cloud 'tis all a dream  
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,  
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power  
That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame<sup>1</sup>  
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy,  
For her how fatal was the hour  
When to the banks of Nilus came  
A youth so lovely and so coy!<sup>2</sup>

But ah I sweet maid my counsel hear  
(Youth should attend when those advise  
Whom long experience renders sage),

<sup>1</sup> Zulakha, Potiphar's wife

<sup>2</sup> Joseph.

While music charms the ravished ear,  
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,  
     Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard !  
 And yet, by heaven, I love thee still  
     Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?  
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word  
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,  
     Which naught but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,  
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,  
     Like Orient pearls at random strung,  
 Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,  
 And oh ! far sweeter, if they please  
     The nymph for whom these notes are sung

### ODE I<sup>1</sup>

- 1 An if yon Turk of Shiraz land this heart would take  
     to hold in fee,  
 Bokhara town and Samarkand to that black mole  
     my dower should be
- 2 Ho, Saki, pour the wine-flask dry, in Eden's  
     bowers we ne'er shall find  
 Moscalla's rosy bed, nor streams of Ruknabad's de-  
     lightsome lea

<sup>1</sup> Selections from the *Odes of Hafiz* translated by Walter Leaf.

- 3 Alack, these saucy Lulls, dear beguilers that the  
town embroil,  
The wantons tear the heartstrings as the Turks their  
plunder banquetry
- 4 On our frail love the Loved One's pure perfection  
no dependence knows  
Can unguent powder paint, and patch embellish  
faces fair pardie?
- 5 Be wine and minstrel all thy theme, beware nor  
plumb the deeps of fate  
For none hath found nor e'er shall find by wit that  
great enigma's key
- 6 Of that fair favor Joseph wore to make more fair  
the day we know  
For him love bade Zulaikha tear apart her veil of  
prudence
- 7 Thy words were hard yet I submit, forgive thee  
God! Thy words were good  
The tart response becometh well the honeyed ruby  
lips of thee
8. Give ear my life! perpend my words, for more  
dear e'en than life itself  
To youth, so blest of Fortune, speaks the sage ad  
vice of ancients
- 9 The ode is made, the pearls are strung go Hafiz,  
sweetly sing thy lay  
With jewels from the Pleiad crown doth Heaven  
engem thy minstrelsy

## ODE II

- 1 All bounds my heart is breaking , friends, haste to  
my salvation !  
Woe's me ! My secret hidden cries loud for proc-  
lamation
- 2 Mid reefs my bark is grounded , blow fair, O breeze  
of mercy ,  
Mayhap we win the Friend yet, Love's goal of navi-  
gation
- 3 This ten-day smile of heaven swift passes like a tale  
told !  
Be gracious while thou mayest, brook not procras-  
tination
- 4 That glass of Alexander naught save the bowl of  
wine was ,  
See all Darius' kingdom spread there in revelation
- 5 Go to, thou lord of power, do thanks for fortune's  
dower,     r  
Seek out the poor unfriended, raise up the lowly  
station
- 6 All peace within the two worlds, two words alone  
assure it,  
" Tow'rd lovers loving-kindness, tow'rd foes dissim-  
ulation "

- 7 Ringed round with wine and roses, sweet sang the  
bulbul yestreen,  
"Bring quick the mornog goblet friends, watch  
in expectation.
- 8 All entry men forbid me inside the gate of virtue,  
So ~~er~~ and wilt thou scorn me? Go change pre-  
destination!
- 9 More sweet to me than kisses, more soft than maid  
en's cheeks are  
That bitter named of Safi ' Dam of abomination.
10. When comes the hour of sadness, turn thou to wine  
and gladness  
Karuns of beggars maketh wine's chemic transmu-  
tation
- 11 Wine flecked is Hafiz cassock, yet not of choice  
he dons it  
Ab, Shaikh of hem unspotted, hear thou my excul-  
pation!

## ODE III.

- 1 Aflame with bloom is the red rose, the bulbul drunk  
with spring  
What ho adorers of wine! Hear the call to mirth  
that they fling

- 2 The cornerstone of repentance that seemed a  
rock firm-set  
Is rent and driven asunder by touch of glasses  
a ring
- 3 Fill high the bowl with the red wine, for here in  
Liberty Hall  
The sage is one with the toper, the ploughman e'en  
as the king
- 4 From out this Hostel of Two Doors the signal calls  
us away,  
Alike if low be the roof-tree or lofty dome up-  
spring
- 5 We conquer only through anguish the resting-place  
of delight,  
To life, by bond of Alast-vow, the long Alas must  
cling
- 6 With *is* and *is not* annoy not thy heart, be merry  
of soul,  
For *is not* is but the last end of every perfect  
thing
- 7 The fame of Asaph, the wind-steed, the speech  
with the birds of the air  
As wind have passed, to their master no more  
avail shall they bring
- 8 No pinion heavenward soaring desire, the arrow  
aloft

Shall sink to dust in the end howsoe'er it leap on  
the wing

- 9 What thanks and praises O Hafiz, shall yield the  
tongue of thy pen  
That all the songs of thy singing from mouth to  
mouth men sing !

## ODE IV

- 1 Returns again to the pleasance the rose, alive from  
the dead ,  
Before her feet in obeisance is bowed the violet's  
head.
- 2 The earth is gemmed as the skies are the buds a  
zodiac band  
For signs in happy ascendant and sweet conjunc-  
tion spread.
3. Now kiss the cheek of the Saki to sound of tabor  
and pipe  
To voice of viol and harpstring the wine of dawn  
tide wed.
- 4 The rose a season bereave not of wine and music  
and love  
For as the days of a man's life her little week is  
fled.
- 5 The faith of old Zoroaster renews the garden  
again,

- For lo, the tulip is kindled with fire of Nimrod  
red
- 6 The earth is even as Eden, this hour of lily and  
rose,  
This hour, alas <sup>1</sup> Not an Eden's eternal dwelling-  
stead !
- 7 The rose with Solomon rides, borne aloft on wings  
of the wind,  
The bulbul's anthem at dawn like the voice of  
David is shed
- 8 Fill high the bowl to our lord's name 'Imad-ud-Din  
Mahmud,  
Behold King Solomon's Asaph in him incarnated
- 9 Beyond eternity's bounds stretch the gracious shade  
of his might,  
Beneath that shadow, O Hafiz, be thine eternity  
sped

## ODE V

- 1 For the garden longs my heart not, when thy radi-  
ance it discerneth,  
As a cypress rooted resteth, as a branded tulip<sup>1</sup>  
burneth
- 2 To the arch of arching eyebrows shall my head no  
more be put low,

<sup>1</sup> The dark marks at the base of the tulip petals typify the brand marks with which the flames of love sear the heart

- For the hermit-heart of passion to the world no longer turneth.
- 3 For the hyacinth, I scorn her, that she dares to match thy ringlets,  
What a puny worthless black thing, what an impudence she learneth!
- 4 In the wilderness and dark night whither turn the erring footstep,  
But to where thy beauty radiant as a beacon brightly burneth?
- 5 With the taper meekly weep I in the dreary hour of dawningtide.  
For alike we sit consuming and alike the Loved One spurneth
- 6 In the garden walk and mark how, by the rose's throne the tulip  
As a monarch's boon companion his effulgent cup upturneth
- 7 As the cloud of April weep I to behold that in the pleasance  
Thou the nightingale that nesteth, but a crow the glory earneth.
- 8 With thy eye for torch, thy love-lock in the night my heart doth waylay —  
The marauder bold that such light on his thieving naught concerneth!
- 9 The enduring heart of Hafiz but the lore of love deureth,

Hath abjured the thought of splendor, for the  
garden never yearneth

## ODE VI

- 1 Send the criers round the market, call the royst'ers'  
band to hear,  
Crying, "O yes! All ye good folk through the  
Loved One's realm, give ear
- 2 "Lost, a handmaid! Strayed awhile since! Lost,  
the Vine's wild daughter, lost!  
Raise the hue and cry to seize her! Danger lurks  
where she is near
- 3 "Round her head she wears a foam-crown, all her  
garb glows ruby-hued,  
Thief of wits is she, detain her, lest ye dare not  
sleep for fear
- 4 "Whoso brings me back the tart maid, take for  
sweetmeat all my soul!  
Though the deepest hell conceal her, go ye down,  
go hale her here
- 5 "She's a wastrel, she's a wanton, shame abandoned,  
rosy-red,  
If ye find her, send her back to Hafiz, Balladier"

## ODE VII

- 1 Come back, my Saki, come, for of love-service  
fain am I,  
Fate's suppliant, athirst to be bowed neath the chain  
am I

- 2 Where through the radiant east of the wine bowl  
thy glory dawns  
Rise, light my path bewildered in life's mazes  
vain am I
- 3 What though the surge of sin be about me to overwhelm  
me o'er?  
Love's hand shall bear me up his elect, purged of  
stain am I
- 4 Flout not the toper's call nor his ill name, O man  
of law  
What thing soe'er the counsels of God foreordain  
am I
- 5 Drink wine, nor wealth nor will shall avail man the  
gift of love  
Heir since creation's dawn to the one golden gain  
am I
- 6 What though afar I dwell in the flesh far from  
peace and thee  
Nathless in heart and soul in thy court mid the  
train am I
- 7 I who from land and home oever yet wandered  
forth abroad  
Fain but to see thy face, of the wild wave and plain  
am I.
- 8 Stand hills and seas between us, arise Angel Guard  
to aid  
Guide thou my steps a weakling aghast, racked of  
pain am I

- 9 West Wind, if ever thou breathe of my love's ring-  
 let musky sweet,  
 West Wind, beware, for jealousy's right hand insane  
 am I
- 10 Hafiz beneath thy footsteps is yearning to yield  
 his soul,  
 While life abides, the thrall of my heart's suzerain  
 am I

## ODE VIII

- 1 When as my wailing is heard mid the stranger's  
 evening prayer,  
 With strange lamenting in strange ears the tale of  
 woe I declare
- 2 At thought of home and of loved ones so loud I  
 raise my complaint,  
 The tide of brine overwhelms all the ways wherein  
 men fare
- 3 My friends' abode shall be mine, not the strangers'  
 outland realm,  
 Oh, set me back, my Protector, amid my comrades  
 there
- 4 My Guide, for love of the Lord, help and lead, that  
 yet once more  
 Along the street of the wine-house aloft my banner  
 I bear

- 5 'Tis not for reason to count up my years, and write  
me old  
For like a child with a child so I sport in love with  
my fair
- 6 The winds of west and of north know my heart,  
none other beyond,  
For who save only the wind, comes my way my  
secret to share?
- 7 The breathing air of my love's home to me is water  
of life  
Arise and waft me, O West Wind, the dust of Shiraz'  
air
8. My falling tear hath bewrayed me yet how to lay  
my plaint?  
Mine own familiar friend tis hath laid my secret  
bare.
- 9 Methought I heard in the dawning the lute of  
Zuhra sing  
"My skill was taught me of Hafiz, the sweet beyond  
compare.

## ODE IX.

- 1 Say where is rapture's vision? Eyes on the Loved  
One bending  
More high than kingly splendor Love's fane as  
beadsman tending

- 2 Light 'twere, desire to sever forth from the soul, but  
 natheless  
 Soul friends depart asunder — there, there the pain  
 transcending !
- 3 Fain in the garden budlike close-wrapped were I,  
 thereafter  
 Frail reputation's vestment bloomlike asunder  
 rending ,
- 4 Now like the zephyr breathing love tales in roses'  
 hearing,  
 Now from the yearning bulbul love's myst'ry apprehending
- 5 While yet the hand availeth, sweet lips to kiss delay  
 not ,  
 Else lip and hand thou bitest too late, when comes  
 the ending
- 6 Waste not the hour of friendship, outside this  
 House of Two Doors  
 Friends soon shall part asunder, no more together  
 wending
- 7 Clean out of mind of Sultan Mansur hath Hafiz  
 wandered ,  
 Lord, bring him back the olden kind heart, the  
 poor befriending

## ODE X.

- 1 Curled is the hair of hyacinth, jealous to match thy  
 hair, for thee ,

If but thy lips do sweetly smile, rose doth her vesture tear for thee.

2 Pierce not thy faithful bulbul's heart, rose of the fragrant breath my rose

Hark how I make through all the night, all in the night, my prayer for thee

3 I that of old was sick to hear even the sound of angel voice

Now the insensate wordly jeer chatter and babble bear for thee

4 Worship of thee hath sealed my brow, dust of thy door my Eden now,

Love of thy cheek my life, I trow all my desire is care for thee.

5 Cowl of the monk and bowl of wine how shall the twain by man be wed?

Yet for the love I bear to thee, these to unite I dare for thee

6 Lo in the beadsman's tattered sleeve hidden is wealth beyond a king's

Soon shall he climb the throne, who dares beadsman's attire to wear for thee.

7 Now is mine eye a kindly seat, there is thy picture's resting place

Yea tis a seat of prayer my king be it not empty ere for thee

- 8 Like to a garden bower thy cheek, where is the  
 beauty-tide of spring  
 Hafiz the sweet of tongue doth nest, trilling his  
 music there for thee

## ODE XI

- 1 Man of Self, lifted up with endless pride,  
 We forgive thee — for love to thee is denied
- 2 Hover not round the raving lovers' laments ,  
 Take thy "Reason Supreme" for goal and guide !
- 3 What of Love's drunken frenzy knows that brain  
 That the grape's earthly juice alone hath phed ?
- 4 Get a Moon-love, and teach thy heart to strive,  
 Though thy flame, like a sun, be spread world-  
 wide
- 5 'Tis the white face, the anguish-burdened sigh,  
 Tell the secrets the heart of love would hide
- 6 Let the bowl clear the fumes that rack thy brain ,  
 Hafiz, drink deep, and name and fame be defied

## ODE XII.

- 1 "What bounty shall Heaven bestow? Drink wine ,  
 be the rose-leaf sprent "
- So rose in the dawntide sang , sing, bulbul, a glad  
 consent.

- 2 Bear forth to the lawn our throne there, Saki  
and loved one by,  
Press lips upon lips and cheek, quaff wine and the  
rose bower scent.
- 3 Whose heart do the rosebud lips make glad with a  
laugh this day?  
Why quit me O rosebuds pray? Whereto are thy  
footsteps bent?
- 4 Pace hither O myrtle form, give thought to the  
roses' realm,  
Come forth that the cypress' pride take lessons in  
blandishment.
- 5 This day is the mart filled full, thronged buyers  
about thee press,  
Why tarry to take thy gain, full lightly in life's road  
spent?
- 6 All bare to the wayward winds burns beauty, as  
tapers burn  
Put forth to the use thy stock, take profit of  
goods well lent.
- 7 That ringlet, a hundredfold more sweet than the  
Tartar's musk,  
Well twere, did the perfume breathe yet sweeter for  
kind intent.
- 8 Each bird with a song came down, made melody  
round our King  
Bulbul with a ballad came, Hafiz with a prayer  
content.

## ODE XIII

- 1 Seize the hour, for time flies fast , seize the hour  
for yet ye may ,  
Take the boon of life, my soul , take it now, for yet  
'tis day
- 2 Strive to live , from Fortune's hand win the gift so  
hard bestowed ,  
High the cost of Heaven's grace , life the price we  
needs must pay
- 3 Hear the counsel lovers give , enter in the gates of  
joy ,  
Shall the care of this doomed world all the joy of  
love outweigh?
- 4 Thou that hast the garden's charge, when from out  
the world I pass,  
Save that lovely cypress-form, plant no cypress o'er  
my clay
- 5 Comes the sour ascetic nigh, hush, no word of top-  
ping speak ,  
Save the leech the secret knows, shall we all the  
pain display?
- 6 As thou walk'st along thy path, blood galore thy  
eyelash spills ,  
Hasty steps may some day fall , fear to stumble,  
heed thy way !

- 7 'Twas the grace of One Name erst dower'd with  
might Suliman's seal  
In that Name O honey sweet all the night for  
thee we pray
- 8 Torn away my Joseph dear mercy mercy, breth-  
ren mine  
All the woe of Canaan's sire once again my woes  
portray
- 9 Strayed is Hafiz, ah, be kind gently lead the lost  
one back,  
In thy straying ringlet's curl make a home for  
hearts astray

## ODE XIV

MY BIRD<sup>1</sup>

My soul is as a sacred bird, the Highest Heaven its  
nest  
Fretting within the body's bars, it finds on earth no  
rest.

When speeding from this dusty heap this bird of mine  
shall soar  
'Twill find upon yon lofty gate the nest it had before  
The Sidrah<sup>2</sup> shall receive my bird when it has winged  
its way  
Know on the Empyrean's top my falcon's foot shall  
stay

<sup>1</sup> Translations by Herman Bicknell.<sup>2</sup> The Sidrah — the tree of Paradise.

Over the ample field of earth is Fortune's shadow cast,  
Where, upon wings and pennons borne, this bird of  
mine has passed

No spot in the two worlds it owns — above the sphere  
its goal

Its body from the quarry is, from No-place is its soul

'Tis only in the Glorious World my bird its splendor  
shows,

The rosy bower of Paradise its daily food bestows.

Mad Hafiz, while the Unity  
Thou thus proclaim'st in brief,  
Draw thou thy unifying pen  
Through men and genii's leaf<sup>1</sup>

### ODE XVII

That day of friendship when we met — Recall,  
Recall those days of fond regret,

Recall

As bitter poison grief my palate sours  
The sound "Be it sweet!"<sup>2</sup> at feasts of ours

Recall

My friends, it may be, have forgotten long,  
But I a thousand times that throng

Recall,

<sup>1</sup> Recognize no existence excepting that of God Regarding men and genii as a leaf, or two pages, erase them both Sudi doubts if Hafiz composed this ode

<sup>2</sup> "Be it sweet!" an expression used at drinking parties

# ODES XV AND XVI.<sup>1</sup>

There for the  
workers deep  
ploughers place  
shall be

O Hafiz! let thy practice be devotion to  
the Shah to pay!  
Hereafter join the pilgrim band and one  
Who treads the Way be thou.

When to my  
eyes comes  
of heaven's  
glorious

## O THOU WHO ABIDEST although ALL THINGS PERISH!

Ober the Shah of the whole world, and  
thus, O heart! a Shah be thou  
For evermore by acting thus, in favor  
with Allah be thou.

Where doth Thy love a glad message echo for my  
rapt soul to rise?  
This sacred bird from the world's meshes yearns to  
its goal to rise.

I swear with Thou Thy servant name me, by all my  
love sublime,  
Higher than my desire of lordship o'er space and  
time to rise.

Vouchsafe Lord, from Thy cloud of guidance to  
pour on me Thy rain,  
Ere Thou command me as an atom from man's  
domain to rise.

Bring minstrels and the wine-cup with thee, or at my  
tomb be it all  
Permit me in thy perfume dancing from the grave a  
pit to rise.

Though I am old, embrace me closely be it a single  
night  
May I made young by Thy caresses, at morn have  
might to rise!

Arouse thee! show thy lofty stature idol of winning  
men  
Enable me as soul-rest Hafiz, from Nature's scene to  
rise!

To-day am I of life possessed; 'tis wholly all for  
thy Love  
At morn by the Immams pure souls may witness there  
above be Thou!

The sepulchre where Riza rests, the  
glorious Imam, Faith a Sultan great,  
Profoundly with thy soul salute and  
gladly at its gate be thou.

A myriad of these reproaches I'd buy  
not at a single grain  
Say the host of hypocrites! From  
him to him a chain be thou.

O man, who art not Ali's friend, thou  
hast religion's truth defiled  
Whether the Zealot of the age, or on  
the Path the guide be thou.

## INSCRIPTION ON THE SLAB OF HAFIZ'S TOMB.

<sup>1</sup> Odes inscribed on Hafiz's tomb.

On  
spiritual  
man the  
lamp of Hafiz  
beamed.

Thrice take  
thou from  
MOSCALA'S EARTH  
ITS RICHEST  
GRAIN



And now while fettered by misfortune & chain,  
All those who grateful sought my gain

Recall.

Though thousand rivers from my eyes descend,  
I Zindarud, where gardens tend<sup>1</sup>

Recall,

And crushed by sorrow that finds no relief,  
Those who brought solace to my grief

Recall.

No more from Hafiz lips shall pass  
Those who once kept them I alas!

Recall.

### ODE XVIII

Plant thou the tree of friendship only, so shall thy  
heart & desire bear fruit

Uproot thou hatred & plant completely or woes un-  
numbered thence may shoot.

Gray headed Hafiz in this garden  
Prays God that still his lot may be  
To sit upon a brooklet & margin  
And there caress some Cypress-tree

### ODE XIX.

Far better in a king one hour in deeds of justice  
passed,

Than piety and works austere that five-score years  
should last.

<sup>1</sup> Zindarud is the river at Ispahan, which is still famed for its pleasant gardens and palaces.

ODE XX<sup>1</sup>

If that dear musk-moled Fair undraped draw near,  
 That Moon who mid all beauties finds no peer,  
 Her heart is seen through her transparent breast  
 As pebbles glitter under water clear

ODE XXI<sup>2</sup>

I said, "O Queen of loveliness,  
 Have mercy on a wretch like me!"  
 She answered, "Love has brought distress  
 To many a wretch like thee!"

I said, "Ah, stay! and list awhile —"  
 She lightly answered, "Pardon me,  
 The Queen of Love has not one smile  
 For such a wretch as thee!"

"The bright-eyed one who lays her head  
 To sleep on silk — indifferent she,  
 Though thorns and brambles be the bed  
 Of such a wretch as thee!"

Ah! what a shrine for love has he  
 Whose heart is fettered in thy hair!  
 Ah, Mole! how blest to dwell like thee!  
 Upon that face so fair!

Among the lilies of her cheek,  
 The transient blushes come and go,  
 A wind-tossed rose-leaf thus might streak  
 The jasmine's breast of snow!

<sup>1</sup> Tetrastich.<sup>2</sup> *Calcutta Review* of 1871.

I said, "The lover's resting place  
Is in the black night of your hair,"  
She turned on me her laughing face  
And smiled at my despair  
"Ah Moon of mine! I spake again,  
Hide not that rosy cheek from me,  
Nor plunge my splint cleft with pain  
In utter misery!"

ODE XXII<sup>1</sup>

I have felt love's fatal pain  
Such — I cannot tell again  
Absence poisons every bliss  
Such as — ask not what it is  
I have roamed the world around,  
And at last a treasure found,  
One without a blight or blame,  
One whom — ask me not to name.  
Oh! her feet my tears bedew,  
Fast they fall, nor sweet nor few  
Oh! my tears impetuous flow  
So as — seek not how to know  
Yester night, from her I heard  
Many a pleasing honeyed word,  
Words of rapture but I pray —  
Ask me ask me not to say

<sup>1</sup> Translated from Hafiz by the eighteen years old Derosio,  
*Calcutta Review*, September 2, 1837

Wherefore bite my lip? Oh! say  
 Did my tongue my heart betray?  
 Ruby lips I've pressed, 'tis true,  
 Whose, — I will not tell to you.

Far from her in my lone cot  
 Sad has been my hapless lot,  
 I have felt, alas! too well  
 Pangs which ask me not to tell.

I the ways of Love have known,  
 All its secrets are my own, —  
 Shall I all those secrets state?  
 They're what — I can ne'er relate.

### ODE XXIII<sup>1</sup>

A flower-tinted cheek, the flowery close  
 Of the fair earth, these are enough for me —  
 Enough that in the meadow wanes and grows  
 The shadow of a graceful cypress tree  
 I am no lover of hypocrisy,  
 Of all the treasures that the earth can boast,  
 A brimming cup of wine I prize the most —  
 This is enough for me!

To them that here renowned for virtue live,  
 A heavenly palace is the meet reward,  
 To me, the drunkard and the beggar, give  
 The temple of the grape with red wine stored!  
 Beside a river seat thee on the sward,

<sup>1</sup> Poems from the *Divan* of Hafiz, translated by Gertrude Lowthian Bell

It floweth past — so flows thy life away  
So sweetly, swiftly fleets our little day —  
Swift but enough for me !

Look upon all the gold in the world's mart,  
On all the tears the world hath shed in vain,  
Shall they not satisfy thy craving heart?  
I have enough of loss, enough of gain  
I have my Love what more can I obtain?  
Mine is the joy of her companionship  
Whose healing lip is laid upon my lip —  
This is enough for me !

I pray thee send not forth my naked soul  
From its poor house to seek for Paradise  
Though heaven and earth before me God unroll,  
Back to my village still my spirit flies,  
And, Hafiz, at the door of Kismet lies  
No just complaint — a mind like water clear,  
A song that swells and dies upon the ear  
These are enough for thee !

## ODE XXIV

Sleep on thine eyes, bright as narcissus flowers,  
Falls not in vain !  
And not in vain thy hair's soft radiance showers —  
Ah, not in vain !

Before the milk upon thy lips was dry  
I said " Lips where the salt of wit doth lie,

Sweets shall be mingled with thy mockery,  
And not in vain ! ”

Thy mouth the fountain where Life's waters flow,  
A dimpled well of tears is set below,  
And death lies near to life thy lovers know,  
But know in vain !

God send to thee great length of happy days !  
Lo, not for his own life thy servant prays ;  
Love's dart in thy bent brows the Archer lays,  
Nor shoots in vain

Art thou with grief afflicted, with the smart  
Of absence, and is bitter toil thy part ?  
Thy lamentations and thy tears, oh Heart,  
Are not in vain !

Last night the wind from out her village blew,  
And wandered all the garden alleys through,  
Oh rose, tearing thy bosom's robe in two ,  
'Twas not in vain !

And Hafiz, though thy heart within thee dies,  
Hiding love's agony from curious eyes,  
Ah, not in vain thy tears, not vain thy sighs,  
Not all in vain !

#### ODE XXV.

Oh Cup-bearer, set my glass afire  
With the light of wine ! oh minstrel, sing :  
The word fulfilleth my heart's desire !

Reflected within the goblet's ring  
I see the glow of my Love's red cheek,  
And scant of wit, ye when fail to seek  
The pleasures that wine alone can bring!

Let not the blandishments be checked  
That slender beauties lavish on me,  
Until in the grace of the cypress decked,  
My love shall come like a ruddy pine tree.  
He cannot perish whose heart doth hold  
The life love wreathes — though my days are told,  
In the Book of the World lives my constancy

But when the Day of Reckoning is here,  
I fancy little will be the gain  
That accrues to the Shaikh for his lawful cheer,  
Or to me for the draught forbidden I dram  
The drunken eyes of my comrades shine  
And I too stretching my hand to the wine  
On the neck of drunkenness loosen the rein.

Oh wind if thou passest the garden close  
Of my heart's dear master carry for me  
The message I send to him, wind that blows!  
"Why hast thou thrust from thy memory  
My hapless name? breathe low in his ear,  
"Knowest thou not that the day is near  
When nor thou nor any shall think on me?

If with tears, oh Hafiz, thine eyes are wet,  
Scatter them round thee like grain, and snare  
The Bird of Joy when it comes to thy net.

As the tulip shrinks from the cold night air,  
 So shrank my heart and quailed in the shade,  
 Oh Song-bird Fortune, the toils are laid,  
 When shall thy bright wings be pinioned there?

The heavens' green sea and the bark therein,  
 The slender bark of the crescent moon,  
 Are lost in thy bounty's radiant noon,  
 Vizir and pilgrim, Kawameddin !

ODL XXVI <sup>1</sup>

The nightingale with drops of his heart's blood  
 Had nourished the red rose, then came a wind,  
 And catching at the boughs in envious mood,  
 A hundred thorns about his heart entwined  
 Like to the parrot crunching sugar, good  
 Seemed the world to me who could not stay  
 The wind of Death that swept my hopes away.

Light of mine eyes and harvest of my heart,  
 And mine at least in changeless memory !  
 Ah, when he found it easy to depart,  
 He left the harder pilgrimage to me !  
 Oh Camel-driver, though the cordage start,  
 For God's sake help me lift my fallen load,  
 And Pity be my comrade of the road !

My face is seamed with dust, mine eyes are wet.  
 Of dust and tears the turkois firmament

<sup>1</sup> Written on his son's death

Kneadeth the bricks for joy's abode , and yet  
 Alas, and weeping yet I make lament !  
 Because the moon her jealous glances set  
 Upon the bow bent eyebrows of my moon,  
 He sought a lodging in the grave — too soon !

I had nnt castled and the time is gone  
 What shall I play? Upon the checkered floor  
 Of Night and Day Death won the game — forlorn  
 And careless now Hafiz can lose no more

## ODE XXVII

Return ! that to a heart wounded full sore  
 Valiance and strength may enter in return !  
 And Life shall pause at the deserted door  
 The cold dead body breathe again and burn  
 Oh come ! and touch mine eyes, of thy sweet grace,  
 For I am blind to all but in thy face  
 Open the gates and bid me see nince more !

Like to a cruel Ethiopian band  
 Sorrow despoiled the kingdom of my heart —  
 Return ! glad Lord of Rime, and free the land  
 Before thine arms the foe shall break and part.  
 See now I hold a mirror in mine eyes,  
 And naught but thy reflection therein lies  
 The glass speaks truth to them that understand.

Night is with child hast thou not heard men say?  
 "Night is with child ! what will she bring to birth?"

I sit and ask the tears when thou'rt away  
 Oh come ! and when the nightingale of mirth  
 Pipes in the Spring-awakened garden ground,  
 In Hafiz' heart shall ring a sweeter sound,  
 Diviner nightingales attune their lay

## ODE XXVIII

What is wrought in the forge of the living and life —  
 All things are naught ! Ho ! fill me the bowl,  
 For naught is the gear of the world and the strife !  
 One passion has quickened the heart and the soul,  
 The Beloved's presence alone they have sought —  
 Love at least exists , yet if Love were not,  
 Heart and soul would sink to the common lot —  
All things are naught !

Like an empty cup is the fate of each,  
 That each must fill from Life's mighty flood ,  
 Naught thy toil, though to Paradise gate thou reach,  
 If Another has filled up thy cup with blood ,  
 Neither shade from the sweet-fruited trees could be  
 bought  
 By thy praying — oh Cypress of Truth, dost not see  
 That Sidrah and Tuba were naught, and to thee  
All then were naught !

The span of thy life is as five little days,  
 Brief hours and swift in this halting-place ,  
 Rest softly, ah rest ! while the Shadow delays,  
 For Time's self is naught and the dial's face

On the lip of Oblivion we linger and short  
 Is the way from the Lip to the Mouth where we pass —  
 While the moment is thine, fill, oh Saki, the glass  
 Ere all is naught !

Consider the rose that breaks into flower  
 Neither repines though she fade and die —  
 The powers of the world endure for an hour,  
 But naught shall remain of their majesty  
 Be not too sure of your crown you who thought  
 That virtue was easy and recompense yours  
 From the monastery to the wine tavern doors  
 The way is naught !

What though I, too have tasted the salt of my tears,  
 Though I, too have burnt in the fires of grief,  
 Shall I cry aloud to unheeding ears ?  
 Mourn and be silent ! naught brings relief.  
 Thou Hafiz, art praised for the songs thou hast  
 wrought,  
 But bearing a stained or an honored name,  
 The lovers of wine shall make light of thy fame —  
 All things are naught !

## ODE XXIX.

Slaves of thy shining eyes are even those  
 That diadems of might and empire bear  
 Drunk with the wine that from thy red lip flows,  
 Are they that e'en the grape's delight forswear  
 Drift, like the wind, across a violet bed,

Before thy many lovers, weeping low,  
And clad like violets in blue robes of woe,  
Who feel thy wind-blown hair and bow the head

Thy messenger the breath of dawn, and mine  
A stream of tears, since lover and beloved  
Keep not their secret, through my verses shine,  
Though other lays my flower's grace have proved  
And countless nightingales have sung thy praise  
When veiled beneath thy curls thou passest, see,  
To right and leftward those that welcome thee  
Have bartered peace and rest on thee to gaze !

But thou that knowest God by heart, away !  
Wine-drunk, love-drunk, we inherit Paradise,  
His mercy is for sinners, hence and pray  
Where wine thy cheek red as red erghwan dyes,  
And leave the cell to faces sinister  
Oh Khizr, whose happy feet bathed in life's fount,  
Help one who toils afoot — the horsemen mount  
And hasten on their way, I scarce can stir.

Ah, loose me not ! ah, set not Hafiz free  
From out the bondage of thy gleaming hair !  
Safe only those, safe, and at liberty,  
That fast enchained in thy linked ringlets are  
But from the image of his dusty cheek  
Learn this from Hafiz proudest heads shall bend,  
And dwellers on the threshold of a friend  
Be crownèd with the dust that crowns the meek

## ODE XXX.

Not all the sum of earthly happiness  
Is worth the bowed head of a moment's pain,  
And if I sell for wine my dervish dress,  
Worth more than what I sell is what I gain !  
Land where my Lady dwells, thou holdest me  
Enchained — else Fars were but a barren soil  
Not worth the journey over land and sea  
Not worth the toil !

Down in the quarter where they sell red wine  
My holy carpet scarce would fetch a cup —  
How brave a pledge of piety is mine  
Which is not worth a goblet foaming up !  
Mine enemy heaped scorn on me and said  
' Forth from the tavern gate ! ' Why am I thrust  
From off the threshold ? Is my fallen head  
Not worth the dust ?

Wash white that travel stained sad robe of thine !  
Where word and deed alike one color bear,  
The grape's fair purple garment shall outshine  
Thy many-colored rags and tattered gear  
Full easy seemed the sorrow of the sea  
Lightened by hope of gain — hope flew too fast !  
A hundred pearls were poor indemnity  
Not worth the blast.

The Sultan's crown, with priceless jewels set,  
Encircles fear of death and constant dread,

It is a head-dress much desired — and yet  
 Art sure 'tis worth the danger to the head?  
 'Twere best for thee to hide thy face from those  
 That long for thee, the Conqueror's reward  
 Is never worth the army's long-drawn woes,  
Worth fire and sword

Ah, seek the treasure of a mind at rest  
 And store it in the treasury of Ease,  
 Not worth a loyal heart, a tranquil breast,  
 Were all the riches of thy lands and seas!  
 Ah, scorn, like Hafiz, the delights of earth,  
 Ask not one grain of favor from the base,  
 Two hundred sacks of jewels were not worth  
Thy soul's disgrace!

### ODE XXXI<sup>1</sup>

My lady, that did change this house of mine  
 Into a heaven when that she dwelt therein,  
 From head to foot an angel's grace divine  
 Enwrapped her, pure she was, spotless of sin,  
 Fair as the moon her countenance, and wise,  
 Lords of the kind and tender glance, her eyes  
 With an abounding loveliness did shine  
 Then said my heart Here will I take my rest!  
 This city breathes her love in every part  
 But to a distant bourne was she addressed,  
 Alas! he knew it not, alas, poor heart!  
 The influence of some cold malignant star

<sup>1</sup> Said to have been written on the death of his wife

Has loosed my hand that held her lone and far  
She journeyeth that lay upon my breast.

Not only did she lift my bosom's veil,  
Reveal its inmost secret, but her grace  
Drew back the curtain from Heaven's mansions pale,  
And gave her there an eternal dwelling place  
The flower-strewn river lip and meadows fair  
The rose herself but fleeting treasures were,  
Regret and Winter follow in their trail.

Dear were the days which perished with my friend —  
Ah what is left of life now she is dead  
All wisdomless and profitless I spend I  
The nightingale his own life's blood doth shed,  
When to the kisses of the wind, the morn  
Unveils the rose's splendor — with his torn  
And jealous breast he dyes her petals red.

Yet pardon her oh Heart for poor wert thou  
A humble dervish on the dusty way  
Crowned with the crown of empire was her brow  
And in the realms of beauty she bore sway  
But all the joy that Hafiz' hand might hold  
Lay in the beads that morn and eve he told  
Worn with God's praise and see! he holds it now

#### ODE XXXII

Not one is filled with madness like to mine  
In all the taverns I my soiled robe lies here  
There my neglected book, both pledged for wine.

With dust my heart is thick, that should be clear,  
A glass to mirror forth the Great King's face ,  
One ray of light from out Thy dwelling-place  
To pierce my night, oh God ! and draw me near.

From out mine eyes unto thy garment's hem  
A river flows , perchance my cypress tree  
Beside that stream may rear her lofty stem,  
Watering her roots with tears. Ah, bring to me  
The wine vessel ! since my Love's cheek is hid,  
A flood of grief comes from my heart unbid,  
And turns mine eyes into a bitter sea !

Nay, by the hand that sells me wine, I vow  
No more the brimming cup shall touch my lips,  
Until my mistress with her radiant brow  
Adorns my feast — until Love's secret slips  
From her, as from the candle's tongue of flame,  
Though I, the singèd moth, for very shame,  
Dare not extol Love's light without eclipse

Red wine I worship, and I worship her !—  
Speak not to me of anything beside,  
For naught but these on earth or heaven I care  
What though the proud narcissus flowers defied  
Thy shining eyes to prove themselves more bright,  
Yet heed them not ! those that are clear of sight  
Follow not them to whom all light's denied

Before the tavern door a Christian sang  
To sound of pipe and drum, what time the earth

Awaited the white dawn, and gayly rang  
Upon mine ear those harbingers of mirth :  
‘ If the True Faith be such as thou dost say,  
Alas ! my Hafiz, that this sweet To-day  
Should bring unknown To-morrow to the birth ! ”

## ODE XXXIII

Hast thou forgotten when thy stolen glance  
Was turned to me, when on my happy face  
Clearly thy love was writ, which doth enhance  
All happiness? or when my sore disgrace  
(Hast thou forgot?) drew from thine eyes reproof,  
And made thee hold thy sweet red lips aloof  
Dowered like Jesus’ breath with healing grace?<sup>1</sup>

Hast thou forgotten how the glorious  
Swift nights flew past, the cup of dawn brimmed high?  
My love and I alone God favoring us !  
And when she like a waning moon did lie,  
And Sleep had drawn his coil about her brow  
Hast thou forgot? Heaven’s crescent moon would bow  
The head and in her service pace the sky !

Hast thou forgotten, when a sojourner  
Within the tavern gates and drunk with wine  
I found Love’s passionate wisdom hidden there,  
Which in the mosque none even now divine?  
The goblet’s carbuncle (hast thou forgot?)

<sup>1</sup> According to Oriental belief Jesus Christ’s gift of healing was due to a miraculous quality in His breath.

Laughed out aloud, and speech flew hot  
And fast between thy ruby lips and mine !

Hast thou forgotten when thy cheek's dear torch  
Lighted the beacon of desire in me,  
And when my heart, like foolish moths that scorch  
Their wings and yet return, turned all to thee?  
Within the banquet-hall of Good Repute  
(Hast thou forgot?) the wine's self pressed my suit,  
And filled the morn with drunken jollity !

Hast thou forgotten when thou laid'st aright  
The uncut gems of Hafiz' inmost thought,  
And side by side thy sweet care strung the bright  
Array of verse on verse — hast thou forgot?

#### ODE XXXIV

The breath of Dawn's musk-strewing wind shall blow,  
The ancient world shall turn to youth again,  
And other wines from out Spring's chalice flow ;  
Wine-red, the judas tree shall set before  
The pure white jessamine a brimming cup,  
And wind-flowers lift their scarlet chalice up  
For the star-pale narcissus to adore

The long-drawn tyranny of grief shall pass,  
Parting shall end in meeting, the lament  
Of the sad bird that sang " Alas, alas ! "  
Shall reach the rose in her red-curtained tent.  
Forth from the mosque ! the tavern calls to me !

Wouldst hinder us? The preacher's homily  
Is long but life will soon be spent!

Ah foolish Heart! the pleasures of To-day,  
If thou abandon, will To-morrow stand  
Thy surety for the gold thou st thrown away?  
In Shaaban the troops of Grief disband  
And crown the hours with wine & red coronet—  
The sun of merriment ere long will set,  
And meagre Ramazan is close at hand!

Dear is the rose — now, now her sweets proclaim,  
While yet the purple petals blush and blow  
Hither adown the path of Spring she came  
And by the path of Autumn she will go  
Now while we listen, Minstrel, tune thy lay!  
Thyself hast said The Present steals away  
The Future comes, and bringing — what? Dost  
know?

Summoned by thy melody did Hafiz rise  
Out of the darkness near thy lips to dwell,  
Back to the dark again his pathway lies —  
Sing out, sing clear and singing cry Farewell!

## ODE XXXV

Last night I dreamed that angels stood without  
The tavern door and knocked in vain and wept;  
They took the clay of Adam and, methought,  
Moulded a cup therewith while all men slept.

Oh dwellers in the halls of Chastity !  
You brought Love's passionate red wine to me,  
Down to the dust I am, your bright feet stepped  
For Heaven's self was all too weak to bear  
The burden of His love God laid on it,  
He turned to seek a messenger elsewhere,  
And in the Book of Fate my name was writ  
Between my Lord and me such concord lies  
As makes the Hours glad in Paradise,  
With songs of praise through the green glades they flit.  
A hundred dreams of Fancy's garnered store  
Assail me — Father Adam went astray  
Tempted by one poor grain of corn ! Wherefore  
Absolve and pardon him that turns away  
Though the soft breath of Truth reaches his ears,  
For two-and-seventy jangling creeds he hears,  
And loud-voiced Fable calls him ceaselessly  
That, that is not the flame of Love's true fire  
Which makes the torchlight shadows dance in rings,  
But where the radiance draws the moth's desire  
And sends him forth with scorched and drooping wings

## ODE XXXVI

I cease not from desire till my desire  
Is satisfied , or let my mouth attain  
My love's red mouth, or let my soul expire,  
Sighed from those lips that sought her lips in vain.  
Others may find another love as fair ,

Upon her threshold I have laid my head,  
The dust shall cover me still lying there  
When from my body life and love have fled.

My soul is on my lips ready to fly  
But grief beats in my heart and will not cease,  
Because not once not once before I die,  
Will her sweet lips give all my longing peace.  
My breath is narrowed down to one long sigh  
For a red mouth that burns my thoughts like fire,  
When will that mouth draw near and make reply  
To one whose life is straitened with desire?

When I am dead open my grave and see  
The cloud of smoke that rises round thy feet  
In my dead heart the fire still burns for thee,  
Yea, the smoke rises from my winding sheet!  
Ah come, Beloved! for the meadows wait  
Thy coming and the thorn bears flowers instead  
Of thorns the cypress fruit, and desolate  
Bare winter from before thy steps has fled.

Hoping within some garden ground to find  
A red rose soft and sweet as thy soft cheek,  
Through every meadow blows the western wind,  
Through every garden he is fain to seek.  
Reveal thy face! that the whole world may be  
Bewildered by thy radiant loveliness  
The cry of man and woman comes to thee,  
Open thy lips and comfort their distress!

Each curling lock of thy luxuriant hair  
Breaks into barbèd hooks to catch my heart,  
My broken heart is wounded everywhere  
With countless wounds from which the red drops start.  
Yet when sad lovers meet and tell their sighs,  
Not without praise shall Hafiz' name be said,  
Not without tears, in those pale companies  
Where joy has been forgot and hope has fled.

## ODE XXXVII

Cypress and Tulip and sweet Eglantine,  
Of these the tale from lip to lip is sent ,  
Washed by three cups, oh Saki, of thy wine,  
My song shall turn upon this argument  
Spring, bride of all the meadows, rises up,  
Clothed in her ripest beauty fill the cup !  
Of Spring's handmaidens runs this song of mine.

The sugar-loving birds of distant Ind,  
Except a Persian sweetmeat that was brought  
To fair Bengal, have found naught to their mind  
See how my song, that in one night was wrought,  
Defies the limits set by space and time !  
O'er plains and mountain-tops my fearless rhyme,  
Child of a night, its year-long road shall find.

And thou whose sense is dimmed with piety,  
Thou too shalt learn the magic of her eyes ,  
Forth comes the caravan of sorcery  
When from those gates the blue-veined curtains rise.

And when she walks the flowery meadows through,  
Upon the jasmine's shamed cheek the dew  
Gathers like sweat she is so fair to see !

Ah, swerve not from the path of righteousness  
Though the world lure thee ! like a wrinkled crone,  
Hiding beneath her robe lasciviousness  
She plunders them that pause and heed her moan.  
From Sinai Moses brings thee wealth untold  
Bow not thine head before the calf of gold  
Like Samir, following after wickedness.

From the Shah's garden blows the wind of Spring,  
The tulip in her lifted chalice bears  
A dewy wine of Heaven's minstrel ring  
Until Ghiyâsuddin the Sultan hears  
Sing, Hafiz, of thy longing for his face.  
The breezes whispering round thy dwelling-place  
Shall carry thy lament unto the King.

## JAMI

THE glory of Persian poetry ends with the great mystic Nūr ud-Dīn Abd ur-Rahman, better known as Jāmī. He took his *takhallus*, or poetical name, which means "drinking cup" or goblet, from Jam, the province in which he was born in 1414 A D.

At five years of age he is said to have shown his unusual gifts and he was called Nur-ud-Din, the "Light of Faith." In later years he received the title of Maulana, "Our Master." As a student at Herat and Samarkand he was a wonder to his classmates and an enigma to his professors. The fame of his learning soon travelled to the most remote part of Persia, and as the guest of the Sultan Abu Sa'id, at Herat, he received great honors from the most distinguished men of the times. He became an ardent student of the Sufi doctrine under its great master, Mohammed Saad ud-Din Kashghari. According to Fitzgerald Mohammed appeared to Jami in a dream and thus influenced the poet to study with him. The solitude which the Sufi teaching demands was of so long a duration with Jami that when he again returned to the world he seemed almost to have lost the power of speech. Although early fitted to teach it, it was only during the last years of his life that he would take his master's place at the great mosque at Herat, where his eloquence brought even far-away kings to his feet. Like all True Believers, Jami made his pilgrimage to Mecca. It was in 1472 A D, when he was about sixty years old. He visited at Baghdad and Damascus, returning after about a year's absence to Herat, where he died at the age of eighty-one years.

Characteristic of the poet was his prayer of "O God! Dervish let me live and Dervish die, and in the company

of the Dervish do thou quicken me to life again!" Yet in spite of this sentiment the Sultan Huseln had an elaborate funeral for this poet, and he was followed to his grave by a procession of all the celebrities of the court. A noted orator delivered the funeral oration, which was composed by his friend, Mir Ali Shir the Mirir who afterward laid the first stone of "Tarbet'i Jami," the monument raised to the poet's memory and erected in one of the principal streets of Herat.

Jami's wife was the granddaughter of his Sufi teacher and all his four sons died when very young. For the fourth son he wrote the *Biharistan or Spring Garden* an imitation of the eight *Gardens of Paradise* a superb copy of which lies now in an English library. That Jami "combined the moral tone of Sadi with the lofty aspiration of Jelalu d Din Rumi and the graceful ease of Hafiz with the deep pathos of Nizami, is a tribute he evidently feels is not undeserved as he says of himself, "As Poet, I have resounded through the World. Heaven filled itself with my Song and the Bride of Time adorned her Ears and Neck with the Pearls of my Verse, whose coming Caravan the Persian Hafiz and Sadi came forth gladly to salute, and the Indian Khosrau and Hasan hailed as a Wonder of the World."

Jami devoted his life to study and literature and as a result left behind him, according to one authority <sup>1</sup> ninety-nine books. These cover a variety of subjects, including theology biography ethics, history letters, and poetry. The treasure spent in decorating the transcriptions of his manuscripts shows how his countrymen estimate his genius. It is said that sixteen artists were employed upon one manuscript containing but 134 pages.<sup>2</sup>

Jami's *Salaman and Absal* has been translated by Edward Fitzgerald, and was the first Persian poem he ever read. He calls it "almost the best of the Persian

<sup>1</sup> Shir Khan Ludl.

<sup>2</sup> *Khosrau in Affliction*.

poems I have read or heard about " But among all Jami's celebrated works, *Yusuf and Zulaikha*, remodelled from Firdausi, is unquestionably the most famous and considered the finest poem in the Persian language It is the sixth title in his exquisite collection of poems called *Haft Awrang* or *The Seven Thrones* The best Persian scholars know its finest passages by heart, and in India it is read in all the "independent indigenous schools" where Persian is taught, it is really the Persian Ovid A superb copy of this is in the Oxford Library The esoteric meaning of the poem was evidently doubted by the writer, who stated that "it seems to have been written for the express purpose of showing how an unprincipled woman may pursue a good man for a series of years, marry him at last almost against his will, and make him wish himself in heaven the next day "

To the Persians Yusuf (Joseph) stands as the emblem of divine perfection, and Zulaikha—the poet's name for Potiphar's wife—shows how the human soul attains the love for the highest beauty and goodness, only when it has suffered and has, like Zulaikha, been purified and regenerated Such is the deeper meaning of this dramatic love poem which differs in many details from the scriptural story of the young Israelite

The following translation ends with the betrothal of Zulaikha and Yusuf In the original it contains four thousand couplets in which we find the "Marriage" and "Death" of Yusuf, then the death of Zulaikha, and Sir William Jones says it is "the finest poem he ever read" ,

## YUSUF AND ZULAIKHA<sup>1</sup>

### PROLOGUE

UNFOLD, O God, the bud of hope disclose  
From Thine eternal Paradise one rose

<sup>1</sup> Translated by Ralph T G Griffith

Whose breath may flood my brain with odor while  
 The bud's leaf liplets make my garden<sup>1</sup> smile.  
 O grant that I in this drear world of woe,  
 The boundless riches of Thy grace may know  
 May gratitude to Thee my thoughts employ  
 To sing Thy praises be my task and joy

Vouchsafe a prosperous day from those that are  
 Best on the roll of Wisdom's calendar  
 Send forth Thy soldier to the war and teach  
 His lips to conquer in the field of speech.  
 Grant that my tongue may weigh the pearls, O Lord  
 Which Thy dear bounty in my heart has stored  
 And let the fragrance Thou hast lent my muse  
 Its musky breath from Kaf to Kaf<sup>2</sup> diffuse.  
 Lips sweet as sugar on my pen bestow  
 And from my book let streams of odor flow

In this world's inn where sweetest songs abound  
 I hear no prelude to the strain I sound  
 The guests have quaffed their wine and passed away  
 Their cups were empty and they would not stay  
 No sage no stripling—not a hand ere mine—  
 Has held this goblet of poetic wine  
 Rise Jam: rise thy fear behind thee cast,  
 And be it clear or dull bring forth the wine thou hast.

<sup>1</sup> That is, my heart.

<sup>2</sup> From east to west, from north to south. Kaf is like the Lokaloka of the Hindus, the king of mountains which encircles the flat earth.

## PRAISE OF THE PROPHET.

In separation pine the souls of all  
 For pity, Prophet sent by God, we call  
 Art thou not he who pities all, and how  
 Canst thou be distant from the wretched now?  
 O dew spent Tulip, thou hast drunk thy fill  
 Awake, Narcissus! wilt thou slumber still?  
 Show from the screen of bliss thy head, display  
 That brow that bids the dawn of life be gay  
 Turn thou our night of woe to sun bright morn,  
 And let thy face our glorious day adorn  
 Loose from thy head thy long black hair, to meet  
 Like shadows falling at thy cypress'<sup>1</sup> feet.  
 Soft skins of Iair\* for thy sandals take,  
 And of our heartstrings fitting latches make  
 Sages before thee like a carpet lie,  
 And fan would kiss thy foot that passes by  
 Leave for the sacred court thy far retreat,  
 And tread on lips which yearn to touch those feet  
 Raise up the fathers, from their misery free,  
 And comfort those who give their hearts to thee  
 Though o'er our heads the waves of sin roll high,  
 Though by thy path with thirsty lips we lie,  
 Thou art a cloud of gentle mercy turn  
 Thy pitying look on lips that thirst and burn  
 O blest are they who turn to thee with eyes

<sup>1</sup> Cypress, for a tall, graceful figure in man or woman, is one of the commonplaces of Persian poetry

<sup>2</sup> A town not far from Mecca.

Dimmed with thy pathway's dust and strengthened rise  
We sought the mosque thanksgivings to renew,  
Our souls like moths about thy splendor flew  
Each heart a lattice open to the day  
We sported in thy garden and were gay  
On sacred thresholds of thy courts we wept  
Tears from the clouds of eyes that never slept.  
We swept the dust that on the pavement lay  
And cleared the thistles with our hands away  
Of that, a salve to purge our sight we made,  
Of these a plaster on our hearts we laid  
Near to the pulpit in thy mosque we drew  
And laid beneath it cheeks like gold in hue  
Moved from the arch to offer prayer and wept  
With tears of blood where'er thy foot has stepped  
Erect we stood at every pillar's base  
And mid the upright prayed for blissful place.  
Our souls yearned for thee warmed with sweet desire  
We fed each flambeau from our holy fire  
Our souls, thank God are in that holy spot,  
Though with their dust our bodies strew it not.  
Helpless are we our own wild aims we seek  
O aid the helpless and forgive the weak.  
Do thou with loving hand our steps sustain  
Or all our labor all our strength is vain.  
Fate drives us wandering from the path astray  
To God our guide to God for light we pray  
May His great mercy keep our lives secure,  
And in the path of faith our steps assure  
When comes that day that wakes the dead at last,

Let not our honor to the flames be cast  
 Still may He grant, though we have wandered thus,  
 Free leave to thee to intercede for us  
 'Tis thine with downward head, as suits the mace,<sup>1</sup>  
 To urge the ball through intercession's space  
 And through thy aid may Jami's work be found —  
 Though some may scorn it — with completion crowned

### BEAUTY

Void by the world, in nothingness concealed,  
 Without a trace of light or life revealed,  
 Save one existence which no second knew —  
 Unknown the pleasant words of We and You  
 Then Beauty shone, from stranger glances free,  
 Seen of herself, with naught beside to see,  
 With garments pure of stain, the fairest flower  
 Of virgin loveliness in bridal bower  
 No combing hand had smoothed a flowing tress,  
 No mirror shown her eyes their loveliness  
 No surma<sup>2</sup> dust those cloudless orbs had known,  
 To the bright rose her cheek no bullbul flown  
 No heightening hand had decked the rose with green,  
 No patch<sup>3</sup> or spot upon that cheek was seen  
 No zephyr from her brow had filched a hair,  
 No eye in thought had seen the splendor there  
 Her witching snares in solitude she laid,

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the game of chugan, the modern polo

<sup>2</sup> Collyrium or antimony, applied under the eyelid

<sup>3</sup> Small black "beauty spots" were used by Persian, as formerly by English ladies

And love's sweet game without a partner played

But when bright Beauty reigns and knows her power  
She springs indignant from her curtained bower  
She scorns seclusion and eludes the guard  
And from the window looks if doors be barred  
See how the tulip on the mountain grown  
Soon as the breath of genial Spring has blown,  
Bursts from the rock impatient to display  
Her nascent beauty to the eye of day

When sudden to thy soul reflection brings  
The precious meaning of mysterious things  
Thou canst not drive the thought from out thy brain  
Speak hear thou must for silence is such pain.  
So Beauty ne'er will quit the urgent claim  
Whence motive first from heavenly beauty came,  
When from her blessed bower she fondly strayed  
And to the world and man her charms displayed

In every mirror then her face was shown  
Her praise in every place was heard and known  
Touched by her light the hearts of angels burned,  
And like the circling spheres, their heads were turned  
While saintly bands whom purest motives stir  
Joined in loud praises at the sight of her  
And those who battle them in the ocean sky  
Cried out enraptured 'Laud to God on high!'

Rays of her splendor lit the rose's breast  
And stirred the bulbul's heart with sweet unrest.  
From her bright glow its cheek the flambeau fired,  
And myriad moths around the flame expired  
Her glory lent the very sun the ray

Which wakes the lotus on the flood to day.  
 Her loveliness made Laili's<sup>1</sup> face look fair  
 To Majnun, fettered by her every hair  
 She opened Shirin's sugared lips, and stole  
 From Parviz' breast and brave Farhad's the soul  
 Through her his head the Moon of Canaan<sup>2</sup> raised,  
 And fond Zuluf has perished as she gazed

Yes, though she shrinks from earthly lovers' call,  
 Eternal Beauty is the queen of all,  
 In every curtained bower the screen she holds,  
 About each captured heart her bonds unfolds  
 Through her sweet love the heart its life retains,  
 The soul through love of her its object gains  
 The heart which maidens' gentle witcheries stir  
 Is, though unconscious, fired with love of her  
 Refrain from idle speech, mistake no more  
 She brings her chains and we, her slaves, adore.  
 Fair and approved of Love, thou still must own  
 That gift of beauty comes from her alone  
 Thou art concealed she meets all lifted eyes,  
 Thou art the mirror which she beautifies  
 She is that mirror, if we closely view  
 The truth — the treasure and the treasury too

But thou and I — our serious work is naught,  
 We waste our days unmoved by earnest thought  
 Cease, or my task will never end, for her  
 Sweet beauties lack a meet interpreter

<sup>1</sup> Laili and Majnun, and Shirin, Parviz, and Farhad, are typical lovers, celebrated and frequently alluded to in Persian poetry

<sup>2</sup> Yusuf

Then let us still the slaves of love remain  
For without love we live in vain in vain

### Love.

No heart is that which love ne'er wounded they  
Who know not lovers' pangs are soulless clay  
Turn from the world, O turn thy wandering feet,  
Come to the world of love and find it sweet.

Heaven's giddy round from craze of love was caught  
From love's disputes the world with strife is fraught.  
Love's slave be thou if thou wouldst fain be free  
Welcome love's pangs and happy shalt thou be.  
From wine of love came joy and generous heat  
From meaner cups flow sorrow and deceit.  
Love's sweet, soft memories youth itself restore  
The tale of love gives fame for evermore  
If Majnun ne'er the cup of love had drained  
High fame in heaven and earth he ne'er had gained  
A thousand sages deep in wisdom's lore  
Untaught of love died, and are known no more  
Without a name or trace in death they sank,  
And in the book of Time their name is blank.

The groves are gay with many a lovely bird  
Our lips are silent and their praise unheard  
But when the theme is love's delicious tale  
The moth is lauded and the nightingale.  
What though a hundred arts to thee be known  
Freedom from self is gained through love alone.  
To worldly love thy youthful thoughts incline

For earthly love will lead to love divine  
First with the Alphabet thy task begin,  
Then take the Word of God and read therein

Once to his master a disciple cried —  
“To wisdom’s pleasant path be thou my guide”  
“Hast thou ne’er loved?” the master answered, “learn  
The ways of love and then to me return”  
Drink deep of earthly love, that so thy lip  
May learn the wine of holier love to sip  
But let not form too long thy soul entrance,  
Pass o’er the bridge with rapid feet advance  
If thou wouldst rest, thine ordered journey sped,  
Forbear to linger at the bridge’s head

Thank God that ever from mine early days  
My steps have been in love’s delightful ways  
Love stood beside me when my life was new,  
And from my mother’s breast love’s milk I drew.  
White as that milk are now my hairs, but still  
Sweet thoughts of love mine aged bosom thrill  
Still in my heart the youthful warmth I feel,  
While in my ear reechoes Love’s appeal —

“In love, O Jamī, have thy days been passed ·  
Die in that love gay-hearted to the last  
Some tale of love’s adventure, that may win  
Thy name remembrance in the world, begin  
Some picture with thy finest pen assay,  
Which still may live when thou art gone away”

I heard entranced my spirit rushed to meet  
Love’s welcome order, for the voice was sweet,  
With gladsome heart the clear command obeyed,

And straight the magic of new spells essayed  
 Now if kind Heaven will bless and aid the task,  
 And hule my palm tree with the fruit I ask,  
 I from this glowing heart will pour a song  
 To melt the tender and to move the strong,  
 Veil the blue vault of heaven with cloud of sighs,  
 And with wild weeping dim its starry eyes.

## YUSUF

In this orchestra full of vain deceit  
 The drum of Being each in turn we beat.  
 Each morning brings new truth to light and fame,  
 And on the world falls lustre from a name.  
 If in one constant course the ages rolled  
 Full many a secret would remain untold  
 If the sun's splendor never died away  
 Ne'er would the market of the stars be gay  
 If in our gardens endless frost were king  
 No rose would blossom at the kiss of Spring

When Adam's service in the temple ceased,  
 Seth took his station as presiding priest.  
 He passed away and Idris<sup>1</sup> next began  
 In this sad world to preach pure love to man  
 When he was called away to read in heaven  
 To Noah's watchful care our faith was given  
 When Noah sank beneath death's whelming wave,  
 To Allah's friend<sup>2</sup> the door admittance gave.

<sup>1</sup> Enoch. Idris is derived from *darasa* "he read," and the following line contains a play on the word

<sup>2</sup> Abraham.

When heavenly mansions claimed him for a guest,  
Isaac the treasure which he left possessed  
When Isaac wearied of the world and died,  
The voice of Jacob was religion's guide  
He lived and prospered planted by his hand,  
His banner waved o'er Shain<sup>1</sup> and Canaan's land,  
Wherein he made his dwelling Rich was he  
In patriarchal wealth and progeny ,  
And sheep and rams cropped on his hills their food  
Like ants and locusts for their multitude  
Twelve sons were his Among them Yusuf won  
The father's heart, his best beloved son,  
The darling of his age The happy mother  
Bore him the heavenly moon's terrestrial brother  
In the heart's garden a fair plant was reared ,  
A bright young moon in the soul's heaven appeared ,  
In Abraham's rose-bed a sweet blossom, bright  
In garb of tender beauty, sprang to light ,  
In the House of Isaac there rose a star  
Whose splendor streamed through the sky afar ,  
In the garden of Jacob a tulip grew,  
The balm of his heart and its sorrow too  
A fawn of the sweetest odor, that made  
Cathay<sup>2</sup> envy the fields where his young feet strayed

The mother, while earth was her place of rest,  
Dewed the babe's sweet lips from her loving breast  
When two glad years she had nursed her son,  
Time poisoned her food and her course was run

<sup>1</sup> Syria.

<sup>2</sup> Khutan or Chinese Tartary, famous for its musk-deer

That pearl from the ocean of grace was left  
An orphan in tears of her love bereft.  
The father pitied the babe    The fair  
Young pearl he gave to his sister's care  
And her heart's dear nursing a bird endued  
With gay wings, roamed in the garden of food<sup>1</sup>  
Then stood the child on his baby feet,  
And the lisping words of his lips were sweet.  
Not for an instant the dame would part  
From the infant whose love had enchained her heart.  
On her bosom at night, like her soul he lay  
And was ever the sun of her eyes by day

But the love of the father grew strong, and he  
Would fain the face of his darling see  
He longed that the babe, who alone could kill  
The grief of his heart, should be near him still  
Day and night he would have him near  
A moon the gloom of his soul to cheer  
Thus to his sister he said — O thou  
Whom love for me bends like the willow bough,  
My Yusuf my child to my side restore  
His absence is grief I can bear no more.  
Let him come to the place where I pray alone,  
To the dreary cell where I make my moan."

The sister heard the words that he said  
In the sign of obedience she bowed her head,  
But plotted deep in her heart the while  
To bring the child back to her home by guile.  
She had a belt which Isaac had given

<sup>1</sup> Was weaned and began to eat.

Worn by him long in the service of Heaven  
Free from all evil was he whose hand  
Bound on his body that blessed band  
When she sent the boy to his father, she braced  
The girdle secretly round his waist,  
Fastened so deftly that Yusuf felt  
No strain or touch of the supple belt  
So the boy went forth But a sudden shout  
And a bitter cry from the dame rang out  
“Lost is the girdle I wore ” She left  
None unaccused of the graceless theft  
Those of her household came at her call,  
And, ranged before her, she searched them all  
At last came the turn of Yusuf, and round  
His waist the girdle she sought was found

There was a law for repressing crime,  
Fixed for the faithful in ancient time,  
Which to the injured owner gave  
The captured thief for his thrall and slave  
Thus, by the fraud she had plotted caught,  
The boy again to her home was brought  
Glad was her eye and her soul elate,  
But that eye soon closed at the stroke of Fate

The heart of Jacob at last reposed,  
As he gazed with his fond eyes that never closed ,  
From the sons that were round him he looked away,  
And turned to him as we turn to pray  
For Yusuf now was his only thought  
In each work that he planned, in each aim that he  
sought

In Yusuf only his soul had delight,  
For only Yusuf his eye grew bright.

How may I tell the boy's beauty? Where  
Could Houris or Peri be found so fair?  
When the moonlight shines on the landscape, none  
Would turn to look on a garish sun  
He was a moon in the sphere of grace  
That threw a soft light over life and space  
And yet no moon but a sun that lent  
His light to the moon of the firmament.  
But shall I his light to the sun's compare —  
To the false mirage of the desert air?  
'Twas a wondrous ineffable lustre far  
Beyond the brightness of things that are,  
For the One Unspeakable God in that frame  
Lay concealed under Yusuf's name.  
How shall we marvel if, fostered long  
In the father's bosom his love grew strong?

Zulaikha, envied of Houris, at rest  
In her virgin bower afar in the West,  
Ne'er had seen the sun of his beauty gleam  
But was snared by his loveliness seen in a dream  
If Love's dominion no distance can bar  
When heart is near heart he can never be far

#### ZULAIKHA.

Thus the masters of speech record  
In whose bosoms the treasures of words are stored  
There was a king in the West.<sup>1</sup> His name,

<sup>1</sup> In Mauritania.

Taimus, was spread wide by the drum of fame.  
Of royal power and wealth possessed,  
No wish unanswered remained in his breast  
His brow gave lustre to glory's crown,  
And his foot gave the thrones of the mighty renown  
With Orion from heaven his host to aid,  
Conquest was his when he bared his blade.  
His child Zulaikha was passing fair,  
None in his heart might with her compare,  
Of his royal house the most brilliant star,  
A gem from the chest where the treasures are  
Praise cannot equal her beauty, no,  
But its faint, faint shadow my pen may show.  
Like her own bright hair falling loosely down,  
I will touch each charm to her feet from her crown.  
May the soft reflection of that bright cheek,  
Lend light to my spirit and bid me speak,  
And that flashing ruby, her mouth, bestow  
The power to tell of the things I know

Her stature was like to a palm tree grown  
In the garden of grace where no sin is known  
Bedewed by the love of her father the king,  
She mocked the cypress that rose by the spring  
Sweet with the odor of musk, a snare  
For the heart of the wise was the maiden's hair.  
Tangled at night, in the morning through  
Her long thick tresses a comb she drew,  
And cleft the heart of the musk-deer in twain  
As for that rare odor he sighed in vain  
A dark shade fell from her loose hair sweet

As jasmine over the rose of her feet.  
 A broad silver tablet her forehead displayed  
 For the heaven set lessons of beauty made.  
 Under its edge two inverted Nuns<sup>1</sup>  
 Showed black as ink their splendid half moons  
 And beneath them lively and bright were placed  
 Two Sads<sup>2</sup> by the pen of her Maker traced.  
 From Nun to the ring of the Mim<sup>3</sup> there rose,  
 Pure as silver like Alif<sup>4</sup> her nose.  
 To that cipher her mouth add Alif then  
 She had ten strong spells for the conquest of men.<sup>5</sup>  
 That laughing ruby to view exposed  
 A Sin<sup>6</sup> when the knot of her lips unclosed  
 At the touch of her pure white teeth and between  
 The lines of crimson their flash was seen  
 Her face was the garden of Iram<sup>7</sup> where  
 Roses of every hue are fair  
 The dusky moles that enhanced the red  
 Were like Moorish boys playing in each rose-bed.  
 Of silver that paid no tithe, her chin  
 Had a well with the Water of Life therein.  
 If a sage in his thirst came near to drink,

<sup>1</sup> The letter *Nun* of the Arabic alphabet pronounced noon.

<sup>2</sup> The letter *Sad* is supposed, in its right-hand portion, to resemble the eye.

<sup>3</sup> The small circular part of the letter *Mim* is compared to a mouth.

<sup>4</sup> *Alif* is a long straight letter. It stands for the number one, and, prefixed to a cipher notes 10.

<sup>5</sup> The letter *Sin* bears a rough resemblance to teeth.

<sup>6</sup> A fabulous garden in Arabia, like the Garden of the Hesperides of the Greeks.

He would feel the spray ere he reached the brink,  
 But lost were his soul if he nearer drew,  
 For it was a well and a whirlpool too  
 Her neck was of ivory — further drawn,  
 Came with her tribute to beauty the fawn,  
 And the rose hung her head at the gleam of the skin  
 Of shoulders fairer than jasmine  
 Her breasts were orbs of a light most pure,  
 Twin bubble new risen from fount Kafur.<sup>1</sup>  
 Two young pomegranates grown on one spray  
 Where bold hope never a finger might lay  
 The touchstone itself was proved false when it tried  
 Her arms' fine silver thence purified,  
 But the pearl pure amulets fastened there  
 Were the hearts of the holy absorbed in prayer  
 The loveliest gave her their souls for rue,<sup>2</sup>  
 And round the charm their own heartstrings drew.  
 Her arms filled her sleeves with silver from them  
 Whose brows are bound with the diadem  
 To labor and care her soft hand lent aid,  
 And to wounded hearts healing unction had  
 Like reeds were those taper fingers of hers,  
 To write on each heart love's characters  
 Each nail on those fingers so long and slim  
 Showed a new moon hid on a full moon's brim,  
 And her small closed hand made the moon confess  
 That she never might rival its loveliness  
 Two columns fashioned of silver upheld

<sup>1</sup> Camphor — the name of a well in Paradise

<sup>2</sup> The small black seeds of the wild rue were used in enchantments

That beauty which never was paralleled,  
And to make the tale of her charms complete,  
They were matched by the shape of her exquisite feet  
Feet so light and elastic no maid might show,  
So perfectly fashioned from heel to toe  
If on the eye of a lover she stepped  
Her foot would float on the tear he wept.

What shall I say of her gems and gold?  
Weak were my tale when my best were told.  
She was not fairer for gold or gem  
But her perfect loveliness glorified them.  
Each gem the tax of a realm, she set  
On her forehead a glistening coronet  
And the rubies that hung from her fine ears stole  
Each gazer's senses, and heart and soul.  
A thousand jewels most rich and rare  
Studded the band that confined her hair  
Not a hand but hers had the art to twist  
The bracelet which circled her delicate wrist.  
What need I say of her jewels more?  
Glistening anklets of gold she wore  
She moved through her chambers in raiment wrought  
With gold from Egypt and Syria bought,  
Or with languishing looks on her couch she leant  
In brocades which China and Rome<sup>1</sup> had sent.  
She decked her beauty with some new dress  
Each morn that she lit with her loveliness.  
As the moon each night by fresh stars is met,  
So she wore not twice the same coronet.

The hem of her mantle alone might gain  
A kiss of that foot while kings sought it in vain ;  
And no hand but the fold of her robe embraced  
The delicate stem of her dainty waist

Maidens like cypresses straight and tall,  
With Peri faces, obeyed her call ,  
And by day and by night in her service stood  
The Houris' loveliest sisterhood  
No burthen as yet had her sweet soul borne ,  
Never her foot had been pierced by a thorn  
No breath of passion her heart might stir,  
And to love and be loved was unknown to her.  
Like the languid narcissus she slept at night,  
And hailed like an opening bud the light  
With silver-faced maidens in childhood's hour,  
And gazelle-like playmates in garden and bower,  
Heedless of Fate and its cruel play,  
Sport was her business and life was gay  
By no fear of peril or woe oppressed,  
Blithe was each thought of her virgin breast,  
For she knew not the fate that the days would bring,  
Or what terrible birth from the nights would spring

#### THE FIRST VISION

Sweet as the morning of life, the night  
Was filled like the springtide of youth with delight.  
Each bird was asleep, and each fish in the rill,  
And even the stream of event was still  
In this garden, the joy of uncounted eyes,

All were at rest save the stars in the skies  
Night had hushed the tongue of the tinkling bell,  
And stolen the sense of the sentinel.  
His twisted tail as he curled him round,  
Was a collar to choke the voice of the hound  
The bird of night had no power to sing  
For his reed was cut with the sword of his wing  
The drowsy watchman scarce raised his eye  
And the palace dome where it rose on high,  
Wore as his senses had well nigh fled  
The form of a monstrous poppy head  
The drummer ceased and his hand o'ercome  
By the might of slumber lay still on the drum  
Ere the loud voiced Muezzin calling to prayer  
Had rolled up the beds of the sleepers there.  
Her narcissus eyes<sup>1</sup> in deep slumber closed  
Sweetly the sweet lipped Zulaikha reposed  
Tresses of spikenard her pillow pressed,  
And the rose of her limbs strewed the couch of her rest  
While the hair dishevelled on that fair head  
Wrote on the rose with each silken thread.  
The outward eye of the maiden slept,  
But the eye of her spirit its vigil kept,  
And she saw before her a fair youth stand —  
Nay 'twas a being from spirit land  
From the world of glory more lovely far  
Than the large-eyed damsels of Paradise are,  
For his face made their beauty and glances dim  
And their glances and beauty were stolen from him.

<sup>1</sup> Eyes heavy with sleep are frequently compared to the narcissus.

His form like a sapling was straight and tall,  
 And the cypress tree was, to him, a thrall<sup>1</sup>  
 His hair, a beautiful chain to bind  
 The heart of the wisest, flowed unconfined  
 The sun and the moon confessed with shame  
 That a purer light from his forehead came  
 The arch<sup>2</sup> of the mosque where the holy bow,  
 Or the canopy made for their rest, was his brow  
 His eyes, where the tint of the surma was new,  
 With a dart from each lash pierced the bosom through,  
 And the pearls, when the rubies apart were drawn,  
 Were as lightning's flash through the red of dawn

Zulaikha saw, and a moment — one —  
 Was too much, for the maid was forever undone  
 One glance at that loveliest form, which passed  
 Men, and Peris, and Houris, she cast,  
 And to that sweet face and those charms a slave  
 Her heart — nay, a hundred hearts — she gave  
 From the visional form she would never forget  
 The plant of love in her breast was set

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

### THE LAST VISION

Words would fail me to tell how fair  
 Was the wondrous beauty she looked on there  
 The hem of his garment was fast in her hold,  
 And over his feet her hot weepings rolled  
 And she cried    "O thou, for whose dear love flies

<sup>1</sup> The usual epithet of the cypress is "free "

<sup>2</sup> The arch toward which worshippers turn in prayer

All calm from my bosom all sleep from mine eyes,  
 By the Pure One who made thee so pure from thy birth,  
 And chose thee most fair of the beauties of earth  
 Pity the anguish I suffer, disclose  
 Thy name and thy city and lighten my woes."

He answered "If this may content thee, hear  
 In Egypt's land I am Grand Vizir  
 Mid her proudest princes my place is high,  
 And the trusted friend of the king am I.

These words from her idol Zulaikha heard,  
 And her spirit, long dead with new life was stirred  
 In the quickening balm of his sweet voice came  
 To her soul new patience, and strength to her frame  
 She rose from her dream and her heart was gay,  
 The cloud of madness had passed away

\* \* \* \* \*

Pleasant and gay were Zulaikha's words,  
 And her voice was sweet as a musical bird's  
 The seal of the casket of speech she broke,  
 And of many a city and country spoke,  
 And of Sham and Rum and sugar ran down  
 From her lips at mention of Egypt's renown.<sup>1</sup>  
 Of the deeds that her people had done of old,  
 Of the Grand Vizir and his state she told  
 When she spoke of the title she loved so well,  
 As falls a shadow to earth she fell  
 She rained down blood from the cloud of her eyes,  
 And the voice of her weeping went up to the skies.

<sup>1</sup> Egypt (Misk) was famous for sugar which in India is still called *misk*.

Thus passed her day and her night , of naught  
Save her love and his country she spoke or thought.  
When she mentioned his title, her voice was glad,  
Else she lay sullen and silent and sad

### THE AMBASSADOR

Day by day Zuhukla's despair  
Grew a weight too heavy for her to bear  
In blank pale longing, though overcast  
With the black line of sorrow, her days were passed  
The father pitied the maiden's grief  
And counselled thus for her soul's relief  
" A prudent envoy I needs must send  
To Egypt's Vizir that her woe may end,  
A tender message from her to bear,  
That the bonds of love may unite the pair."

He chose a chamberlain deeply skilled  
With praise of his wisdom his ear he filled,  
And with many a present most rich and rare  
Bade him to Egypt's Vizir repair,  
And say " O Prince on whose threshold lies  
Dust that is kissed by the circling skies,  
May the favor of Heaven increase each day  
Thy fame and honor and princely sway  
In the House of Purity shines my Sun  
By whose splendor the envious moon is outdone.  
Higher her place than the moon's, I ween  
Her shadow never the sun has seen  
Purer than pearls in their virgin shells  
Her splendor the lustre of stars excels

She veils her moonlight from the world, and debars  
From the sight of her beauty the curious stars.  
Only her comb may loosen each tress,  
And her mirror behold her loveliness.  
Only the coils of her hair are hiest  
On her delicate foot for a while to rest.  
The hem of her mantle — and only this —  
As she walks in the courtyard her foot may kiss.  
Never her chin has been touched by her maid  
On her lip not the sugar cane a finger laid.  
She shrinks away from that flower who throws  
The veil of her beauty aside the rose  
From the sweet narcissus her eyes decline,  
For its blossom is heavy and drunk with wine  
Even her shadow's pursuit she would shun  
And fly from the lustre of moon and sun  
To the stream and the fountain she will not repair  
Lest her eye should meet her reflection there.  
She dwells in her home behind screen and bar,  
But the fame of her beauty is known afar  
A hundred kings with their hearts on fire  
In eager hope to her hand aspire.  
From Rum to Damascus beyond the flood  
Each heart for her love has drunk deep of blood.  
But longing for Egypt has filled her breast,  
And she turns her eye and her heart from the rest.  
For Rum she can find in that heart no room  
And gay Damascus is naught but gloom.  
Her eye toward Egypt has marked the road  
And the Nile of her tears has for Egypt flowed.

I know but her longing , I know not the cause,  
Or the charm that to Egypt her spirit draws  
'Tis her destined home, and from Egypt came  
The dust, I ween, that composed her frame  
If in thy sight it seem good, I have planned  
To send her to thee in her chosen land  
If she be not peerless in beauty and grace  
She may hold in thy palace a menial's place ”

The Grand Vizir heard the speech, and, amazed,  
To the highest heaven his head was raised  
He bowed and made answer “ And what am I  
That a seed of this doubt in my heart should lie ?  
The grace of thy lord lifts me up from the mire,  
And 'tis meet that my head to the heavens aspire  
I am the dust which the cloud of spring  
Bedews with the drops which he loves to fling  
If a hundred tongues like the grass-blades grew,  
My tongues to thank him were all too few  
The grace of the monarch is guarantee  
That Fortune ever shall favor me  
With the head of my foot, with the eyes of my shoe,  
I would hasten to meet him, his pleasure to do.  
But to Egypt's ruler, the great and wise,  
I am bound so closely by duty's ties,  
That, were I absent a single hour,  
I should feel the weight of the sword of his power  
Then pardon the servant whom duties bind,  
And impute not the blame to a haughty mind  
Should the king thy lord to my prayer attend,  
Two hundred litters of gold will I send

With thousands of boys and maidens, all  
Like the Tuba tree<sup>1</sup> graceful, and straight, and tall,  
Those boys are noble, and free from vice  
And purer than children of Paradise.  
Their laughing lips are most sweet, with rare  
Pearl and ruby they bind their hair  
With caps coquettishly set on the side  
Of their heads, on saddles of gold they ride  
And the maidens are robed like the Houris they  
Are pure of all blemish of water and clay  
Above their bright faces are full-drawn bows,  
And their sweet locks shadow their cheeks of rose.  
All gems and jewels their beauty adorn  
And veiled in litters of gold are they borne  
Their guides shall be elders the pillars of State,  
Prudent in council and wise in debate,  
To receive the fair maid with due honor and bring  
To my humble home the sweet child of the king  
He ceased the envoy bowed down his head,  
And kissed the ground at his feet, and said  
Spring of the glory of Egypt, thou  
Hast added a grace to thy favors now  
But send no escort my lord will provide  
From his ample household a train for the bride.  
The boys and the delicate maids who dwell  
In his courts are too many for number to tell,  
Robes of honor in store has he  
More than the leaves of a shady tree,  
Showering gems from a liberal hand

<sup>1</sup> Tuba is the name of a tree in Paradise.

More than the desert has grains of sand ,  
To please thee only his wish is bent,  
And blest is the man with whom he is content.  
If the vintage be worthy thy table, he  
Will quickly send the sweet fruit to thee "

### THE DEPARTURE

To release Zulaikha's sad heart from pain  
From Egypt returned the wise chamberlain,  
And even the selfish rejoiced to hear  
The message he brought from the Grand Vizir.  
Her rose of felicity bloomed anew,  
And the Huma<sup>1</sup> of fortune above her flew.  
A dream had bound her in fetters she  
Saw a vision again and her soul was free  
So ever from dream or from fancy springs  
The joy or the sorrow which this world brings  
Most happy is he who from both can fly,  
And lightly pass the dread whirlpool by

Her father rejoiced, and with care and speed  
He prepared the escort the bride would need  
Thousands of maids in their youthful bloom  
He chose from the fairest of Rus<sup>2</sup> and Rum  
Their breasts were pomegranates, their mouths, half-  
shut,  
Showed each like a tender pistachio-nut,

<sup>1</sup> The *huma* is a fabulous bird whose shadow falling on a man's head denotes that he will become a king

<sup>2</sup> Russia.

And over each bosom and cheek was spread  
The sweet faint flush of a young rose bed  
Orient pearls from their fine ears hung,  
And black bows over their eyes were strung,  
Pure of all dyes as the leaves of the rose  
In the cool of the morning when zephyr blows.  
On tulip blossoms fell scented curls,  
And on rounded necks was the glimmer of pearls,  
And a thousand boys with bright eyes that took  
The heart of a maiden with each long look,  
With red caps stuck on their heads oblique,  
And loose locks shading each youthful cheek.  
Each of his gold hued garment was vain  
'Twas soft as the rosebud and tight as the cane.  
Each tress escaping as loosely it flowed,  
Like spikenard under a tulip showed.  
Their jewelled belts round their fine waists clung,  
And a hundred hearts on their bright hair hung  
There were thousand horses of noble breed,  
Gentle to saddle unmatched in speed  
With paces easy as rivulets, all  
Fleeter at need than the flying ball.  
If they saw but the shade of a falling lash,  
Away from the race-course of Time would they dash.  
Swift as wild asses they scoured the plain,  
And like birds of the water they swam the main.  
Their tails were knotted like canes the diut  
Of their strong hoofs shattered the hardest flint.  
They flew over the hill like an even lawn  
But stayed their speed when the rein was drawn.

And a thousand camels, a wondrous sight,  
With their mountain backs and their stately height  
Mountains, supported on pillars, were they,  
And the course of their tempest no hand might stay  
Like holy hermits, their food was spare,  
Burthens they bore as the patient bear  
Through a hundred deserts unwearied they went,  
With thorns, as with spikenard and rose, content  
They tasted no food and they closed no eye,  
But toiled on through the sand at the drivers' cry.  
A hundred loads from the royal store,  
Each the yearly yield of a province, they bore,  
Two hundred carpets of rich brocade,  
In Rum and Damascus and Egypt made,  
Two hundred caskets of gems most rare,—  
Pearls, sapphires, Badakhshan's rubies were there,  
Two hundred trays with fine musk therein,  
And amber, and aloe from Comorin  
Like a meadow in China each spot was bright  
Where the driver rested his camels at night

Her father's care for Zulaikha supplied  
A litter fair as the bed of a bride  
Of the wood of the aloe its frame was made,  
And the well-joined boards were with gold o'erlaid  
Its gold-wrought awning was bright as the sun,—  
Jamshid<sup>1</sup> never boasted a brighter one  
Pearl in clusters, and many a pin  
And stud of gold decked it without and within;  
And finest needlework graced each fold

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated Persian king, the builder of Persepolis

Of the heavy hangings of tissue of gold

Thus with imperial pomp and pride  
They carried to Memphis the beautiful bride.  
Her litter was borne by swift steeds, as the rose  
Is wafted by winds from her place of repose  
Her maidens followed, with figures fine  
As the graceful cypress, the plane, or the pine  
With arm and bosom and cheek and hair  
Like jasmine sweet or like jasmine fair  
You had said that the bloom of the young spring  
time

Was fleeing away to a distant clime  
Iram's garden envied the spot which those  
Bright flowers of the palace to rest them chose,  
Where the boys dismounting their pastime took,  
And the girls from their litters shot many a look,  
And spread the fine net of their beautiful hair  
Till each captured her prey in the silken snare,  
And each boy shot from his eye a dart  
That enslaved a maiden and touched her heart.  
Here were seen gallantry glances and smiles,  
The lover's wooing the maiden's wiles.  
Lovers and loved were assorted well,  
Those eager to buy and these ready to sell.  
Thus each stage of the journey they passed,  
And Memphis city was gained at last.

Zulaikha — for Fortune now seemed her friend —  
Had longed in her heart for the journey's end,  
When the dawn should rise on her night of woe  
And the pangs of the parted no more she should know

oh ! black is the night that before her lies ,  
 But an age till the sun of her joy shall rise  
 'Tis through the glare of day, through the gloom of night,  
 Thy travelled, and Memphis was now in sight  
 Then the city a messenger came at speed —  
 From his litter the coming pomp should precede  
 Who bring the glad news to the Grand Vizir,  
 To her whom he looked for was near, was near  
 That she up, rise up, and with eager feet  
 "Rise, bliss who approaches go forth to meet"  
 Thy

# THE WELCOME

the Grand Vizir the glad news was brought,  
 To her he deemed he had compassed each aim he sought  
 And bade proclamation be made, and all  
 His army of Memphis obeyed the call,  
 That with full equipment and arms complete,  
 That the place appointed the hosts should meet  
 At from head to foot they were bright to behold,  
 Embowered in jewels and sheen of gold  
 Smiling boys and maidens were there,  
 My cheeks of the rose, and like full moons fair  
 Wore a palm-tree of gold in the saddle set,  
 Likened each youth with his collar and coronet,  
 Shone bright in her charms with their sevenfold aid,  
 Angled in her litter of gold was each maid,  
 Screened

*Henna* for the hands, *surma* or *kohl* for the eyes, *wasma* for  
 the eyebrows, rouge and *sapedab*, or white water, for the face, and  
 the elets and anklets Other enumerations are also given  
 brac

Loudly in triumph glad voices rang  
As sweet toned singers in unison sang,  
The harp of the minstrel was strung anew,  
And the music he made was of triumph too

Of meeting and pleasure the soft flute spoke,  
And tender thoughts in each heart awoke,  
While sorrow fled far at the merry din  
Of the drum and rebeck and violin.

Thus in jubilee blithe and gay  
The escort from Memphis pursued its way  
Three stages as journeys the moon they passed,  
And the sun of beauty was reached at last  
To a smooth and spacious meadow they came,  
Studded with thousands of domes of flame  
You had said that the sky had poured down on the  
plain

Its brightest stars in a golden rain  
There rose a pavilion, girt with a wall  
Of chosen sentinels, high over all  
Laughed the Vizir as he saw it gleam  
As the orient laughs with the first sunbeam.  
Swift from his steed he alighted and bent  
His eager steps to the royal tent  
The harem warders came forth to meet  
The noble and bowed to the earth at his feet.  
He asked of their lady, and bade them say,  
What of the weather and toil of the way

Of the princely gifts that were with him, those  
That were fairest and best in his sight he chose :  
Sweet-smiling boys of his own household,

With caps and girdles ablaze with gold ,  
High-bred horses with golden gear,  
Covered with jewels from croup to ear ,  
Raiment of satin and woven hair,  
And pearls from his storehouse most rich and rare ,  
Sugar of Egypt, with care refined,  
And sherbet of every color and kind —  
All on the spacious plain were arrayed,  
And with courteous words his excuses he made  
He ordered the march at the break of day,  
When homeward again he would bend his way.

### DESPAIR

The ancient Haven delights to cheat  
The children of earth with his vain deceit  
The heart of the lover with hope he will stay,  
And then dashes the idle phantom away  
The fruit that he longed for was shown afar,  
And his bosom will bear through his life a scar

A shadow lay on the ground, and near  
Zulaikha's tent stood the Grand Vizir  
She dropped the rein of patience and prayed  
For one glance at her love with her nurse's aid  
"O thou whose affection through life I have tried,  
I can bear this longing no longer," she cried  
"Near a cup of sweet water the thirsty lip  
Is maddened with pain if it may not sip "

The faithful nurse marked the maiden's grief,  
And looked round the wall for a way of relief

With her crafty finger she made a rent  
Like a narrow eye in the cloth of the tent  
Zulaikha looked through with an eager eye  
But heaved from her bosom a long and sigh  
"Ah me! that so won'trou a fate should befall I  
Low in the dust lies my half built wall.  
This is not the youth of my vision he  
Whom after long troubles I hoped to see  
Who seized the rein of my heart and stole  
With his magic power my sense and soul  
Who tol I me his secret and gently brought  
Reason again to a mind distraught.  
Alas! the star of my hapless fate  
Has left me deceived and disconsolate.  
Palm trees I planted but thistles grew  
I sowed Love's seed but the harvest is rue  
I endured for my treasure long sorrows and toils,  
But the guardian dragon my labor soils.  
I would cull the rose for the precious scent,  
But alas! my robe with the thorn is rent.  
I am one athirst in a desert land  
Seeking for water and mocked with sand  
Dry is my tongue with unbearable thirst  
And the blood from my feverous lip would burst.  
I see at a distance fair water gleam  
And I struggle and crawl to the tempting stream,  
And find no water but sand whereon  
Deluding beams of the bright sun shone.  
A camel am I, on the mountain strayed  
With a mountain of hunger and toll down weighed,

The stones are sharp and my feet are sore  
I fear to stay but can move no more  
A form I see with my bloodshot eye,  
And I deem that my lost companion is nigh.  
My weary steps to his side I bend  
'Tis a ravening lion and not my friend  
I am a sailor, my vessel sank,  
And I float forlorn on a single plank  
On the restless wave I am tossed on high  
And low in the depths of the ocean lie  
A light skiff near me comes on o'er the wave,  
And my heart is glad, for it comes to save  
Nearer and nearer my rescue draws  
Ah ! 'tis a shark with his cruel jaws  
Ah me ! of unfortunate lovers none  
Is helpless as I am, ah no, not one  
My heart is stolen, my lover is fled  
A stone lies on my back and dust on my head  
O Heaven ! pity my many woes  
And a door of hope, in thy mercy, unclose  
If Thou wilt not bring my dear love to my side,  
O save me from being another's bride  
Preserve the pure name of the hapless maid,  
No polluting touch on her vesture laid  
I made a vow to my lover, mine own,  
To keep my love ever for him alone  
Ah, let not grief my poor heart consume,  
Nor give to a dragon my virgin bloom "

Thus she ceased not to sigh and complain,  
And tears on her eyelashes hung like rain

Transfixed with anguish her young heart bled  
And low in the dust lay her beautiful head  
Then the Bird of Comfort<sup>1</sup> came near and there fell  
On her ear the sweet message of Gabriel  
' Lift thy head, sad maiden and cease to repine,  
For easy shall be this sore burden of thine  
The Vizir is not he whom thou longest to gain,  
But without him thy wish thou canst never attain.  
Through him wilt thou look on thy loved one's eyes,  
And through him at last thou wilt win the prize."

Zulaikha heard, and in grateful trust  
Bowed down humbly her head to the dust.  
She ceased from weeping and strove like a bud  
To drink in silence her own heart's blood  
Fraught with deep grief was each breath that came,  
But speechless she suffered woe's scorching flame  
Her eyes though eager must look and wait,  
Till the knot shall be loosed by the hand of Fate

#### THE RECEPTION

With a drum of gold the bright firmament beat  
At morn the signal for night's retreat.  
The stars with the night at the coming of day  
Broke up their assembly and passed away  
From that drum gold scattering, light was shed  
Like a peacock's glorious plumes outspread  
In princely garb the Vizir arrayed  
Placed in her litter the moon bright maid.

<sup>1</sup> Gabriel, the messenger of heaven.

In the van, in the rear, on every side,  
He ordered his soldiers about the bride,  
And golden umbrellas a soft shade threw  
O'er the heads of Zuhair's retinue.

The singers' voices rang loud and high,  
As the camels moved at the drivers' cry,  
And the heaven above, and below, the ground  
Echoed afar with the mingled sound

Glad were the mads of Zuhair's train  
That their lady was free from her sorrow and pain,  
And the prince and his people rejoiced that she  
The idol and queen of his house should be  
Alone in her litter she wept her woes,  
And her lamentation to Heaven arose

"Why hast thou treated me thus, O Fate,  
And left me unhappy and desolate?"

For what sin against thee, what fault of mine,  
Hast thou left me hopeless to weep and pine?  
Thou stolest my heart in a dream, like a thief,  
And I awoke but to suffer still bitterer grief  
But if thou hast ruined my life, mine all,  
Why, in my folly, on thee do I call?

Nay, at the moment when help was near,  
Thou hast torn me from home, and from all that was  
dear

Beneath the weight of one sorrow I bent,  
And thou addest the burden of banishment  
If thine only aid is to rend the breast,  
Oh! what must she feel whom thou torturest!  
Break not the cup of my patience, nor set,

Again to ensnare me, thy terrible net.  
Thine was the promise that, sorrows passed,  
I should find sweet rest for my soul at last  
With thy word of comfort I fain was content  
But is this the rest that the promise meant?

Thus Zulaikha, weary and faint  
With her barden of sorrow poured forth her plaint.  
Loud rose the cry of the host meanwhile  
"Memphis! Memphis! the Nile! the Nile!"  
Horse and foot onward in tumult hied  
And rejoicing stood on the river's side

To the Grand Vizir, as by duty taught,  
Trays piled high with treasures they brought,  
To lade the bride's litter with wealth untold  
Of the rarest jewels and finest gold  
Each brought his gift, and a mighty cry  
Welcome! welcome! went up to the sky  
On the head of Zulaikha fell pearl in showers  
As the rain of spring on the opening flowers  
Till the lady's litter beneath a heap  
Of countless jewels was buried deep  
Wherever the feet of the camels trod  
They trampled jewels, not sand or sod  
When the spark leapt forth at the courser's dint,  
The shoe and the ruby were steel and flint,  
In ranks extended o'er many a mile,  
Still scattering jewels they left the Nile,  
And the rain of pearl from their hands that fell  
Made each fish's gill like a pearl-rich shell,  
And the countless derhams they cast therein

Made the crocodile gleam with a silver skin

Thus the escort in proud array,  
To the prince's palace pursued their way,  
Nay, 'twas an earthly paradise, sun  
And moon in their splendor were here outdone.  
In the midst of the palace was set a throne,  
Fairest of all that the world has known  
The hand of a skilful artist had made  
The glorious seat with fine gems o'erlaid.  
Close to the throne her litter was placed,  
And the seat by that jewel of ladies graced  
But still no rest to her sad soul came,  
The gold she pressed was as burning flame  
The peerless maiden was brighter yet  
Than the throne and the crown on her forehead set  
But the glittering crown that her temples pressed  
Increased the mountain of woe in her breast,  
They showered pearl on her head like rain  
It tortured her heart like a flood of pain  
Pearls, the desire of the maids of the sky,  
Filled with the pearls of her tears her eye

In the battle of Love, who cares for a crown,  
When a hundred heads to the dust go down?  
Who for the loveliest pearl will care,  
When her eye is damp with the dew of despair?  
Shame on the wretch who would value a throne,  
When his love is lost, and he pines alone !

## ENVY

Sages who guided the pen of old,  
Thus the story have framed and told  
As Yusuf in stature and beauty grew,  
His father's heart to himself he drew  
The old man turned from the rest aside  
To his own eye's apple, his joy and pride  
And to him such kindness and favor showed,  
That the hearts of his brothers with envy glowed

In the court of the house stood an ancient tree  
Whose leafy branches were fair to see  
In their vesture of green like monks the sprays  
Danced in a rapture of joy and praise  
From the level ground of the court it grew  
And its stately height a long shadow threw,  
Each leaf on the tree was a vocal tongue  
Singing a hymn as the branches swung  
To heaven rose the boughs of the topmost stem  
Whose birds were the angels who rested on them  
When a son to Jacob by God was given  
From that tree that rivalled the Lote tree<sup>1</sup> in heaven  
A tender branchlet sprouted anew  
And still with the growth of the infant grew,  
And when the boy came to his manhood he  
Received a green staff from the honored tree.  
But for Yusuf first in his father's eyes  
A staff from the tree were too mean a prize

<sup>1</sup> The Sidrah or Lote tree is the seat of the angel Gabriel in Paradise.

A severed bough were no gift for one  
From his own soul's garden, his darling son.

One night the boy to his father cried  
"O thou whose wishes are ne'er denied,  
To the Lord of Paradise offer thy prayer,  
And win me a staff from the garden there,  
That whithersoever my feet may stray,  
From youth to age it may guide my way."

Humbly the father bowed down and prayed,  
And suit to the Lord for his darling made.  
Then Gabriel came from the Lote tree's height,  
A topaz staff in his hand shone bright,  
That never had suffered a wound or flaw  
From the axe of Time or from Change's saw,  
Precious in value, but light to wield,  
Splendid with hues of its native field  
And a voice was heard "Take the staff I bring,  
Which shall prop, as a pillar, the throne of a king"

Thus Yusuf by Heaven was favored and blest,  
But envy burnt fierce in each brother's breast.  
A hundred wood staves were a lighter load  
For them than this one which the Lord bestowed  
Fell fancy wrought in each bosom apart,  
And each sowed the seed of deep hate in his heart;  
He nursed the seedling with tender care,  
But shame was the fruit which the tree should bear.

#### YUSUF'S DREAM

How blest is he who can close his eye  
And let the vain pageants of life pass by,

Untouched by the magic of earth can keep  
His soul awake while the senses sleep ,  
Scorn the false and the fleeting that meets the view,  
And see what is hidden and firm and true.

Before the eyes of his sire one night,  
Who loved him more than his own eyesight,  
Yusuf his head on a pillow laid,  
And slept while a smile on his sweet mouth played.  
But the heart of Jacob was troubled while  
On that sleeping face he beheld the smile  
When, damp with the dew of their soft repose,  
Those eyes of narcissus began to uncloze  
And like his own fortune the boy was awake  
Thus to his darling the father spake  
"Why O sweeter than sugar didst thou  
Wear a sugar sweet smile on thy lip but now?  
And Yusuf answered Father I dreamed  
And the sun and moon and eleven stars seemed  
To gather about me high honor to pay  
And their heads before me in dust to lay  
"Beware said the father my son beware,  
Thy secret vision to none declare.  
Let not thy brothers the story know  
In a hundred ways they would work thee woe.  
With hatred and envy their heart is stirred  
They would hate thee more if the tale were heard.  
The thought of this dream they would ne'er endure,  
For the meaning thereof is too clear and sure  
Thus, in his prudence the father spoke ,  
But Fate the chain of his counsel broke.

One with whom Yusuf the secret shared,  
To all the brothers the tale declared  
The secret that passes beyond a pair,  
Is bruited abroad on the moving air  
“Yes,” said the sage, “but that pair are the lips,  
And no secret is that which beyond them slips”  
The fury of carnage has oft been stirred,  
And nobles have died for a spoken word  
Wise is the saw of the sage who said,  
“Who heeds his secret will keep his head”  
When the wild bird flies from her cage, in vain  
Will ye follow her flight to ensnare her again  
When the tale to the ears of the brothers came,  
They rent their garments with hearts aflame  
“What ails our father,” they cried, “that he  
His loss and advantage should fail to see?  
What can come of a foolish boy  
But the childish play that is all his joy?  
He works on all with deceit and lies,  
And raises his value in folly’s eyes  
Our aged father his wiles ensnare,  
And life with him will be hard to bear  
He rends the bond of affection apart,  
And engrosses the love of our father’s heart  
Not content with the favor his arts have gained,  
He wishes that we, pure-hearted, unstained,  
Should bend our heads and adore in the dust  
The stripling raised high by his father’s trust,  
Nay, father and mother, as well as we  
What will the end of this madness be?

We, not this boy are our father's friends  
On us, not on him his welfare depends  
On the hills in the daytime we guard his sheep  
And our nightly watch in his house we keep  
Our arm protects him from foemen's might,  
And we, mid his friends are his glory and light.  
What is there in him but his guile that thus  
His head is exalted o'er all of us?  
Come let us counsel together and plot  
To drive him away to a distant spot.  
Ne'er has he felt for our griefs and pains  
And banishment now the sole cure remains.  
Quick to the task we must needs away!  
Still it is left us to choose the way  
The thorn that springs fast for mischief should be  
Torn up from the root ere it grow to a tree.

#### THE PLOT

When Yusuf's brothers, with hatred fired,  
Against the innocent boy conspired  
Said one "Our hearts in our sorrow have bled  
And his blood should flow for the blood he has shed  
When the arm of the slayer is lifted to smite  
Can ye save your lives by a timely flight?  
Let him die the death and our task is sped  
There comes no voice from the lip of the dead  
Nay cried a second 'tis not for us  
To compass the death of the guiltless thus  
Though we check his folly he may not bleed,

We hold, remember, the one true creed  
We shall gain our end if we drive him hence  
As well as by death dealing violence  
Let us hide him far from our father's eyes  
Where a wild and desolate valley lies,  
In a waste full of pitfalls, from help afar,  
Where the ravenous wolves and the foxes are;  
His only water the tears of despair,  
And his only bread the sun's scorching glare,  
Where the night around him for shade shall spread,  
And thorns be the pillow to rest his head  
He may linger while neth the lonely sky,  
But soon of himself he will waste and die,  
Not a stain of his blood on our swords, and we  
From the sword of his guile and deceit shall be free  
"Nay, this, my brother," a third broke in,  
"Were the worst of murders and grievous sin  
'Tis better to perish, if die we must,  
Not of hunger and thirst, but a dagger's thrust  
This is my counsel, which seems more fit,  
To search near and far for a deep dark pit,  
And therein, cast down from his place of pride,  
In sorrow and darkness the youth to hide  
Some travelling merchants may pass that way,  
And halt at the well at the close of day  
They may lower for water a bucket and cord,  
And the boy to the air will be thus restored  
Some merchant who looks on the prize will be glad  
To take for a son or a slave the lad,  
Who, carried away to a distant place,

Will vex us no longer with pain and disgrace

Soon as he spoke of this living grave  
The brothers approved of the counsel he gave  
Unheeding the pit of their murderous thought,  
The pit of dishonor they wildly sought.  
In their evil purpose they all agreed  
The heart of their father to wound and mislead.  
Then to their labor they turned each one  
And the morrow was fixed for the deed to be done.

#### DECEIT

Blest are the souls who are lifted above  
The paltry cares of a selfish love  
And conquering sense and its earthly ties,  
Are dust in the path of the love they prize  
Who add no weight to another's care,  
And no weight of reproach from another bear  
But in this sad world are resigned to their lot,  
Support their brethren and murmur not  
Who sleep with no malice or fraud in their breast,  
And rise as pure from their welcome rest.

The foes of Yusuf came glad and gay  
As they thought of the counsel of yesterday  
With love on their tongue, in their heart fraud and  
lies,  
Like wolves that have taken the lamb's disguise,  
In reverent duty their father to see,  
And bowed them down on the bended knee.  
They opened the flattering door of deceit,

And the words they uttered were soft and sweet  
They spoke awhile of things old and new,  
And near and more near to their object drew.  
“ Father, we weary of resting at home,  
Through the plain around us we fain would roam  
If thou wilt grant the permission we pray,  
Hence will we wander at break of day  
Our brother Yusuf, the light of thine eyes,  
Knows not the region which round us lies  
Wilt thou not send him with us? Our joy  
Will be great to attend on thy darling boy  
He stays in the house through the weary day.  
Send him out with us to rove and play  
Through the field and the plain his steps we will guide  
Up to the slope and the steep hill’s side  
We will milk the ewes in the grassy field,  
And drink with delight the sweet draught they yield  
Through beds of tulips our way will pass,  
And our playground will be the carpet of grass.  
We will steal the bright crowns of the tulips, and set  
Their bloom on his brow for a coronet,  
And the boy thus decked we will gently lead  
In his graceful gait through the flowery mead  
We will watch the herds of the browsing deer,  
And the wolf shall be slain if he venture near  
Perchance the fresh scene will his spirit restore,  
And the dulness of home will oppress him no more  
Set a thousand marvels before a child,  
Still only by play is his heart beguiled.”

The father heard as their suit they pressed,

But turned away and refused their request.

Why should he follow you?" thus he spake,

"My heart is sad for my darling's sake

I fear lest eager and reckless, ye

The perils about him may fail to see.

I fear lest a wolf from the neighboring waste

Should sharpen his teeth the boy's blood to taste

Should tear with keen fangs each delicate limb,

And rend my soul as he mangles him.

Thus was their suit by the father denied

Again to move him their arts they tried

Think us not, father such feeble men

That a single wolf can overmatch the ten.

We can seize as we seize a fox and slay

A lion making of men his prey

Thus they insisted The father heard

He gave no refusal he spoke no word

But his will at last by their prayers was bent

And woe brought on his house by his silent consent.

#### THE WELL.

Shame, conjuring Heaven whose fell delight

Is to bury each morn a fair moon from sight!

Who givest for prey to the wolf the gazelle

That browses at ease in life's flowery dell

When Yusuf in charge to those wolves was given

"See, they harry a lamb" cried pitiless Heaven.

While yet in the ken of their father's eyes

Each strove, as in love, to be nearest the prize.

One raised him high on his back, and round

His waist another his strong arm wound  
But the touch of each hand was more rough and rude,  
When they came to the desert of solitude  
From the shoulder of pity the burden they threw,  
Where the flint-stones were hard, and the sharp thorns  
grew

Through the pitiless briers he walked unshod,  
His rosy feet rent by the spines where he trod,  
As he walked barefooted by thistle and thorn,  
The silver skin of his hand was torn  
The tender soles of his young feet bled,  
And, soft as the rose, like the rose were red.  
If he lingered a moment behind the band,  
One smote his fair cheek with a ruthless hand  
May the vengeful sword on the fierce hand fall  
Which struck the fair face which is loved of all !  
If he walked before them they rained their blows  
On his neck like a rebel's till red wheals rose  
May each hand be bound to the neck with a chain,  
That gave his soft neck that unmerited pain !  
If he walked abreast in his trembling fear,  
Hard hands on each side of him pulled his ear  
May the savage have naught but his fingers to clasp,  
Who could hold that ear in his merciless grasp !  
When he clung to one's skirt with a loud lament,  
He was flung aside, and his collar rent  
When he lay at their feet in his utter dread,  
They laughed as their cruel feet pressed on his head  
When his pale lips uttered a bitter cry,  
With jeer and reproach came the harsh reply.

In the depth of despair with wild words he complained  
And the rose of his cheek like the tulip was stained.  
Now in the dust, now in blood the boy lay  
And heartbroken cried in his utter dismay

Where art thou my father where art thou? Why  
Wilt thou heedlessly leave me to suffer and die?  
See the son of her whom thou lovedst so well  
See those who against wisdom and duty rebel.  
What their hearts have devised for thy heart's love, see  
And how they repay obligation to thee.  
From the ground of thy soul a young rosebud grew  
And thy tender love fed it and nursed it with dew  
By anguish and thirst it lies withered and dried  
Its life is departing its bright hues have died.  
In a garden kept with each loving device  
Was planted a scion of Paradise  
By the blast of oppression the plant is overthrown  
By the thorn and the thistle its height overgrown.  
The moon whose fair light for thy guidance was shed,  
Which the dark gloom of fate ever failed to overspread,  
Has suffered such hardship from Heaven on high  
That it prays the new moon its faint light to supply

Onward thus for a league they went,  
He longing for peace, they on slaughter bent.  
He was all tenderness, they were stern  
His prayers were warm, their words cold in return.  
They came at last to a well where they  
Rested awhile from the toil of the way  
Like the grave of a tyrant, deep dark as night,  
It struck with horror the reason's sight